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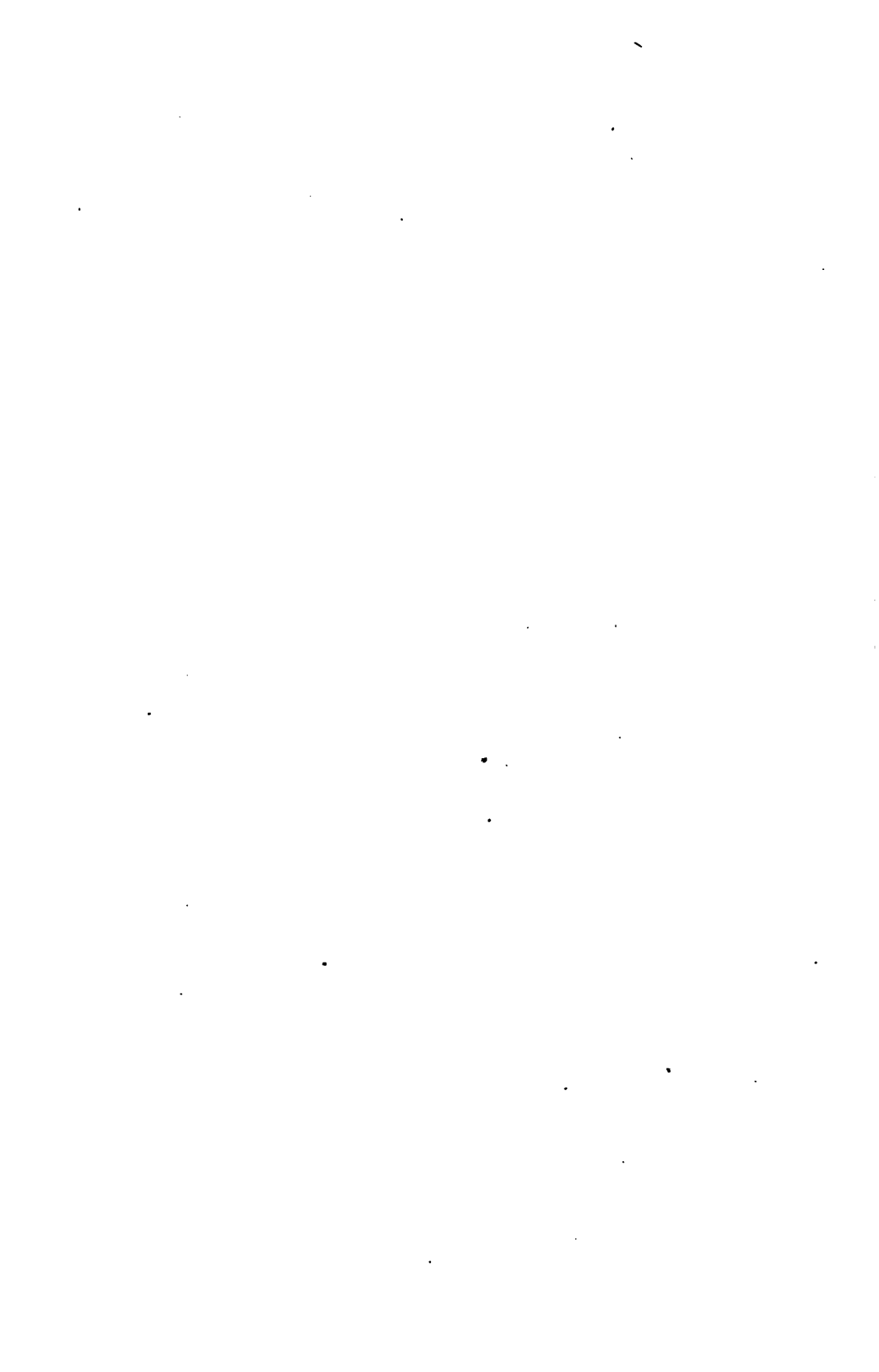
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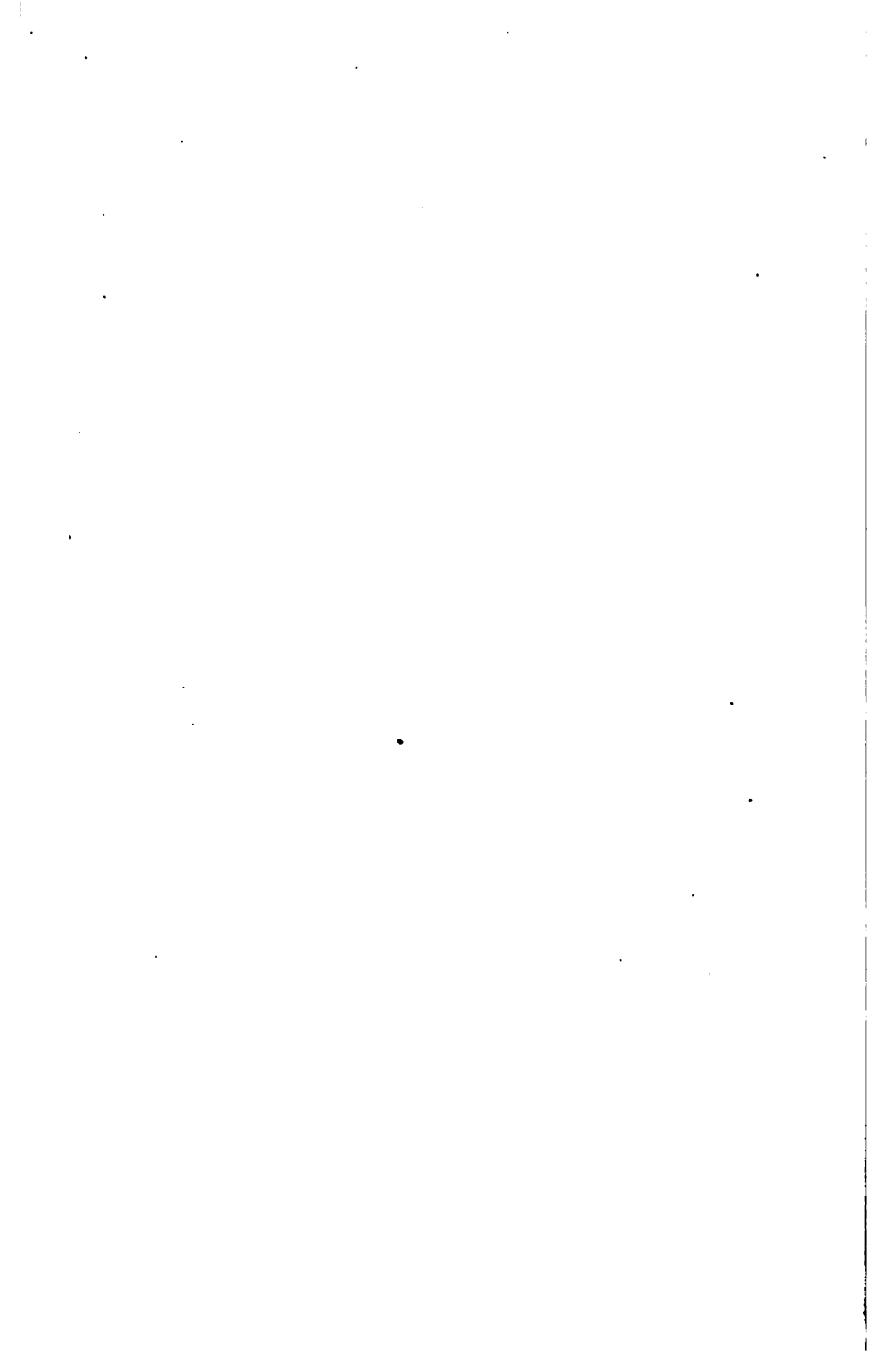
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THE
LAKE-SIDE MONTHLY

VOLUME VII

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1872

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THE UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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Vol. VII



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THE
LAKESIDE MONTHLY.

VOL. VII.—JANUARY, 1872.—No. 37.

THE STORY OF CHICAGO.

PART I.—BEFORE THE FIRE.

A GLANCE AT CHICAGO'S HISTORY—ITS TOPOGRAPHY AND
ARCHITECTURE.

THE Conflagration of Chicago, October 8th, Anno Domini 1871, will form a memorable event in the future history not only of our own country but of the world; and therefore it is that, while the embers are yet glowing and the smoke is yet ascending, we propose to embody in a permanent and accessible form for the benefit of the future annalist, the principal incidents connected with this tremendous event. This conflagration, in the amount of property consumed, is beyond the memory or example of ancient or modern times. Other great conflagrations, like those of London and of Moscow, swept away districts but imperfectly built, which subsequent enterprise beautified and adorned; but this conflagration wiped out the most substantially-built and beautifully-adorned portion of the city,—structures which in their solidity and in their architectural details commanded the admiration of every beholder.

There are men yet living and in the prime of manhood, who saw the site of Chicago when it was but a wet prairie. They have seen its fairest portions laid in waste; and they will live, very many of them, to see every trace of this waste obliterated. The same causes which led to the rapid growth of this city are still in operation; and this conflagration, disastrous as it was, will prove but a temporary check in the development of the great metropolis of the Northwest.

To comprehend the causes of the unprecedented growth of the city, and at the same time the magnitude of the disaster, it may not be deemed inopportune if we recur to her earlier history, and trace her progress, step by step, from small beginnings until she attained her late commanding position—the fourth city in point of population, and the third city in point of commercial importance, in the United States.

As early as 1672, the French Jesuits had explored and mapped the whole of Lake Superior, and the upper portion of Lake Michigan—then known as Lac des Illinois—as far south as Green Bay. They had established themselves at various points, among which were the Mission de Ste. Marie de Sault; Mission du St. Esprit, at La Pointe; Mission de St. Fr. Xavier, at the head of Green Bay; and the Mission of St. Ignace, at the outlet of Lake Michigan, nearly opposite Mackinac, on the north shore of the lake.* At that time the English colonists skirted the Atlantic Coast from Florida to Nova Scotia, without penetrating far in the interior. Elliot, in his missionary zeal, had explored only so far as Natick, six miles out of Boston; the Connecticut Valley was still unoccupied.

Among these Jesuit missionaries was James Marquette, a man of high culture but of meek and lowly disposition, whose name is indelibly engraven in the annals of the Northwest. He was attached to the Mission of St. Ignace. In his intercourse with the savage tribes, he had heard of the existence of a great river to the west, whose banks were bordered by vast prairies over which roamed countless herds of buffalo. On the 17th of May, 1673, accompanied by Joliet, with two canoes and five *voyageurs*, he embarked on a voyage to explore the great unknown river. Coasting along Green Bay to its head, then ascending the Fox River and descending the Wisconsin, one month after starting he beheld the mighty current of the Mississippi, on which he floated as far south as Arkansas. In returning, he paused at the mouth of the Illinois, and instead of proceeding on to the Wisconsin, ascended the latter stream, taking the Des Plaines branch, by which he passed by an easy portage to the Chi-

cago River. Having reached Lake Michigan, he coasted along the west shore, and thus reached, after a canoe voyage of over 2,500 miles, the point of his embarkation.

So cordial had been the reception of the good father among the tribes in habiting the valley of the Illinois, that he resolved to return and erect among them the standard of the Cross; and the next autumn (1674) he arranged to carry out his design. It was late in October when, with a canoe and two *voyageurs*, he embarked. Reaching the mouth of the Chicago River, he ascended that stream for about two leagues, where he built a hut and passed the winter. Game was abundant; and from his hut, buffalo, deer, and turkeys were shot. Originally of a frail constitution, this voyage had told fearfully upon the good father. Cold winds swept the lake, and notwithstanding the camp fires by night, his limbs were chilled. A hemorrhage, to which he was subject, returned with increased violence; and he predicted that this voyage would be his last. With the return of spring, his disease relented; when he descended to the Indian village below Ottawa, and there celebrated among the barbaric tribes the mysteries of the Christian faith. A few days after Easter, he returned to Lake Michigan, where he embarked for Mackinac, passing along the great sand-dunes which line its head, and thence along its eastern margin to where a small stream discharges itself into the great reservoir, south of the promontory known as the "Sleeping Bear." Marquette was so far debilitated that he stretched himself in the bottom of the canoe, and took little heed of what was passing. The warm breath of spring revived him not; and the song of birds fell listless upon his ears. Here he desired to land; and his attendants bore him tenderly to the shore, and raised over him a bark hut. He was aware that his time was come. Calmly he gave directions as to his mode of burial; craved the forgiveness

* To those interested in the early history of the Northwest, we commend the map entitled "*Lac Supérieur et autres lieux où sont les Missions des Pères de la Compagnie de Jesus comprises sous le nom DONTAGUAC*," published at Paris, 1672.

of his companions, if in aught he had offended them; administered to them the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and thanked God that he was permitted to die in the wilderness, a witness of His loving kindness. This event happened May 18, 1675.

Upon the banks of a stream which bears his name, they dug his grave and consigned his remains to the earth; but this was not to be his final resting-place. A year or two afterwards a party of Ottawas disinterred his remains, placed them in a birchen box, and conveyed them to St. Ignace, where, amid the priests, neophytes, and traders assembled to do them honor, they were consigned to a place beneath the floor of the chapel in which the good missionary had so often officiated.

Thus, then, Marquette was the first white occupant of Chicago, and that occupancy dates back nearly two hundred years ago. But for the calamity which has befallen her, it would be proper for Chicago, in 1873, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of her discovery, with bonfires and illuminations, and other evidences of public rejoicing; to go to St. Ignace and gather up and transport, with pious care, the ashes of Marquette, and erect over them the most elaborate mausoleum.*

La Salle followed in the footsteps of Marquette. Late in the fall of 1670, in four canoes, he passed the mouth of the Chicago River, circled the head of the lake, and landed at St. Joseph, on the opposite shore, whence he ascended that stream to what is now South Bend; and by the portage of the Kankakee, then called Theakiki, or Hankiki, he entered the Illinois Valley. In the fall of 1681, he passed by the Chicago

portage *en route* to the Mississippi; and while this portage was repeatedly used by his followers, no permanent settlement was made at the mouth of the river.

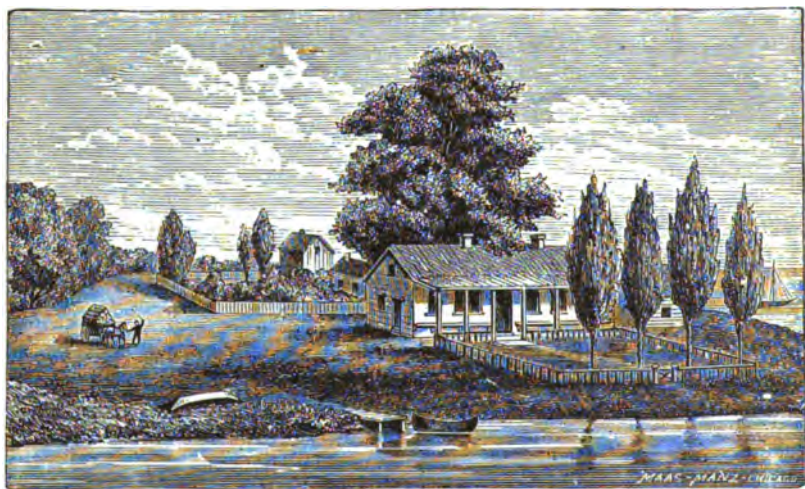
By the treaty of Fontainebleau, in 1762, the vast territory east of the Mississippi passed into the possession of the British Government; and the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, transferred this country to the dominion of the United States. In 1804, the Government established a military post at the mouth of the Chicago River, which was dignified by the name of Fort Dearborn; and a single company of infantry was deemed a sufficient garrison. In 1812, on the declaration of war, the Indians gathered about the fort and showed unmistakable signs of hostility. Captain Heald, then in command, foreseeing that his supplies might be cut off, and availing himself of discretionary orders, undertook to retreat with his little command to Detroit, three hundred miles distant; but he had proceeded less than two miles along the lake shore, when he was ambuscaded, and only three of his party escaped massacre.

In 1816, the fort was rebuilt and garrisoned by two companies of infantry. It was not until the close of the Black-Hawk War, in 1832, that the region of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin was thrown open to settlement. Emigration soon began to flow in with an uninterrupted tide, which has continued up to the present hour. A hamlet clustered around Fort Dearborn, which took the name of Chicago. As late as 1837, flour was shipped from Ohio to supply the infant settlement; and in 1839 the first shipment of wheat, amounting to 1,678 bushels, was sent from this port, which is now the world's great market for breadstuffs and provisions. In 1840, Chicago contained a population of 4,470; in 1850, 28,269; in 1860, 109,263; in 1870, 298,977; and at the time of the fire hardly less than 350,000 souls,

* The name "Chicago" is a modified spelling of "Chekagou"; but this name was applied to a different stream from that of the Chicago River. In the map by Franquelin (1684) of "La Salle's Colony on the Illinois," the present Chicago River is called "Cheagoumeinan"; and "Chekagau" is applied to a small stream heading near the lake and entering the Des Plaines or "Peanghichia" River, above the debouchure of the Kankakee, and corresponding with Jackson Creek.

Nothing could have been more uninviting than the original site of the city. Ridges of shifting sands bordered the lake shore; while inland, and stretching beyond the range of vision, was a morass supporting a rank growth of blue-joint grass, with here and there a clump of jack oaks. Through this morass wound a sluggish river, only flushed by the spring and fall freshets; and adjacent to its banks were pools of water, which were the resort of wild fowl. The river's mouth was barred

by shifting sands, but the bar once passed, deep water was found within. For a mile its course was east and west, when it branched into two forks, running northerly and southerly. This stream, so uninviting, forms the present harbor of Chicago, and separates the city into three divisions—the North, South, and West. The watershed between Lake Michigan and the Des-Plaines River—a tributary of the Illinois—was only eight feet in height; and during flood time, communication could



FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN CHICAGO—BY JOHN KINZIE, IN 1815, ON LAKE SHORE, NORTH OF RIVER.

be made in a canoe without disembarking. A well-marked channel can be traced, through which, up to comparatively recent times, a portion of the waters of Lake Michigan escaped to the Gulf of Mexico. Such were the topographical features of Chicago forty years ago. How wonderfully have they been transformed! The city commenced its growth upon the original surface; and so saturated was the soil with water, that cellars and basements were from necessity dispensed with. The streets in many places presented an oozy mass of mud, and here poles were thrust down bearing placards "no bottom." The more frequented thoroughfares were planked, and when driven over the planks were subjected

to a churning motion which caused the ooze to spurt up through the crevices. The gutters at the sides were filled with stagnant water, whose surface was covered with a green scum, the appropriate nidus of the cholera and other pestilential diseases. So fatal were these pestilences, and so multifarious their forms, that medical terms were exhausted, and "canal" cholera was applied to designate a peculiar and fatal form of that disease; and the victims were left by the roadsides near Bridgeport, where they remained for a long time festering in the sun,—the citizens being afraid to approach the corpses, lest the disease be communicated to their persons, and thus propagated through the city.

The first impulse communicated to the growth of Chicago, was the passage, by the State Legislature, of an act, January 18th, 1825, for the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal; and in aid thereof, of the passage of an act of Congress, March 2d, 1827, granting to the State alternate sections of the public lands, embracing a zone of six miles wide on either side of the projected canal; but it was not until 1836 that the work was entered upon, nor was it completed until 1848.

In 1831, Cook County, embracing Chicago, was organized. In the spring of 1833, Congress made an appropriation of \$30,000 for improving the harbor; and that same year a post office was established—John S. C. Hogan, who occupied a "variety store" on South Water street, being the first postmaster. The mail was brought weekly, on horseback, from Niles, Michigan. That same year witnessed the cession of all the lands in Northern Illinois, amounting to about 20,000,000 acres, by the Pottawotamies, who removed farther westward. Chicago was incorporated as a town by a nearly unanimous vote; and to show the number of voters, it may be said that twelve were in favor of and only one against the proposed measure.

In 1834, the poll list of citizens amounted to one hundred and eleven, and the amount of taxes reached forty-eight dollars and ninety cents; but this being inadequate for municipal purposes, the trustees resolved to borrow *sixty dollars* for the opening and improvement of streets. The next year, however, grown bolder by the success of the former loan, the treasurer, "on the faith of the president and trustees," was authorized to borrow \$2,000, at a rate of interest not exceeding ten per cent., and payable in twelve months.

In 1837, Chicago became incorporated as a city, and William B. Ogden was chosen as its first mayor. From that time to the present, the history of the growth of the city becomes too complex to be traced, except in a com-

prehensive form. A series of public improvements was devised and executed, mainly under the direction of Mr. Chesbrough, as City Engineer, which made Chicago one of the pleasantest and healthiest cities in the Union. A system of sewage was established for underground drainage, which required that the original surface in many places be raised eight feet. This change of grade involved the necessity of raising many of the largest structures in those streets adjacent to the river. Such structures as the Tremont and Briggs Houses, the Marine Bank, and in fact entire blocks, were lifted up, with little or no interruption to business. Thus the city became thoroughly drained, the houses admitted of cellars, and the streets became dry and solid.

The mouth of the river, in 1816, according to the statement of Colonel Long, of the Topographical Engineers, was at Madison Street. It was a rippling stream, ten or fifteen yards wide, and only a few inches deep, flowing over a bed of sand. In the summer of 1833, the Government entered upon the improvement of the harbor, or rather commenced the construction of one. The north pier was extended a short distance lakeward, a lighthouse established, and an embankment thrown across the old channel to divert the water to the new course. An unusual freshet during the next spring tore out the sand and left a practicable channel into the river. The pier has from time to time been extended, until now it reaches a distance of about three thousand feet; and yet the problem of getting rid of the shifting sands thrown up by every northeaster, and leaving an open ship channel into the river, is far from being solved.

The river and its branches afford nearly fifteen miles of wharfage in the heart of the city; and the Dock Company, on the North Side, along the lake shore, have constructed works which add immensely to the harbor accommodations. The dock line is seven and one-half feet above low

water mark. Thus, then, a tideless river and a nearly level plain afford almost unequalled facilities for receiving and distributing the immense freights which accumulate here.

To supply the city with pure water, Lake Michigan was resorted to as an unfailing reservoir. In the old works established on the North Side, the water was taken out near the shore. There were times when the current of the river, reeking with the sewage of the city, the offal of slaughter houses, and the slops of distilleries, was borne against this portion of the shore; and the drainage from the cemetery, popu-

lous with the dead, was also in this direction. Besides, during the winter, multitudes of small fishes would collect about the strainers and gain admission to the pipes, so that when the faucets at the houses were turned, out would come scores of minnows, some alive and some in various stages of decomposition. A violent northeaster would so roil the water that it became necessary to filter it. To obviate all these inconveniences, the novel, but as the result proved perfectly practicable, idea was conceived of drawing the water through a tunnel from the lake two miles distant from the shore. A



BUILDINGS OF THE CHICAGO WATER WORKS—COMPLETED 1867.

shaft was sunk on the land side to the depth of twenty-six feet, and a "crib," pentagonal in form, forty feet in height and ninety-eight and one-half feet in diameter, was floated to the site in the lake and there anchored. It was then filled with stone and made to settle to its bed. An iron cylinder, nine feet in diameter, occupies the centre of the structure, and penetrates from the water-line to the depth of sixty-four feet, and thirty-one feet below the lake bed, where the tunnel commences. This is all the way excavated in a tough blue clay which offered no serious obstacles in the progress of the work. Its dimensions are five feet two inches in height, by five feet wide; and it is lined with two courses of brick laid in cement. Its capacity, under a head of two feet, is 19,000,000 gallons daily; under a head of eight feet, 38,000,000; and under a head of eighteen feet, 57,000,000. A tower, one hundred and thirty feet in height, contains an iron cylinder three feet in diameter, through which the water is forced by powerful machinery, and thence by its own pressure is distributed through the mains to the different parts of the city. Thus, at an expense of about two and one-half millions of dollars, Chicago has secured an ample supply of water, always pure, cool, and sparkling.

The river, as we have seen, was originally in the nature of a lagoon rather than a running stream. Into this river was discharged one-half of the sewage of the city, and upon its banks were numerous packing houses and distilleries, whose refuse added to the pestiferous contents. The color of its water varied all the way from inky blackness to rich chocolate brown; and the nasal organs had no difficulty in recognizing as many distinct stench as Coleridge did in the River Rhine at Cologne. To remove this nuisance, which had become unbearable, the city, under authority of an act of the Legislature, passed February 16, 1865, proceeded on the plan of cutting down the canal for twenty-six miles to at least

six feet below the low water-level of the lake. This plan was completed only last year, at a cost of about \$3,000,000; and a current of pure lake water now flows through the city and discharges itself into the Mississippi, through the Des Plaines and Illinois rivers.

The intercourse between the three divisions of the city, up to a recent time, had been effected wholly by swing-bridges, which at intervals of two blocks spanned the river, whose average width is less than two hundred feet. These bridges were a serious impediment to navigation; and their almost continuous turning proved an equally serious impediment to vehicles and pedestrians. To obviate this inconvenience, a tunnel was constructed under the river at Washington street, arched for two hundred and ninety feet, by which an uninterrupted communication was established between the South and West Divisions. This tunnel proved so satisfactory that another tunnel was constructed under the river at La Salle Street, by which a similar communication was established between the North and South Divisions of the city.

The streets of Chicago were for the most part laid out on a liberal plan, which admitted of sidewalks ten feet wide and then of a grass plat in front of the residences for the planting of trees and shrubbery, with ample space for vehicles in the centre. Twenty years ago, to a stranger from an Eastern city they seemed unnecessarily wide; but it was fortunate that this plan had been adopted, for on the introduction of the horse-railway—the people's mode of conveyance—it was found that on either side of the track there was room for two teams to pass. In the improvement of the streets, the original surface was found to be ill-adapted to roadways: the soil was either sand or mud. Plank was first resorted to, and in 1854 twenty-seven miles had thus been laid; but it was found that with a mortar foundation and

the churning process performed by each loaded vehicle in passing over, the planks soon formed a barrier to easy and safe locomotion. Macadamising was then resorted to; but the rocks in the neighborhood, being limestone, while they bedded themselves and served to form a solid foundation, crushed under the action of loaded teams and gave rise to intolerable clouds of dust. The same objection applied to cobble-stones. It was not until a system of drainage was established that a really permanent road-bed could be obtained. As far back as 1856, the Nicolson or wooden-block pavement was introduced; the cleanest, the neatest, and the least-noisy of all of the devices for sustaining the traffic of a great city.

The plat of the city with its several additions, up to 1870, occupied a space of six miles long and a little more than three miles broad. Along the lake shore, however, the houses stretched almost continuously from Hyde Park to Lake View, a distance of more than ten miles. In the area thus embraced, there were few vacant spaces dedicated to public use. To remedy this, the boundaries of the city were greatly enlarged; tracts of land were secured in the three divisions of the city for park purposes, which were connected together by boulevards; systematic plans of landscape gardening were vigorously entered upon; and the citizens anticipated the day, by no means remote, when these parks would become favorite places of resort, and form the pride and ornament of the city.

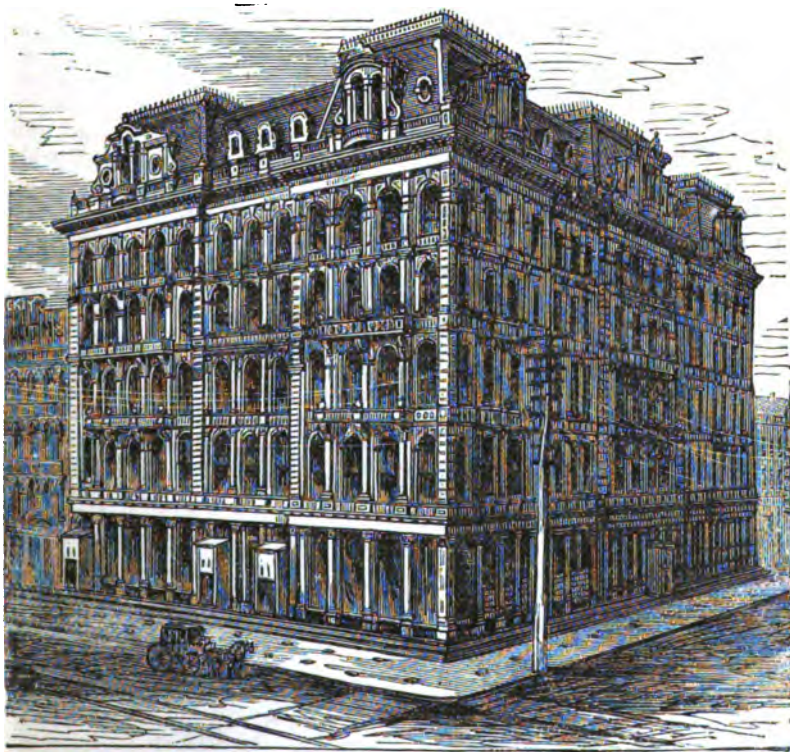
It is not surprising that a place built up so rapidly as Chicago had been, should present a somewhat incongruous appearance. The pineries of the north, which here found their principal distributing point, afforded materials for cheap and rapid construction. The accessions to the population of the city in the early stages of its growth exceeded each decade six fold, while in the latter stage it fell little short of three. The population thus flowing in

required shelter, and landlord and tenant alike concurred, the one in erecting and the other in occupying, tenements of the most unsubstantial character. It is singular how airy these structures were. In the days of our boyhood, passed on the Atlantic Slope, we recollect that the getting together of the materials of a house and framing them, was a labor of no small magnitude. There were to be the sills, the studding, the joists, the braces, the rafters, and the ridge-pole, all of dimension timber; and when the whole was framed, the neighbors were called together, and with spike-poles they carried up the successive sides. To attend a "raising" was a notable event. But house-building in Chicago was a very different affair. With the exception of the sills, not a stick of timber entered into the construction which tasked the efforts of two men to carry. These structures received the very appropriate name of "balloon" houses; or, in other words, the greatest superficial contents with the least amount of material. As business increased and more massive and less inflammable structures were required, these houses were moved to the less populous districts; and the streets were constantly obstructed by these processions of old and rickety tenements. The school section, in the heart of the city, was leased on short terms, and the lessees covered it with indifferent wooden buildings which could be moved off on the expiration of the leases. No policy could have been more short-sighted, so far as related to the substantial growth of the city—none so well calculated to bring in a meagre revenue. Hence, at an early day Chicago acquired the *sobriquet* of "Shantytown;" and well did she deserve that appellation. At the date of the fire there was no city in Christendom which contained such a vast mass of combustible materials. In European cities the term "shingle roof" is unknown, and partition walls of brick are universal in construction. Hence, a single apartment may be

burned out, but the idea of a fire extending to a square is preposterous. Chicago, throughout her whole municipal history, had been cursed by a Council and a Board of Public Works who, through ignorance or self-will, were utterly indifferent to the ordinary precautions against wide-spread conflagrations. They placed no restrictions on the erection of two-story wooden buildings in the most valuable portions of the city, and outside of a limited area the taste or caprice of the landlord could be indulged without any control whatever. The cupola of the Court House, far above the reach of the water supply, was wood; and while the safes and vaults of every bank passed through the fiery ordeal comparatively unscathed, the records of every town lot and farm, and of every judicial

decision, were consumed beyond the power of recognition. The Water Works, upon which the salvation of the city in such an exigency depended, were roofed with combustible materials, and no appliances were provided for putting out a fire. These events, the happening of which could have been prevented by ordinary precautions, argue a remissness on the part of the public authorities amounting to criminality.

In every city whose origin goes back to centuries, very many portions of it will be found to have been rebuilt. This process had been entered upon in Chicago, and the structures in the business part of the city, for the most part, were of enduring materials and almost faultless in architectural arrangement. Field, Leiter & Co.'s store was a more



FIELD, LEITER & CO.'S STORE.

imposing structure than Stewart's, on Broadway; the *Tribune* Building was one of the best-appointed newspaper offices in the world; the First National Bank Building, the Union Building, the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchant's Insurance Building, Drake's Block, Honore's Block, the Pacific Hotel, the Palmer House, the Bookseller's Row, the great station houses of the Michigan Southern and the Illinois Central Railroads, and other structures which might be cited, were models of architectural beauty. But the Court House, costly as a structure, was an architectural abortion; and every citizen, apart from the destruction of its contents, must rejoice that its walls are ruined beyond the power of restoration. The limestones from the line of the canal, the olive-tinted sandstones of Northern Ohio, and the red sandstones of Lake Superior, which had been employed in the facings of the better class of structures, gave to the buildings a warm and cheerful tint, not to be seen in any other city in America.

Many of the private residences on the North Side, and on Michigan and Wabash Avenues, attracted attention by reason of their good taste and appropriate surroundings. Side by side with such structures were to be seen others which would fail to ornament an insignificant country village. With the best flagging stone on the line of the canal, and readily accessible to the city, yet in the burnt district there were nearly thirty miles of pine sidewalks which in the great conflagration became excellent conductors of flame, and forced the

fleeing inhabitants to betake themselves to the middle of the streets. There was not, to our knowledge, a rod of brick pavement in the city. The tallest buildings, and of comparatively incombustible materials, were decorated with heavy wooden cornices, and roofed with shingles or a coal tar covering. The river, winding through the heart of the city, was lined with immense lumber-yards, coal-yards, planing-mills, sash-factories, and other combustible structures. Private greed, reflecting itself in the public authorities, looked only to the present, disregarding those precautionary measures which long ago were adopted by every considerable city in Christendom to guard against the effects of desolating fires. The cool-headed residents of Chicago, then, are far less inclined to attribute this overwhelming catastrophe to the judgment of God than to the folly of man. When human agency lays the train and fires the match, it evinces an overweening confidence in Divine Providence to expect that it shall intervene to prevent the explosion. Throughout the world's history, natural causes have been succeeded by natural events; and the destruction of Chicago was the legitimate result of the utter disregard of all precautionary measures to stay the progress of a destructive conflagration. When we shall have eliminated from this grand catastrophe all the elements chargeable to private greed and public incompetency, there will be left little or nothing to be carried to the account of Divine Providence.

J. W. Foster.

OUR TRADE AND COMMERCE.

DEVELOPMENT OF CHICAGO IN WEALTH AND MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

THE growth of Chicago, in all that pertains to a great commercial metropolis, presents perhaps the most remarkable instance of rapid and uninterrupted progress of any city in the world, either in ancient or modern times. Going back to 1830, we find that the census of the United States gave Chicago a total population of only seventy souls; all, or nearly all, of whom were dependent upon the general government, which had established an Indian agency at this point. When it is remembered that this insignificant nucleus had grown within one generation to over three hundred and thirty-four thousand, as shown by a census taken but a few weeks prior to the great calamity, the question presses for solution — By what magic has this marvelous result been achieved? What peculiar combination of forces or circumstances has wrought a progress so wonderful and so entirely unparalleled?

While it cannot be denied that the city has drawn largely upon the best blood and most vigorous mental capacities, not only of our own country but also from foreign immigration, and to an extent that has made it a city representing by its people natives of almost every town and hamlet in this country and of Europe, thus consolidating into one homogeneous citizenship, the thought and enterprise of many and widely diversified intellects and educations, still all these advantages could not alone produce the results that have been manifest, and that have challenged the attention of the civilized world. In fact, this flood of emigration would not have set hitherward but for advantages of a permanent character that were apparent to the observing and inquiring mind. The not infrequent reference, both at home and abroad — sometimes in candor and

sometimes in irony — to the spirit of enterprise and perseverance of the people of Chicago, has to some extent it may be feared done injustice to the peculiar situation and business facilities of the city. Men, however gifted in the diversified qualities of the successful and honorable merchant, cannot build up and establish trade where no trade is demanded or required to be done; and especially in this country men must seek the centres of business if they would command success as merchants: business will not to any great extent be diverted in quest of men. It is because Chicago has possessed remarkable advantages for the development of trade and commerce, that the remarkable results, now matters of history, have been attained.

Any review of the Trade and Commerce of Chicago, however hasty and imperfect, would be essentially incomplete without some reference to the basis of that trade, and the reasons that may be adduced for its rapid growth and development. First of all may be noted the broad expanse of matchless agricultural territory, dotted with farm-houses, villages, and cities, stretching hundreds of miles northward, westward, and southward, all more or less (and the major part of it entirely) dependent upon the city, both as a market for its surplus productions and a source of supply for those necessities and luxuries that tend to make life enjoyable, and that are produced or manufactured in other portions of this or of foreign countries. But scarcely less important than supply and demand, because by it only can either exist, is the means of speedy transportation demanded by an extended commerce; and this, nature and art have supplied for Chicago to a degree unequalled by any interior city in the land: so that, with lines by water or by rail, the city

has come to be a centre from which diverge in all directions ample avenues for conducting an almost limitless traffic, and through the influence of which the commerce of the city has been nourished and built up, and by means of which the great Northwest has become populous, and the hitherto cheerless prairie has been converted into a paradise of happiness, prosperity, and substantial wealth.

The early history of the Trade and Commerce of Chicago appears to have differed but little from that of most other Western settlements, consisting at first of a small Indian traffic, but gradually growing in proportions as civilization began to advance into the then almost trackless prairie. Early settlements in Illinois, as in other Western States, was confined almost exclusively to a proximity to such rivers as could be made available for transportation; hence what of trade there was, took the direction towards such markets as it could be floated to. Chicago was not one of these, for while nature had provided a grand and free highway for commerce from Chicago to the eastward, there were no avenues for it penetrating the interior, until they were created by the necessities of the situation. For the first eighteen years of its settlement, the only trade of Chicago was such as it drew from the immediately adjoining country, with a limited traffic in such commodities of actual and pressing necessity as were demanded by the settlers at a distance of one hundred miles. All farm products were sold, when sold at all, at comparatively low prices; and the entire product of a wagon-load of the most valuable available surplus of the farmer, when converted into such articles as he must buy, was scarcely sufficient to reward him for the time spent in effecting the exchange, to say nothing of the labor and capital employed upon his farm in its production. But notwithstanding the difficulties and embarrassments of both the producer and the merchant, the city had in 1848

increased in population to twenty thousand, and the taxable value of its real and personal estate, which in 1840 was less than one million of dollars, had risen to six million three hundred thousand dollars. Numerous wholesale establishments for the sale of all kinds of merchandise were in successful operation, and already the trade in cereals had grown to respectable proportions. The attention of the State had at an early day been drawn to the advantages of connecting the waters of Lake Michigan with those of the Illinois River; and under liberal appropriations of the public lands by the general government in aid of the work, the construction of a canal from Chicago to La Salle, the head of steamboat navigation on the Illinois River, had been in progress for a number of years. After protracted delays, incident to the embarrassed financial condition of the State, this great work was completed, and opened for traffic in the spring of 1848. A new era in the commercial prosperity of the young city now dawned upon it; and with the rapid settling and development of the territory contiguous to this new line of transit, and the facilities it gave for communication with the whole Mississippi Valley, there sprang up a greatly enlarged trade, and an increased confidence in the stability and future greatness of the city. With the cheapened inland transportation, was inaugurated on a largely increased scale the trade in lumber, which has from then till now exhibited a uniformity of growth scarcely less marked and noticeable than that in breadstuffs and provisions. Nature has seemed to especially designate the banks of the little bayou on which man has built Chicago as a proper and necessary place for the exchange of commodities; for at this point, better than any other, can be united the different modes of transportation best adapted to the conveyance of those articles of commerce most largely produced or required by the people in whose interest the exchanges

are made. Here meet for exchange the wheat, corn and stock of the farmer, and the product of the almost exhaustless forests of the peninsula of Michigan; the latter comparatively valueless but for the demand from the vast and fertile prairie lands, where there was scarce a native tree to break the desert-like monotony, and which in turn, but for the available supply of this building material, would be subject to an expense for a substitute that would greatly reduce their value. Thus each is dependent upon the other, and each by aid of the other has come to be thriving and prosperous—both meantime very materially aiding in the growth and advancement of the city through which the exchanges have been made.

The introduction of railroads, at a later but not distant day, was but the further development of transportation facilities, the necessity and advantages of which were made strikingly apparent by the acknowledged benefit resulting from the completion of the canal line. The first projected line—the original Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, now a part of the consolidated Chicago and Northwestern Railway,—was in its inception and during all its separate corporate existence under the control, in all respects, of citizens of Chicago; and although financial aid in its construction and equipment was sought and obtained of Eastern capitalists, it was always essentially a monument to the enterprise and faith of a few noble names of Chicago's early citizens. This line was, after hard struggles, opened to the Fox River, some forty miles from the city, in 1850; and although poorly equipped, it soon demonstrated the fact that although not furnishing as cheap a means of transit as water routes, it required but the construction of sufficient lines of railroad to make the great State of Illinois a very garden for production, and the home of a dense population. Other lines, which cannot here be alluded to in detail, were speedily projected and built; un-

til, within a marvellously short space of time, the city found itself the centre of a system of railways diverging in every direction, all doing a prosperous and increasing business, eminently satisfactory to their share-holders, and conferring untold blessings upon not only the communities directly interested but the world at large. It may here be remarked, that although every principal line centring in Chicago has been built with special reference to Chicago's trade, and has brought with it increased commerce to the city, it has not been necessary to pledge the municipal credit or tax the body-politic one dollar in aid of their construction, nor has the accumulated capital of the citizens been drawn on to any great extent for their establishment. Chicago lines of railway have, in view of the wonderful past and prospective growth of their traffic, been so eminently profitable that capital from abroad has been ever ready to embark in their construction, sometimes even when her own citizens could not readily comprehend the necessity or prospective profit of the investment. The fact that no drain of this kind has been necessary, has left the citizens free to invest in mercantile or other enterprises of a local character, and has enabled them to meet municipal taxation for the extraordinary improvements necessary in a city requiring so much expenditure to make it convenient and enjoyable, without being oppressively burdened.

The subject of railroads may not properly be dismissed without a passing allusion to the great trans-continental lines built or in progress, and their effect on the commerce of the city. With the completion of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads, was demonstrated the fact that for the trade between the Atlantic Slope of the United States and the East Indies and China, this route presents advantages over every other, and especially so for the transportation of valuable freight, such as teas, silks, and the like and

large and growing trade was at once inaugurated over the line, which has steadily increased, all or nearly all passing through or stopping in the city of Chicago. Our own merchants import largely *via* San Francisco, and find great satisfaction in the promptness with which they are enabled to receive their consignments, and the very favorable comparison they can institute between the present and the old way of receiving this class of goods. The finger of destiny to-day strongly points to Chicago as the great distributing-point for all Asiatic goods consumed in the Mississippi Valley. With the early completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, a remarkably rich and inviting territory will be opened to the emigrant, and in addition very greatly increased facilities for the Pacific trade will result. That Chicago may, with its numerous favorable connections, reap great benefit therefrom, is not doubted by the careful observer of the course of trade. Already the trade with the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains is very large, and rapidly increasing. This of itself is of great value to our city, hardly appreciated by the mass of the people not directly interested or fully informed in regard to it.

Whatever may be said of the advantages to the Trade and Commerce of Chicago resulting from her other means of communication with the world, it must be admitted that her crowning glory as a commercial centre is the great highway provided by God himself for the free passage of her shipping on the great chain of lakes, one of the principal of which stretches its magnificent proportions before the eyes of her citizens, and by its pure and invigorating breezes brings health and joy to all within their influence. Without the aid of this means of transportation, her warehouses would become overburdened and choked, and her railroads could not be relieved of their enormous tonnage; in fact, but for this natural highway, no city would exist where now is so much of com-

mercial life and varied industrial activity. But few, even of our commercial community, are fully aware of the extent of our lake commerce; and many will be surprised at the statement that our Custom House returns show very much the largest marine business of any in the country. The comparative statement of the different customs districts is not now at hand; but such was an official statement promulgated within the last few months. The number of entries of arrivals at our Custom House during the season of navigation for 1870, was 12,739 vessels; and of clearances during the same time, 12,433 vessels. The navigation of the lakes, though running through but about seven months of the year, is the grand safety-valve by which all rates of transportation eastward are regulated, and by means of it nearly all our lumber and vastly the largest share of our farm products are moved, the former to and the latter from the city.

Passing from theories of causes touching the wonderful growth of the Trade and Commerce of the city, and the means by which these have been developed, a brief reference to figures representing the facts in the past history of the city may not be inappropriate. Recognizing the agricultural interests of the West as the basis of all our commercial importance and prosperity, the trade in the products of the farm will be first alluded to. The first shipment of grain eastward from Chicago occurred in 1838, and consisted of seventy-eight bushels of wheat. This shipment was somewhat experimental in its character, and no more was forwarded until the next season. For several years subsequent, large quantities of flour were received in the city from New York State and Ohio, for local consumption; so that probably not until 1842 was there any balance of trade in favor of Chicago. In 1845 the shipments of wheat, and flour reduced to wheat (and in all the figures following flour will be treated as reduced to wheat), exceeded 1,000,000

bushels. In 1848, the year of the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, the grain shipments exceeded 3,000,000 bushels. In 1852, when the influence of advancing lines of railroads began to be felt, the shipments reached near 6,000,000 bushels. From this time forward, the traffic assumed most remarkable proportions, reaching in 1856 an aggregate shipment of over 21,000,000 bushels; and in 1860, the year preceding the outbreak of civil war, the grain shipments of Chicago exceeded 31,000,000 bushels. During the next five years, the annual shipments ranged from 46,000,000 to 56,000,000 bushels. In 1866 it amounted to 65,486,323 bushels; since which time it has been somewhat less. In 1870 the shipments aggregated 54,745,903 bushels, the least since 1865—the article of wheat in the grain being the largest of any previous year; while in corn, owing to a partial failure of the crop, the shipments had fallen to less than any of the previous ten years except 1864.

The prospect for the business of 1871, up to the time of Chicago's great disaster, was of a most flattering character, and promised for the year to be larger in breadstuffs than ever before. The shipments from January 1st to October 1st aggregated over 55,000,000 bushels, being fully 15,000,000 bushels in excess of that of the corresponding period in 1870; and the current daily receipts were larger than ever before at the same time in the season. The stocks of grain in store in the city at the time of the fire was about 6,500,000, being much the largest ever held here. A largely increased business was being conducted with Canada, and much more property had been purchased in the city for direct export to Europe than ever before. A line of substantial steamers adapted to the trade had been established between Chicago and Montreal, and had not only proved of great value to shippers, but were understood to have demonstrated the enterprise to be a wise financial investment. The enlargement of

the Canadian canals, which is hoped for at an early day, will, it is believed, very greatly increase this trade, and will practically give to Chicago the advantages of a seaport, materially lessening the expenses of communication between producer and consumer.

Next in rank of importance to cereals, in the products of the farm that find a market in Chicago, may be noted the trade in live stock. No reliable record of receipts and shipments in this branch of trade appears to have been kept until 1857, though for several years previous a considerable business had been conducted; and as a point for the packing of both cattle and hogs, Chicago had taken a respectable rank as early as 1850. The receipts of cattle in 1857 amounted to 48,524 head, increasing the following year to 140,534; and thenceforward the growth of the trade was steady and rapid, until in 1870 the receipts reached 532,964 head, being near 130,000 in excess of the previous year. In the first nine months of 1871, the receipts were larger by nearly 40,000 than for the corresponding time in 1870—indicating a large increase for the whole year. The receipts of live hogs, which in 1857 amounted to a little over 200,000, have increased much more rapidly, though with not the same regularity, as those of cattle. The receipts in 1870 amounted to 1,693,158 head, being only about 13,000 less than the greatest number ever received in one year. From January 1st to October 1st, 1871, the receipts were 1,393,274, being over 400,000 in excess of the corresponding time in 1870,—indicating a total of receipts for the current year very greatly larger than any previous year in the city's existence. A large number of hogs are sent to this market that are slaughtered in the interior—these aggregated in 1870 over 260,000. The larger portion of both cattle and hogs are sold here and shipped eastward, this being by far the largest shipping point in the country; but vast numbers of both are packed in the city and its

suburbs. The packing of beef is carried on much less extensively than a few years since, the demand for the product having very greatly declined, and the business, what there is of it, being transferred to points nearer the feeding-grounds of cattle best fitted for this purpose. The packing of hogs, however, is conducted on a gigantic scale, the number packed at this point greatly overshadowing any other. The number packed at Chicago during the autumn and winter of 1870-'71, amounted to 919,197 head, against 500,066 head packed in Cincinnati, the point ranking next to Chicago in this line of business. In addition to the packing of the city, a very large amount of pork-product manufactured in the interior is marketed in the city, the receipts for 1870 aggregating over 40,000 barrels of pork and 52,000,000 pounds of other provisions, so that the provision trade of the city amounts to an enormous aggregate, and is increasing quite as fast as any other branch of its commerce. The articles of wool, seeds, butter, and in fact all kinds of farm produce, are largely marketed in Chicago; and the trade has assumed such proportions that in many of them large houses are exclusively engaged.

The trade in lumber in Chicago far exceeds that of any city in the land. In 1848 it amounted to 60,000,000 feet, in 1870 to over 1,000,000,000, and in all probability will considerably exceed this in 1871.

The trade in coal, salt, and many other leading articles, is in proportion to the demands of a country so dependent as is the Northwest for the importation of these articles.

Of the trade in general merchandise, including dry goods, groceries, hardware, drugs, paints, oils, boots and shoes, and clothing, it is safe to say that no city enjoys a larger or more satisfactory business in proportion to its population than does Chicago. Nothing could better illustrate the truth of this than the extent and magnificence of her temples of trade prior to the calam-

ity which has laid the city in ashes. No city could boast of more extensive or elegant establishments for the transaction of business, or better adapted to the purposes for which they were constructed. In the dry goods trade, there were houses doing an annual business exceeded in only one city in the country; and in all branches of trade were merchants whose capacity for business, as well as the aggregate amount of their transactions, made them the peers of any either in the West or East.

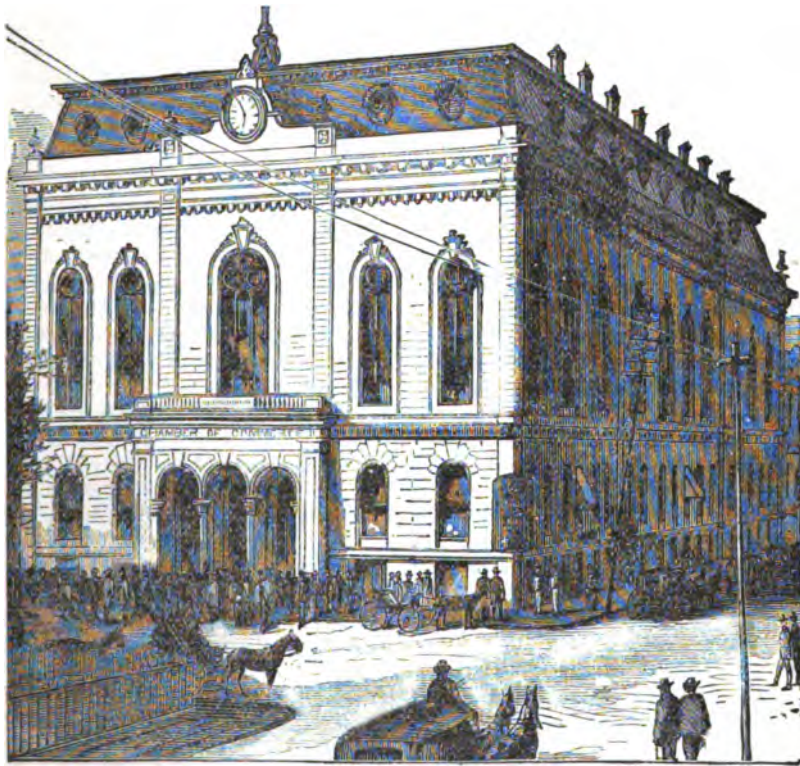
In manufactures, Chicago was fast assuming a prominent place, although during her early years comparatively little attention was given to this subject, mainly owing to the fact that labor in other pursuits yielded a larger remuneration. For many years, however, the manufacture of agricultural implements, leather, highwines, and flour, have been most successfully conducted; and later, all kinds of machinery and castings, lead-pipe, shot, printing types and presses, furniture, boots and shoes, hats and caps, clothing, and many other articles, have been extensively manufactured; while large establishments for the manufacture of iron have sprung into being, and given employment to many hundreds of operatives. The amount of capital employed in manufactures in the city is probably not less than \$40,000,000, with annual products amounting to at least \$70,000,000, and furnishing means of support to perhaps 60,000 souls. No very reliable data, however, can be arrived at touching this important branch of the city's business, but it is believed the above may be regarded as approximately correct.

Intimately connected with the Trade and Commerce of the city is the question of Financial and Banking facilities; and in this regard probably no community has ever passed through so checkered an experience as Chicago. In the earlier days of the city it seems to have been the chosen theatre for financial adventurers, with little money and much assurance; though from the

beginning very honorable exceptions may be noted to the general rule. Since the inauguration of the National Banking Law, however, a marked change has occurred; and at the present time no class of financial institutions rank superior to those of Chicago. There are seventeen banks doing business under the National Banking Law, and some ten to fifteen banking houses, representing a combined capital of nearly or quite \$10,000,000. Universal confidence exists in the soundness and

good management of these institutions, and their business is conducted with liberality, but with a wise discretion.

Such, briefly, has been the outlines of Chicago's history in Trade and Commerce, and such was her situation as regards business, present and prospective, when, in view of the past,—feeling cheerful, strong, and confident in contemplating the future, beaming with brilliant prospects and high hopes,—she is suddenly overtaken by the most dire financial calamity the world has



THE CHICAGO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

ever witnessed; in a day withering those hopes, laying in ashes her lofty and magnificent temples, both of worship and of trade, and utterly annihilating her treasures of beauty and of art; dividing the fortunes of her citizens by two, by four, by ten, or by

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an hundred, and some, alas! thrusting from wealth and luxury to actual penury and suffering. What wonder that for a moment her people stand appalled as they contemplate the awful wreck? But it will be only a moment: whilet some may find their burden greater

than they can ever stagger under, others will gather together the fragments that remain, and with the aid of the outstretched helping hands from the four quarters of the globe, will repair the waste places, rebuild the levelled landmarks, and raise from the ashes of

Chicago past, a city more grand, more substantial, and in every way more adapted to the needs of what the world has come to recognize as the necessities of Chicago future.

Charles Randolph.

OUR ÆSTHETICAL DEVELOPMENT.

IT is strange and sad to think of Chicago as among the things of the past. To remember what Chicago has accomplished and thereby judge what Chicago may accomplish; to look upon the massive walls that are already rising from the ruins; to watch the busy bees in great hives that have been thrown together to accommodate the trade which is as essential to the country as it is to Chicago; all this has something about it like the freshness of the wind that comes from across Lake Michigan, invigorating, exhilarating and health-giving. This is to partake of the true Chicago spirit which effaced the foot-tracks of the Indian with brick and mortar, and reared a magnificent city upon the sides of a crooked creek and in the marshes of the prairie. It is exciting and inspiring to contemplate the new growth; it is depressing and saddening to look back upon those things that can never be restored.

In a purely material sense it is partly true that

"One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish."

But in the products of genius, in the artistic and scientific hoardings of time—in the development of culture—the law of compensation seems to lose all its force. "Every day," said Robert Collyer in his lecture on "Our Loss and Gain,"—and it struck the writer as the most sorrowful sentiment of the evening's reflections,— "Every day we tread upon the cinders of things that we would have touched before with the greatest reverence." Could our old

friend Colonel Foster, whose scientific attainments have received a national recognition, bring to life the treasures of the Historical Society or the wonders of the Academy of Science? The buildings may be restored as well as the Pacific Hotel; but the theory that absolute destruction is impossible becomes almost doubtful when we think of the paintings, the books, the manuscripts, the curiosities, the thousand and one things whose value was in their intangible contents, all converted into matter-of-fact carbon under the resistless torrent of one turbulent, awful sea of flame.

It is singular enough that a city of only thirty years' growth should now send the relics of its ruins to all parts of the world, but not more singular perhaps than that the brief span of a human generation should have served to develop the culture of a great metropolis. Those who doubt that Chicago had all this are not familiar with the story of its growth, and make the universal mistake, when speaking of Chicago, of comparing it with other communities that have had no longer existence. Its commercial life counting scarcely more than thirty years, its artistic life is, as a matter of course, still shorter. It is actually not more than ten years since the higher evidences of culture began to show themselves. Within that time, they have attained a prominence that is wonderful, not alone because of the briefness of the intervening space, but because they have forced a recognition in a com-

munity that has been regarded as purely mercantile in spirit. It used to be said that "Chicago is a good place for making money, but you want to go somewhere else to spend it;" it is not probable, however, that this sentiment has prevailed to any extent within the last three or four years.

It would be both foolish and wrong to hold that many of the characteristics of a Western city have not been retained, — among them a certain primitiveness of grammar, a broadness of expression, and a freedom of action that would frequently crop out to the infinite disgust of prim New England notions, and to the horror of "school-marm" rigidity of syntax and discipline. But along with all this, there were the variety of the metropolis, a cosmopolitanism in language and customs, an earnestness in the pursuit of art and culture, in strange contrast with the frigid and affected *connoisseur* of older cities, and a discrimination that was forming itself on the very best model of independence. A Chicago art criticism was apt to be somewhat confused in technique, but there has been no city to which artists would more gladly send their best productions, none other where they have been so certain of securing kind appreciation and patronage.

Perhaps the first genuine impulse given to art in Chicago was during the great Sanitary Fair, not more than eight years ago. Before that time, with a few individual exceptions, the auction sales of bedaubed canvas by the square foot were the sole and mortifying evidences of a kind of art taste "more honored in the breach than in the observance." The exhibition and distribution of paintings in the Opera House lottery was certainly an illegitimate, but not the less useful, means of developing the sentiment of art, for it introduced new pleasures in this way, and had peculiar facilities for popularizing them. From this time on, true art became profitable; and the moment this point was reached there was a

constant advance in the supply and a steady increase in the demand. The art stores soon doubled in number; four or five galleries were established; art-receptions became fashionable and gorgeous; some of the most famous modern pictures were attracted here; the private collections, of which there were three or four that would compare favorably with any in the country, increased and improved; a new and better taste was developed, and the time had come when mere ostentation in art had given way largely to its enjoyment. The merit of home productions grew in proportion. Men who had been forced to subsist upon cheap portraits and the coloring of photographs, found that such talents as they had would meet encouragement and remuneration in better work. The younger artists made their way to Europe for wider culture; the older formed themselves into an association for mutual improvement. The Academy of Design, after a life of only three or four years, had erected a handsome and commodious building; and after a number of superb collections, had, at the time of the fire, its gallery and its studios filled with choice and costly works.

In the love and appreciation of music, Chicago has advanced still more than in the love and appreciation of painting and sculpture. The taste had greater age, and, like good wine, was the better for it. While the public's estimate of artists is according to their merits, the artists' estimate of the public is according to its money. It was for this reason that Chicago has been, for many years, second only to New York in the favoritism of the musical *impresarii* and their combinations. Parepa, Nilsson, Kellogg, Theodore Thomas, along with their less famous companions and assistants, have always found so broad a sympathy and so liberal a patronage from Chicago people that, outside of any mercantile considerations — which, it must be confessed, go hand-in-hand with art now-

a-days,—they have conceived and expressed the most sincere attachments to the city and its musical public. This gauge of art by the interest on dollars will attest the degree of culture in Chicago still further by the extent to which music had grown as a business. There have long been five or six of the largest piano and organ houses in the country, and, among numerous music-publishing firms, one at least compared in the amount of its productions to any other on the continent. The numerous representation of the German nationality among us has contributed largely to our musical culture. They have always had a great number of musical societies, and notably two—the Germania and Concordia—which have frequently given public exhibitions of their resources by the production of operas, symphonies, orchestral and choral concerts, which have contributed equal satisfaction and pleasure with many of the first-class entertainments coming from abroad. In the attraction of distinguishing musicians from other cities to a permanent home in Chicago; in the large number and superior quality of our church choirs; and in the excellence of purely amateur talent in society, Chicago's musical culture has been one in which the city and country might take a legitimate pride.

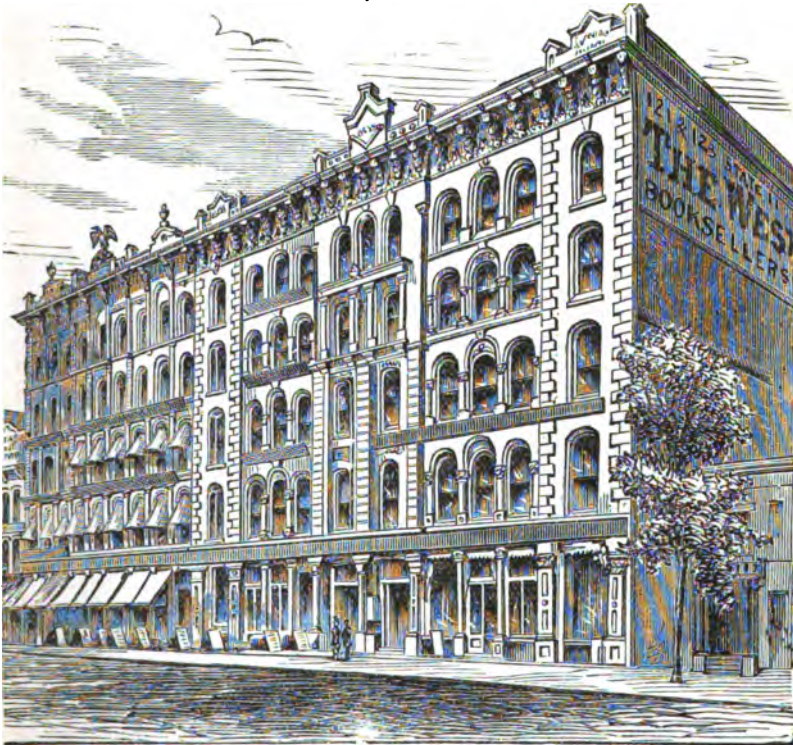
The drama has grown apace with the means for enjoying it,—not always in the right direction, but always far superior to all other Western cities. Four large theatres, two of which—Crosby's and McVicker's—presented a beauty and a convenience of arrangement unsurpassed anywhere, provided an incessant round of amusement, as various in its character as the tastes of a metropolis. For a time, the drama in Chicago sank under the incubus of meretricious performances, as did that of the whole country; but it had been more recently freed from this foulness, and was promising purer and more intellectual enjoyment. It was only some sixteen years ago that a gentleman, who has since been mayor of Chicago two

successive terms, was playing three or four parts in one piece, was changing—a corpulent man himself—with an unreliable leading actor—a tall, thin man—in getting through with the character of the ferocious Richard, all in the same night,—an instance which curiously and humorously illustrates the primitiveness of the time. And yet, within this short lapse, gorgeous temples of the drama had been erected, and one or two of the managers were giving performances of the most chaste and admirable character. Such actors as Ristori, Janauschek, Booth, Jefferson, Mrs. Bowers, Adams, and others, played their most successful and remunerative engagements in Chicago, and attested their own confidence in the city which treated them so well by investing some of their large profits in its famous “real estate.”

In literature, Chicago was making advances even beyond those in the fine arts. It had three of the finest and largest bookstores in the world, and sacrificed them at a loss of not less than a million of dollars. The bookstores on State Street, known as Booksellers' Row, comprised the three great firms of the Western News Co., S. C. Griggs & Co., and W. B. Keen & Cooke, and in the magnitude of the collections and in the variety of their contents, were unsurpassed, either in this country or on the Continent of Europe. Their combined sales reached \$2,500,000 annually. In New York there is a division of the trade; and he who would seek imported books, or books of science and technology, or books of current literature, must resort to different establishments; but here were concentrated an assortment of books which embraced the whole circuits of knowledge. Leaving out the sites of the great public libraries, it may be said that nowhere on the surface of the globe, within an equal area, were condensed such treasures of knowledge as here. Chicago had long been as large a distributing centre for literature as for grain or lum-

ber; it was fast becoming a most important productive point. The day is not more distant when the New York newspapers were sold in the streets of Chicago, and looked for as the only means for obtaining all the news, than was that when our only stage was of the backwoods description and drawn by four horses. Yet the fame of Chicago newspapers has already become

world-wide. In circulation, profits, and influence, they are scarcely second to any in the United States. Their enterprise for news and their ability in editorial management are of a kind to satisfy the most exacting demands. The time had already come, too, when Chicago was beginning to make the proper distinction between the newspaper business and the art of literature.



BOOKSELLER'S ROW

THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY is one instance of the fact, of which there were many others. The publishing business was rapidly developing into excellence and profit. There were about one hundred publications in the city of a periodical nature, besides the increasing issue of books. Four public libraries of considerable size and worth, and probably fifty private libraries worthy of mention for extent, variety, costliness, or uniqueness, were contributing to our literary improvement.

All this fails to give even the briefest possible view of Chicago's development in culture before the fire. The material part is all gone, for the severest sufferers by that great conflagration, which rivers could not quench, were the institutions of music, the drama, literature, art and science. The rapid growth of this development has received a check which it may require years to throw off. Yet in the memory of what there was, there is great

promise of what is to come. We shall never have to begin over again in the old, primitive fashion of half a generation ago; we shall begin where we left off, upon a surer and more healthful basis, with perhaps a slower but a more

colossal growth. As to the abstract and spiritual quality of this development the burning of Chicago was as "uneffectual as the glow-worm to the matin."

J. B. Runnion.

PART II.—BURNING OF THE CITY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT FIRE.

A DESPICABLE combination of cow, kerosene, and baled hay, was responsible for it all.

The fact that early in the history of the blaze, and while its hot breath had only withered to their foundations a few of the rookeries in its immediate neighborhood, historical Mrs. Leary admitted that the fire had its origin in the manner popularly understood, is answer enough to the unreasonable doubts which have been thrown upon the story. Standing in the yard of her house—situated near the corner of De Koven and Jefferson Streets—this lady held forth exasperatingly to police, spectators curious, and reporters. Here it was that she implored maledictions dire upon the villainous bovine whose wretched hoofs had snuffed out her barn, and started the flames which were now licking savagely toward the river.

According to her statements in the early stages of the fire, and the reiterated assertions of her friends, she had taken an ordinary kerosene lamp, at about half-past nine o'clock in the evening of the fatal Sunday of October 8 in order to look after her ailing ruminant. Reaching the barn, she placed the light upon the flooring, and was on the point of putting a little feed

into the manger when the cow sprawled out her heels in token of satisfaction.

An explosion; a sharp, brisk spreading of the burning oil; hay and straw eager to hand the flames up to the roof; in short, a barn on fire.

The woman hastened in feminine frenzy from the rickety structure to alarm the neighbors; but before the desired assistance could be laid hold upon there had been consummated an alliance of the riotous elements which only He who holdeth a world in the hollow of His hand could dissolve. It was an alliance of fire and tornado; a joining of hideous natural forces in a wild compact of destruction all the more appalling when we remember the contemptible means by which the union was effected. To be sure, in the sadly ludicrous fright of the succeeding days, this account of the beginning of the conflagration was stoutly denied by the wailing madame. But as a whimsical fright, lest herself and her lord might be compelled to foot the bill of some hundred millions of dollars' worth of incremated property, was acknowledged to be behind these denials, her first and less-biased asseverations must be accepted as the more honest ones.

Yet if the commencement of the giant conflagration was the result of

pitifully insignificant causes, so were not the surrounding conditions by which the subsequent accumulation of horrors was entailed.

There had been a baking of earth, trees and dwellings, in the dry air of a rainless autumn, until everything had been cooked to the crisp, igniting point. There was a fire department, wearied with the labor of subduing a conflagration which, twenty hours before, had been thrown out as a skirmish line for the mighty hosts of flame that were to follow. Worst of all, a driving gale of wind was surging up from the southwest; a gale so steadily violent as to threaten disastrous hurricane, and to whip the waters of the lake into the white frenzy of a fearful storm. Against this combination of evils there was no force at hand strong enough to prevent the destruction of the sheds, dilapidated houses and shaky structures that comprised the "built up" portion of that part of the city in which the calamity was conceived. That the fire must be extensive in its reach, and completely sweep away the many wooden buildings in that quarter of the town, was obvious at the outset. But an earnest combat was, nevertheless, maintained against the enemy's encroachments. The three alarms, which in our municipal regulations denote a conflagration of unusual magnitude, and which summon all our engines to the scene of anxiety, had rung out inspiringly upon the night. The fire department had entered upon the customary battle with the flames, as sanguine as ever of being able to hold them within reasonable confines; for an hour every one believed that nothing more serious than another broad, blackened hole in the West Division would result.

But the drenchings from the engines, and the ripping away of fences and out-houses, availed nothing toward checking the progress of destruction. The narrow streets and alleys were beginning to overflow with people driven from their homes. The flames sullenly, but with an unequivocal certainty,

were taking to themselves mightier proportions. They swung their lurid arms still further toward the river, brushing from existence every vestige of human work that lay in their path.

Soon the word began to be passed that the fire must reach the burnt district of the night before, ere any certain barricading of its march could be counted upon. A few only were recklessly prophetic enough to aver that its constantly augmenting wrath might endanger the safety of other sections of the city. Was there not a bare, smirched area of several blocks, left by the fierce blaze of the preceding night, along the river's edge? and who had ever heard of a conflagration powerful enough to stretch itself over such a space and threaten property beyond?

Such was the fair reasoning of those whose hearthstones were not being swiftly devastated. They saw only a magnificent spectacle; a spectacle already so grand as to dwarf from sight the minor episodes of humble families, wild with fright and the consciousness of suddenly inflicted poverty. But on swept the flames, and as they roared, snapped, and crackled along, in ever-growing fury, they seemed to be as little mindful of the attempts at their suppression as though men were but pigmies, and their impotent engines but the playthings of childhood.

A steady cutting away of human habitations; an atmosphere so rarefied by the intense heat as to cause the cooler air from beyond to rush in with whirlwind fantasies; all the space above dancing with swirling bits of burning timber, and alive with flakes of spinning fire; the thoroughfares filled with half-dressed, frantic women, dazed children, and powerless men, all burdened with dear mementos of the wasted home, and all pushing about in pitiful uncertainty to find the resting-place which was not to be found—this was the scene in the West Division as the battalions of fire held on in victorious array.

In something over one hour from

the commencement, the flames seized upon the planing mills, furniture shops, and other manufactories of similarly combustible material situated a little west of the river. From them it was only a vigorous stride to several of the largest elevators, and before midnight the conflagration had enwrapped more in value in its hot embrace than had ever before been sacrificed in our brief history.

It had demolished, leaving hardly one stone upon another, an extent of thickly settled country more than enough to form a city of respectable dimensions. It had left in blistering ruins the homes of thousands of poor people. It had destroyed many places of labor in which these people earned bread for themselves and families. It had blotted out of existence a large number of the most valuable manufacturing interests of the West; and it had blown from sight forever several enormous receptacles for the grain of the world.

The conflagration now hung upon the verge of the last night's work of ruin, and it was hoped by wearied fighters and victims of its anger that here it would rest. Beyond the open space of the old burnt area was the river, and beyond that were the proud stone edifices of the business heart of Chicago. Here, all thought, the fire-wraith would bow to circumstances too powerful for its fury. With tender care for the unfortunate ones, we would proceed to rebuild the devastated acres, and in a few months would show a pleased world, as we had so many, many times shown it in the past, how happy is Chicago in turning apparent evils into unmistakable blessings.

But suddenly there fell upon the sturdy complacency of the city an incubus so appalling that all its troubles in the past became insignificant. Hardly pausing to take new breath, the allied terrors of tempest and flame had leaped in fell carnival over into the South Division.

For a long time before the fire ob-

tained its foothold in this part of the town, the savage blasts had been madly at work, dashing blazing emissaries from the melting structures in the West Division along the almost deserted ways of the business centre of the city. But with gravelled roofs, slate coverings, stone fronts, and alert watchmen, what was there of serious import to apprehend? Yet all this while Chicago was being rapidly converted into an enormous furnace. The materials were all ready for the blast, and the air of the furnace was already sucking through the huge flues of streets and avenues. The match only was wanting, and now that was applied.

The bridges and shipping in the river afforded a superb transit for the flames, and the crossings at Van Buren, Polk, and Adams Streets were soon frame-works of fire. From these, blazing in a raging wind, there was no lack of communication from the West to the South Side.

This latter was fired in two places, at a few minutes before one o'clock, on Monday morning; some three and a half hours after the origin of the conflagration in De Koven Street. The first of these was in a shed on the river bank, near Polk Street. This fire was extinguished with ease—although the structure was itself torn down, as the only method of checking the work of ruin.

At nearly the same time, the tar works belonging to the South Division Gas Manufactory, situated on Adams Street, near the Armory, were ignited. The firemen were well nigh exhausted; their engines were disabled, and the buildings upon which the fire had now fallen were of an excessively combustible nature.

In less than five minutes a square of buildings was in flames; the Gas-Works were attacked; the Armory, Chicago's principal police station, was toppling to the earth, and the legions of ruin had effected a terribly curious manœuvre, with a military exactitude savoring almost of reason. They divid-

ed their forces. One army of destruction marched swiftly toward the east, and the other sped away to the north. The first was soon across Fifth Avenue, and from thence moved upon the architectural grandeur of La Salle Street. The other dashed unchecked toward the no less noble structures that lined Monroe, Madison, and Washington Streets.

A double column of fiery devastation was abroad, and the core of one of the fairest cities on the face of the globe was doomed to yield to their imperious power.

Following the track of the eastward moving column of fire, or rather giving way reluctantly to its hot encroachments, the first great pang of sorrow came to the despairing spectators, when the flames stormed up to the Pacific Hotel.

This superb edifice, a caravansary built upon architectural precepts of the most artistic order, was six deep stories in height, and covered a full block of ground. The roof had just been placed upon it, and it was hoped that ere another year should dawn the establishment would be in readiness to receive the approval of nations, as the best hotel, all things considered, in America.

The sight of the billows of fire buffeting in, above, and around its superb lines, until it swayed and crashed in indignant protestation to the earth, was a proof against all imaginings that man had any power to cope with or mercy to hope from the terrific elements which had obtained control of Chicago. The intense heat was now continually creating new wind centres, by the rarefaction of the air, so that although the main course of the tempest was still toward the northeast, whirlwinds of fire were formed, which gave the conflagration abundant opportunities of beating up against the gale. Thus it was that almost at the same time the Pacific Hotel was consuming, the vast railway depot of the Michigan Southern road was burned.

The twin brawlers of fire and tornado, with their appetite sharpened by the feast among the cheaper buildings of the West Division, had gnawed to ragged crusts these two imposing edifices, and were now wild for a continuation of the repast. Down La Salle and across to Clark Street they rushed, swallowing in turn the Chamber of Commerce, Farwell Hall, and the rows upon rows of elegant stone and marble structures intervening.

Gunpowder was now called into use, and as it fulminated from street to street, substantial banking houses and the most ornate of trade palaces were hurled one by one into the air. Dark chasms were thus frequently opened before the path of flame in the lines of swiftly disappearing blocks, but all to no avail. A brief hesitancy, as if to gather new energy, and then a million sparks would dance over the abyss; an hundred tongues of fire would lap across the intervening space, and with melting shutters, cracking roof, and yielding stone, another block would be ablaze.

And now, while the heavens seemed to be metamorphosed into realms Plutonian, a curious study might have been made of the powerless people, around whom all this dire transformation was working. While a few men were laboring with Trojan-like energy to save something from the impending ruin, by far the larger proportion seemed inclined to assume the character of spectators. Men who in the face of ordinary conflagrations would have imperilled life and limb to preserve their own goods and those of their neighbors, stood calmly by, and passed quaint, terse jokes upon the excellence of the show. "It burns well;" "Chicago couldn't have even a fire on a half way scale;" "It lays over anything in history," is the embodiment of the comments that were bandied. It did appear as if the consoling balm of local importance and patriotism was dripping into every wounded fortune, and the fact that Chicago was bound to

have a tip-top advertisement out of it, somewhat compensated for the swift entailing misery.

How a double column of blazing destruction started at right angles from the initial point of the South Division, at the tar works, has been noted. As they swayed along in search of further prey, these two columns threw out constant flanking lines of fire, filling in the streets, avenues, and alleys, in systematic order.

The northward moving line of ruin, chasing hotly up Market, Wells, Franklin and La Salle Streets, swallowed the cheaper buildings on the river ends of Jackson, Quincy, and Adams Streets; snuffed out the Nevada Hotel; baked to a crackling heat the stony approach to the east end of the world-famous Washington Street tunnel, and tottered from existence alike the dingy sailor boarding houses, the dens of dubious repute, and the erstwhile durable dimensions of the banking, commercial, and insurance houses that lay in its way. The coal yards, in which the winter's stores from Pennsylvania's exhaustless mine had just been heaped, were also enveloped in flame; and presently half a dozen or more of the grandest anthracite blazes of history were adding their glare to the illuminations of this new Eblis.

The destruction of the Nevada Hotel, one of the most successful of the second-rate hostelries, contributed no little to the uniqueness of the occasion. This establishment was overflowing with regular and transient boarders. Of the former, a large proportion were members of the dramatic profession, *attaches* of city journals, and clerks in prominent positions in the leading mercantile houses. The feminine portion of the histrionic delegation were particularly vehement in their expressions of disgust at being thus unceremoniously hustled from their comfortable quarters. It was vastly more dramatic than anything at which they had been called upon to assist, in their capacity of abstract chroniclers

of the times, and they did not relish it at all.

The line of fire, with its flanking supports, which was eating toward the northeast, in a capricious spirit of mercy spared the Madison and Randolph Street bridges, over which ran the main city railways connecting all portions of the West Division with the South Side. A large five-story structure, just north of the last-named bridge, was also omitted, in either scorn or pity, and subsequently stood in majestic loneliness, the only unscathed edifice in the South Division, north of Harrison Street.

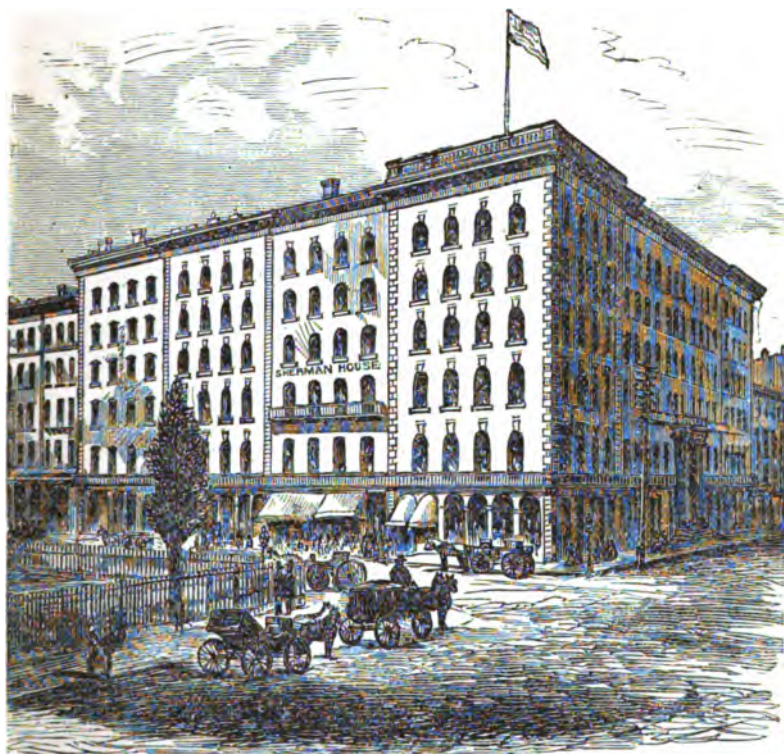
That thrifty thoroughfare of wholesale commerce, South Water Street, having been reached, the omnipotent angel of ruin who hovered over the city permitted the track of fire to turn again almost straight toward the lake. And now were swept away mammoth elevators, the Lumber Exchange, innumerable warehouses teeming with the products of the world. The wines of sunny France and Italy, the teas of China, the coffees of the Indies, and the staple viands of the Orient, were quickly tossed in steaming radiance to the zenith.

At the same time there perished the substantial accumulations of Lake Street, a business avenue which for gorgeous trade palaces and the value of their storied contents was abundantly capable of challenging any equal extent of thoroughfare in the land. Millions on millions of dollars, represented in the products of every quarter of the globe, fed the insatiable maw of the fire. At the lake end of the street there fell several excellent hotels, including the Massasoit, Adams, and Richmond, and that "good old inn," so revered by the appreciative travelers of the country, the Tremont House. The grand rendezvous of railway trains, that ganglion of tracks where centred the roads of half a dozen great companies, the Illinois Central Depot, was, in this quarter, the last sacred monument of ruin left crumbling in hot protestation

at the unmerited fury of the tempest. Spinning along Randolph Street, the conflagration fed heartily upon the glories of the Briggs, Sherman, Metropolitan, and Matteson Hotels; upon stately business homes, Wood's Museum, and a miscellany of trade edifices that of themselves would have formed the heart of a small city.

The scenes at the destruction of the

Sherman House were marvellously thrilling. Upwards of three hundred guests were lodged in the house. At the time the fire approached there were left in active charge only the night clerk and an assistant. The night clerk was not by any means the consequential hotel-employe of the period, but was a cool, energetic young man, with a remarkable fund of good sense.



THE SHERMAN HOUSE.

Of the three hundred guests, a large number were ladies, unaccompanied by male escort; and of these, five were so sick as to be confined to their beds. The night clerk, having sometime before secured the valuable papers of the place, proceeded, with his assistant, to arouse every sleeper in the house. The lone women were promptly conveyed to the lake shore, and there placed in charge of policemen who took them

beyond reach of further danger. The sick ladies were placed in hacks by the omnipresent night clerk, and were being driven away, when, followed by his assistant, and seized with a terrible suspicion, he rushed after and stopped them. An instantaneous counting of thin, pallid faces, and lo! only *four* women were there. Five had certainly been recorded in the sick book of the house. It was then remembered that

one poor lady was still remaining. Back into the now trembling structure dashed the two young men, one of them snatching from a fireman an axe as he passed. Up the stairways and through the smoke-reeking halls they groped, until the door desired was reached. Two lusty blows, and in it crashed, revealing the woman half raised in terror from the bed. It was the first intimation of the horrible danger that she had received. A word of explanation, and she had directed them to the closet where hung a dress and cloak of uncommonly heavy stuff. A pitcher and basin, fortunately full of water, served to drench these garments and the main quilt of the bed, and in them was quickly wrapped the invalid. Portions of the soaked clothing were then thrown over their own heads, and in a space of time hardly longer than it has taken to pen this episode, these heroes, than whom no braver shine upon the admired annals of the ages ago, had instinctively found their way through the familiar passages of the house, into the streets. When the writer saw them placing the fainting woman in a carriage, portions of their clothing had been burned into sieve-like perforations, and the hand of one was badly scorched. The hotel in a moment after folded itself to the glowing foundations, and was among the most complete wrecks of the night.

The Court House, an incongruous structure of mottled hues, and yet with fair pretensions to attention, stood alone in the centre of a large square, while the fire was tumbling to the pavement the stately edifices on two of the streets around it. That it must escape destruction was the generally-granted theory. But if the acres of flame could not lay fiery grip upon it, they could, aided by the ever-howling wind, send messengers of ruin hot and fierce upon its roof and dome. Soon a huge blazing timber flew against the dome. Instantaneously the entire upper portion of the building shot into flames. In the lower portion of the

structure, which did disagreeable duty as the County Jail, there were confined, on every kind of criminal charge, more than one hundred and fifty prisoners. The jailer and an assistant turnkey, at the last moment compatible with safety, opened every cell and released each inmate. Happy in the brute consciousness that the ill wind which was showering extermination upon Chicago, had, with consistent ugliness, blown a precious boon to themselves, garroters, thieves, debtors, petty pilferers, and hardened murderers, shot off into the crowds and were seen no more.

Still "eating into the gale," the course of the conflagration pushed back upon itself until it had swept away the block upon which stood Hooley's Opera House, the Bryant and Chase Business College, the *Republican* office, and other hardly less noted structures. It had already cut out the northern part of this and the next adjoining block east, and was reaching in feverish anticipation of the revel in store for it at the St. James Hotel and Crosby's Opera House. In this latter building there were stored the instruments of three of the largest piano houses in the country, art treasures almost invaluable, and the works of decorators who had for several months been laboring lavishly at the beautifying of the auditorium. In the renovations of this auditorium the sum of \$80,000 had just been expended, and the place, at the breaking out of the fire, stood complete, the finest temple of Thespis and Thalia in America. A luxury-loving public, who had anxiously read of its fair proportions, were to have pronounced upon its beauties on the night of its destruction. It was to have been formally re-dedicated on that same evening by the Thomas Orchestra, every seat having been sold a week before. Many of the more valuable paintings stored in this establishment were saved, but the number of dollars consumed in choice pictures alone stepped a long way into the thous-

ands; while in the fall of the building and the perishing of its contents, there went down a valuation of over half a million.

The fire had now reached State Street, and was again working against the course of the gale, and pushing a trifle towards the south. This division of ruin, before reaching the corner occupied by Field, Leiter & Co.'s grand emporium, had laid in sweltering ashes the newspaper offices of the *Evening Post*, *Evening Mail*, *Staats Zeitung*, and *Chicago Times*, besides destroying the publishing places of many lesser places and miscellaneous publications. The office of the *Journal* was also soon added to the sad list, and then there remained not the home of any journal of importance save the superb structure belonging to the *Tribune* Company. The buildings on every corner around it had gone, and nothing but seething *debris* marked the sites of Reynolds Block, the Dearborn Theatre, and the store of Ross & Gossage, with the adjacent mammoth carpet warehouses belonging to other firms.

That even now a goodly portion of the business centre of the place must be left unharmed, was the almost universal theory. It was understood that the eastward-moving line of fire, which had broken from its companion column near the gas works, had spent its violence. There was then only the latter to subjugate, and with the advent of day surely this could be accomplished.

Remaining intact was the east side of Dearborn Street to the *Tribune* Building, and all of the fine property lying east of State until Randolph was reached.

But while this final glimmer of hope came to the hearts of the more understanding watchers of the fire, it was all too quickly shut out by the news that the flames had crossed into the North Division. This was at about four o'clock in the morning, a little before day-break.

Hardly had this announcement closed despairingly around the souls

of those who had yet hoped against hope that something of value in Chicago might be saved, when the terrible tidings were whispered that the Water Works were in ruins, and that the only friend man had found among the elements in this his hour of necessity was taken from him.

There was now absolutely nothing left but to stand by and trace the path of accumulating devastation, biding the destroying angel's pleasure that the work of calamity should cease.

All along the east side of State Street, where stood some of the loftiest marts in the city, and on Wabash and Michigan Avenues, it was considered that comparative safety was insured. However, many of the dwellers on these last thoroughfares, as well as those persons who owned mercantile houses in the vicinity, took the precaution to remove large quantities of their more valuable goods to the open spaces of Dearborn Park, the base ball grounds, and the lake front. Here all was presumably safe, as even if the entire city burnt up, open ground could not be consumed.

And yet this very quarter was doomed to be the converging point for the two armies of fire that had parted from each other near the tar works. The march of the northward-striding line, with its slight but steady inflection to the east, has been shown. That which hurried toward the lake from the southern end of the Michigan Southern Depot had been slower in its labors, but none the less vindictively accurate in its work of ruin. It had swept from existence the shabbier structures of Third and Fourth Avenues, and had crept unrelentingly onward until De Haven Block and the towering grandeur of the Bigelow House and Honore's two massive marble buildings had fallen into ruin.

As the three noble structures last named reeled to the ground, the day was fully ushered in. But in the murky sunlight the ruin still held on; when it would halt, who should now dare to say?

From the Bigelow House to the Academy of Design was less than a block, only a bagatelle of a stride for the giant of conflagration that was abroad. Within the walls were husbanded some of the noblest works of art America could boast. Among these were a number of paintings which had just arrived in the city, and which were intended for display at the forthcoming fall exhibition; a new work by Bierstadt, valued at \$15,000; dozens of precious pieces by leading artists of other cities; and the studios, with most of the contents, of more than twenty home painters. Rothermel's great canvas, "The Battle of Gettysburg," the property of the State of Pennsylvania, and the grandest historical picture in the country, was cut from its frame and saved. It has been conveyed within the precincts of the commonwealth to whom it came so near proving an irreclaimable and irreparable loss.

The Palmer Hotel, one of the youngest but already one of the most famous of our world-famed public houses, fell in at nearly the same time as the Academy.

Here, near the corner of State and Jackson Streets, and upon Wabash and Michigan Avenues, was now to be witnessed the frenzied stampede of thousands. The many were breaking in crazed haste to escape from the heat, and from the sight of the horrible scenes which had grown so terribly familiar. These swellers of the panic had in most cases secured portables of real or fancied value, and were madly, selfishly eager to take themselves, their families, and their chattels, beyond the reach of the insatiable fire demon's clutches. Some were on foot, staggering along under the weight of rich packs, and tugging at the hands of halting relatives. Others were piled, with stock from their stores, furniture, wives and children, into vehicles of every conceivable class, many of which had been hired at fabulous prices from their contemptible owners. But to add

to the insanity of the scene, there were men seeking to struggle in the opposite direction. These were merchants who, living in the extreme South Division, and just learning of the night's disaster, were dashing in on foot and in their carriages, with a fierce determination to know if they too had been beggared while they slept.

The streets indicated were almost totally impassable, and so frantic was the struggle of teams and pedestrians that there were often complete dead-locks, during which not the least progress was made by any one. But these temporary stoppages in the retreat were insignificant in comparison to the frightful scenes which were constantly occurring in consequence of the choking of their roads and walks. Old men were thrown down and trampled upon; children were lost from their parents; and the parents were in many cases parted from each other, never to meet again. Women were knocked to the pavement by the rearing, madly-galloping horses; and several authenticated cases of child-birth, in which both mother and infant were instantly killed, added their diabolical quota to this newest of pandemoniums.

And all the time the fire was leaving behind, in fantastic mould, the hot evidences of its withering strength; was reaching ever forward for more of splendor to level to the earth. By the continued blowing away of buildings in its path, as it prowled swiftly east on the line of Harrison Street, its course seemed to be diverted to the north again. In this was safety; for all that lay in the north must perish as it was now perishing, and so in that direction to keep the path of the burning storm was the only hope. Up again it worked, smiting down the blocks enclosed by State, Harrison, and Madison Streets, and Wabash Avenue. Here, as elsewhere, it fed its unglutted appetite with the richest of fare, and stately churches, beautiful dwellings, and proud trade palaces were alike devoured, walls, roof, contents and foundation stones.

Before daybreak the thieving horror had culminated in scenes of daring robbery unparalleled in the annals of any similar disaster. In fact, earlier in the history of the flames, the pilfering scoundrels had conducted operations with their usual craft and cunningness at evading observation. But as the night wore on, and the terrors aggregated into an intensity of misery, the thieves, amateur and professional, dropped all pretences at concealment and plied their knavish calling undaunted by any fears of immediate retribution. They would storm into stores, smash away at the the safes, and if, as was happily almost always the case, they failed to effect an opening, they would turn their attention to securing all of value from the stock that could conveniently be made away with, and then plough off in search of further booty. The promise of a share in the spoils gave them the assistance of rascally express-drivers, who stood with their wagons before the doors of stores and waited as composedly for a load of stolen property to be piled in as if they were receiving the honestly-acquired goods of the best man in the city. This use of the express-drivers was a double curse, in that it facilitated the abstracting of plunder, while it also took up the time of teams that might otherwise have been used by the merchants. The express-wagons once heaped with the loot, were driven pell-mell through the city, adding to the dangers and the accidents of the surcharged streets, and the property was safely "cached" in the country.

Remonstrances on the part of the owner availed nothing. With no one to aid him in the preservation of his goods, or to assist in the apprehension of the villains, the merchant was compelled to stand quietly aside and see his establishment systematically cleaned out by the thieves, and then laid in ashes by the flames.

Several cases occurred in which the owners of stores came to the conclusion that if their places must go and noth-

ing could be preserved, some decent people should have the benefits accruing therefrom. They accordingly threw open their stores and issued a loudly-delivered invitation to the crowd to hurry in and take away all they might be able to carry.

The scenes of robbery were not confined to the sacking of stores. Burglars would raid into the private dwellings that lay in the track of coming destruction, and snatch from cupboard, bureau, trunk, or mantle-tree, anything which their practiced senses told them would be of value. Interference was useless. The scoundrels hunted in squads, were inflamed with drink, and were alarmingly demonstrative in the flourishing of deadly weapons.

Sometimes women and children, and not infrequently men, would be stopped as they were bearing from their homes objects of especial worth, and the articles would be torn from their grasp by gangs of these wretches.

Reference has been made to the flow of liquor. Up to three or four o'clock in the morning there was a surprisingly small percentage of intoxicated persons to be counted in any quarter. But as the physical and mental exhaustion pressed heavier, and as the dull horror began to settle upon each soul that perhaps not one stone might be left standing upon another, the inexplicable seeking for an assuage of trouble in potent alcohol followed. Saloon-keepers rolled barrels of the poison into the street, and the owners of great liquor houses threw open their doors to the overwrought and haggard populace. Men drank then whose lips had never before been crossed by alcohol; while those who had hitherto tasted of its Lethe-draughts only on rare occasions, now guzzled like veteran soakers.

This was a new accession to the woe of the event. There were hardened women reeling through the crowds, howling ribald songs; coarse men were breaking forth with leering jokes and maudlin blasphemy; women of the highest culture tossing down glasses of

raw whiskey; ladies with cinder and tear-begrimed faces, pressing the cups with jewelled fingers; while of rich and poor, well-bred and boors, the high and the lowly, there were few who did not appear to have been seized with the idea that tired nature must finally succumb unless the friendly stimulant was used. All were not intoxicated; all were not drinkers. There were probably thousands who found in the taste of wine, or stronger fluids, the nerving to new deeds of heroism and quiet bravery. But the drunken phase was a terribly prominent one, and one that entailed an awful addition to the woes of the conflagration.

At about eight o'clock on Monday morning, the enormous branch of the fire which had cut its way eastward, with a pronounced deflection to the north, and which a few hours before was erroneously supposed to have been checked, almost joined its resistless power to its companion branch from which it had been cleft at the gas-works. This junction was not, however, quite formed, owing to a fitful change in the artificial wind-currents which sent the line of flame that had destroyed the Bigelow and Palmer Houses, Honore and other blocks, a little to the westward, sealing the fate of McVicker's Theatre building and the block adjoining the *Tribune* Building on the south.

Although taught by the cruel lessons of the night that it was hoping against hope to think to preserve any of the buildings on which the fire demon had turned his baleful eye, there were still a few undaunted workers ready to engage in another combat with the foe. Earlier in the night, a huge tar cauldron that had been left a few days before by some roofers in front of McVicker's, had been laid hold of by several young men and dragged where it should be incapable of mischief. Much of the combustibles stored in the alleys was also removed, and then all was done that could be done, save to hope. At the *Tribune* Building, men for a

time occupied the roof, sweeping away coals, while another force was alert for similar duty at the doorways and windows.

But, with exultant derision at all the puny efforts put forth to cheat it of its prey, the conflagration closed hopelessly around this block. McVicker's naturally gave way first. The *Tribune* Building was not long in following, and although at first offering a stubborn front, was eventually left a haughty but none the less complete wreck. It was a wreck doubly assured, in that although presenting for days afterward a more imposing display as a ruin than most of its contemporaries, it was still so insecure as to lead to the death of men who trusted to its stability in seeking to repair it.

The line of bookstores comprising the celebrated "Booksellers' Row," a handsomer congregation of houses devoted to the dissemination of universal literature than existed in such friendly neighborhood in any city upon the globe, perished at nearly the same time as the edifices whose fate has just been described.

A little further to the north was the elegant architectural pile occupied as a dry goods store by Field, Leiter & Co. During the previous hours, as the waves of conflagration were beating savagely around it, copious floodings of water had been emptied over every portion of this structure. Its internal economy included an extensive system of pipes, conduits, and hose, connected with the water mains under ground. It was through the aid of these that the drenching was kept up; and had it not been for the sad failing of the Water Works in the North Division, the unexampled furnace blasts which were howling on nearly every side of it could not have materially affected this building. Smaller structures, including the Cobb Library house, were demolished with powder in hope of saving Field, Leiter & Co.'s building. But the same weary story of unavailing labor, of hasty firing and speedy destruction,

that had been repeated over and over again, ensued here. At the final surrender of this edifice, the four walls of which rolled in dismal thunder into the basement at nearly the same instant, there was seen a strangely attractive gulf of glowing iron pillars, braces, and columns, shimmering in the white and red heat of the flames.

And now, with its forces joined to the companion column of ruin which had swept away so much of wealth and beauty elsewhere, and had sent a twin-demon of fire carousing in devastating revelry through the North Side, the battalions of flame that had just accomplished the destruction of the Field, Leiter & Co.'s building, moved on toward the lake front. From Harrison Street down a portion of State Street and Wabash Avenue, a few blocks of fine buildings had thus far been spared, while a great desert of smouldering waste was stretched far into the west and north.

The allied army of flame threw out its broad arms in the direction of the lake — the huge branches of fire sometimes streaming, borne upon the pinions of the gale, for whole blocks. Along the lake front and upon the base ball grounds were huddled thousands of people; and, as has been noticed, there were also stacked in that neighborhood the richest of wares from adjacent stores, and the rarest of furniture and fittings from private houses. The goods had here been stored under the care of trusty watchers, as a spot perfectly secure from destruction, while the vast crowds of homeless people had gradually centred here for the same reason.

Suddenly it seemed that the fire had for the first time discovered this assemblage of humanity and property. The flames had feasted already upon all that was rich and rare in commerce, art, and literature; had been gorged with the proud wonders of architecture, and had tasted the sweet morsel of roasting, suffocating men, women, and children. And yet here had ventured

to congregate a crowd of human beings with a few of the more precious of their stores, as if to defy, in one place at least, the omnipotent fury.

The conflagration swung its broad tongues of fire for acres, lapping greedily at the grand structures in the lower ends of Wabash and Michigan Avenues, and fairly pinning the terrified concourse between two enormous lines of fire which were steadily compressing together from their right-angle divergence. The fire fattened upon what it fed, and grew momentarily larger, lustier, fiercer. It sent off a rain of brands, burning timbers, and huge sparks, and flecked the air with myriads of blazing bits of material over the heads of the affrighted thousands.

A panic as complete as any that had reigned in other portions of the city followed. The crowd leaped instinctively for the south, and shot along the strip of park by the lake in bare time to escape the hurricane of fire that was seeking to cut off their retreat at the foot of Washington Street. The accumulated goods took fire, and in a few minutes, with the fences, seats, and pavilion of the base ball grounds, were withered to ashes, and the ashes swirled out into the wailing waters of the lake.

Nothing remained for the fire to finish the plumb line of ruin which seemed to have been drawn along Harrison Street, but to turn back and chop away at the few beautiful blocks which were standing in a mournful fringe on Michigan and a portion of Wabash Avenues. These were several majestic churches, the imposing proportions of Terrace Row, and the numerous costly dwellings of men who a little time before might have been rated as merchant princes, but who were now alternating between a moderate competence and stark beggary. Several buildings were blown up, but it was the same tale over again. The flames would bridge the gap, and the ruin would sweep on as before.

Terrace Row was the last to yield.

It was a beautiful edifice, solidly constructed, and in the face of any common fire would have refused to submit. But after burning some three hours, during which time a large share of the superb equipments of the many distinguished homes were transferred to a safe place, the last wall of the building reeled to the earth; and in the South Division there remained north of Harrison Street only the blocks of buildings east of Wabash Avenue and south of Congress Street, the Wabash Avenue Methodist Church, now converted into a Post Office, standing on the southeast corner of the Avenue and Harrison Street, the five-story building already named at the east end of Randolph Street bridge, and the Illinois Central Elevator just north of the once magnificent depot of the company.

Although the destruction proper did not commence until shortly before six o'clock in the North Division, the work of ruin in that section of the city antedated this time in that a part of Lill's Brewery and the Water Works were consumed between four and five o'clock.

That the Water Works should have burned at so early a period, and before the main body of the flames had reached the North Side at all, has given rise to a deal of very natural wonderment. The fact of this deplorable phenomenon taking place pointed the arguments and gave redoubled force to the assertions of those who were determined that incendiaries were responsible for the whole city's incrimination. There is no reasonable ground, and never was, for declaring that the firing of the Water Works was due to malice. For hours the roaring wind had borne all the way from the perishing buildings of the West and South Divisions blazing messengers of ruin in almost a direct course to the Water Works. That many of the cheaper buildings in the North Division did not take fire an hundred times was much more of a miracle than that one or two edifices were prematurely consumed. The fact that it was the Water Works

that burned so early of course attracted particular attention, whereas had a score of insignificant sheds elsewhere blazed up at one time, it would have been laid to the same causes that led to the destruction of the brewery shed, with its companion calamity.

The air of the North Division, at two o'clock in the morning, was alive with burning, flying wood; and these whirling brands, dropping upon a shed connected with Lill's Brewery, shot the flimsy structure into a sharp blaze. From here the destruction was partially extended to the Water Works, as the attention of the engineer and his assistant was drawn away from its proper post, during which time a large shower of larger sparks than usual came pelting upon the roof of a shed close to the building in their charge. With the terrible gale which raged all the higher near the open front of the lake, it was impossible to stay the course of destruction; and soon the works were so badly injured as to check the working of the engines, and Chicago was without water at the moment when water was to her the one great thing needful.

The full work of burning out the North Division, as before stated, began at a short time before six o'clock, or a full two hours after the immolation of the pumping works had stopped the supply of water.

No less than four different spots have been designated as the precise point at which the destruction of the North Side began. All of the assertions are to the effect that the bridges were the conductors of the flames, although a few claim in addition that the shipping assisted in ferrying the fire across. The most reliable statements, and those which are numerically the strongest, assert that Rush Street bridge passed the flames over the river, and that once across they danced briskly up to the Galena Elevator, which was soon enveloped in fire.

Here, as in other parts of the city, was witnessed the strange spectacle of

the wind driving the body of flame in one direction while flankers of fire ate along almost against the gale. The conflagration crept quickly west in an almost due line along North Water, Kinzie, and Illinois Streets, until a solid barrier of flame two blocks in thickness was created from the lake to the river.

Every bridge on the main channel had by this time been destroyed, and when the end of La Salle Street was reached, the heat created around its narrow orifice a suction so vehement as to pull through flames from the great warehouses on its southern extremity. The massive blocks of stone forming the towers were shattered, while the heavy masonry approaches and winding steps at either end were split, seamed, and cracked, and in some instances were burned to powder. As a proof that the flames were sucked through the greater portion of the tunnel, it was found, several days after, when the rubbish had been cleared from its openings and transit once more made convenient, that the wooden wainscoting, extending waist-high along its interior, had been calcined, and was at the northern end in perfect charcoal condition.

The wall of flame once built over the river terminus of the North Side, its previous tactics were abandoned, and it held straight on until it had brushed the North Division from existence. It was an enormous phalanx of fire from two to five blocks in thickness, extending from one side of the Division to the other. To seek to pass through it and strike for the main channel of the river was as far from possibility as it would have been to walk through a smelting furnace a thousand fold hotter than ever was made, to scale the heavens, or to ford the lake. There was time to think of doing but one thing, and that one thing was to flee. Those who yielded to the instinct of self-preservation and rushed far to the northward as fast as quaking limbs would bear them, unmindful of friends,

of relatives, or of precious mementos of their disappearing homes, were alone certain of safety.

The lighter structures with which this Division abounded gave the magnificently hideous legions of flame a glorious opportunity of keeping their lurid ranks unshaken, and the wall of fire never presented an opening until the wooded confines of the extreme northern part of the Division were attained. Sometimes a specially obdurate structure, as the Cathedral of the Holy Name, or the monster breweries of Sands, Huck, and others, would resist for a brief moment, when a slight gap would show on the face of the flaming barrier. But ere the rear of the column could pass, the ruin would be as complete as if the building had disappeared from view at the first attack.

From the expressions of some of the more intelligent of those who were making a push for the open country to the far north, the sight must have possessed a certain terrible grandeur that was not to be observed in the detached work of devastation either in the West or the South Divisions. Here it was straightforward and unrelenting as destiny. It was a phalanx of fire extending as far as the eye could reach to the east and the west. Behind it none could see, and as to what might be its solid thickness the stricken ones before it had no means of determining. To them it appeared as if the world itself must be on fire, and that the flames were swiftly following their course around the entire globe.

The conflagration in this Division was more unforgiving than elsewhere, for here it spared only the merest fragment. In the other two portions of the city it had been satisfied with eating away a monstrous cavity on one side of the river, and with cutting the head from the body of the second section of the town. But in the North it seemed to have determined that not a house should be left to boast itself luckier or more irresistible than its humbled fellows. How one dwelling

was saved in the midst of the surrounding desolation, and how a little slice on the northwest corner of the Division was also spared, form two of the most peculiarly interesting incidents of the whole record of ruin.

The story of the preservation of Mahlon D. Ogden's residence, a large and comfortable frame structure situated almost in the heart of the North Side, has already been fully given by the unwearied workers of the daily press. Briefly reproduced, the truth and marvel of the affair is that the building was in the middle of a block, all the other lots of which formed its elegant garden. On the streets upon its four sides were not many large buildings; while just as the fire approached it from the southwest there was a slight lull in the fury of the wind. This allowed the flames to shoot straighter into the air, and before the storm had again bent them forward in search of further fuel, the structures upon which they were immediately feeding had been reduced to ashes, and a break made in the terrible wall of fire. The exertions of Mr. Ogden and his family in covering the roof and walls of the house with carpets, quilts, and blankets, which were kept constantly wet with water from a cistern which happened to be in his place, also aided materially in the salvation of their home, which was the only unharmed building for miles. But the brief cessation of the tempest's violence was, after all, the chief cause of this singular exception, as even the fence which was on the windward side of the dwelling was only slightly scorched.

Precisely how the corner of the North Division, lying adjacent to the river, in the extreme northwest, was saved, has not, it is believed, ever been made public.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon of the fatal Monday, Mr. Samuel Ellis, an officer of the city detective force, who will be favorably remembered as Dixon's associate in the working up of the celebrated Ziegenmeyer case, form-

ed a small company of his friends into a preventive squad. Ellis and the friends whom he summoned to his assistance were living in a long, handsome block on Lincoln Avenue, between Sophia and Webster Avenues. At the corner of this block, and intervening in the course of the rapidly approaching flames, between the block and the street, was a small frame house belonging to a widow lady. Divining at once that if this corner house could be saved perhaps the block in which he lived might also be spared, Detective Ellis directed and aided his little company with remarkable sagacity. There was a cistern in the yard full of water, and here was an invaluable ally able to preserve the widow's house, if understandingly used, and if mortal forethought and energy could preserve anything in this most unsparing of conflagrations. The roof of the building, as well as doorways and windowsills, were covered quickly with a deep coating of sand which was soaked with water. Quilts, carpets, and blankets were next procured, and the cottage was fairly swathed in them, and again the friendly water was called in until they were thoroughly drenched. The fences contiguous were ripped down, and the wooden sidewalks torn up.

By this time the huge sheet of fire was close upon the busy workers, and they were forced to rush back and trust that their efforts might not have been in vain, as had been the no less arduous labors of thousands in other parts of Chicago. The fire reached sharply over and licked around the enshrouded house, but before it could dry the coverings of wet sand and cloth, the force of its strength in that quarter was spent, and a fresh gust of the tempest sent it slanting toward the lake.

The corner house was saved; so also was the adjacent block, and by this means a fragment of the North Division enough to form of itself a village, closely settled, of a very respectable magnitude.

Cheated of its purpose in ploughing

away every vestige of the North Division, the fire drove wickedly onward in the direction of Lincoln Park and Wright's Grove, and ceased not in its work of ruin until Fullerton Avenue, the extreme northern limit of the city, was attained.

Here, with nothing further upon which it could riot, it at last died away into the second night of its carouse; and, just as a long-prayed-for rain came pattering coolly down, the Chicago fire passed into history.

By nightfall of Monday, a great number of refugees had collected in the cemetery at the south end of Lincoln Park, and many had endeavored to dispose themselves as comfortably as possible until the light of another morning should enable them make their final escape. But the fire-wraith hesitated not at the pollution of the quiet homes of the dead, and was soon curling the leaves and snapping the brush at the cemetery's entrance. Another stampede was all that was left to the heart-sick multitude of living ones, who had vainly thought to catch a few hours of fitful rest upon the graves of the sleepers below, whom even this tyrant conflagration could not touch. Out from the cemetery swarmed the stricken ones, and into the park, from which they were again routed by the untiring pursuit of the wind and the flames.

The only rest was upon the chilly margin of the lake and the bleak wilderness of the open prairies. The edge of the lake was lined with its dreary quota of those who, twenty-four hours before, had gone to rest in happy homes at the close of a Sabbath differing to them from no other Sabbath which had preceded it, but which was the dividing line between prosperity and utter ruin.

Only a few of the incidents of the conflagration can be added to those previously given.

Mr. J. H. McVicker, proprietor of McVicker's Theatre, going into his building by a side door from the alley, just as the flames had fully closed upon

the structure, was driven back by the heat and the smoke. But on reaching the open alley, he was placed in a still more dangerous plight, being caught in one of the howling currents of air, created by the heat, which were whirling through in an exactly opposite direction from the main course of the gale. This brought a shower of sparks and burning bits of timber upon him, and before he could escape a tongue of fire was swaying through the alley. Throwing himself upon his hands and knees, he crawled out to the next street as rapidly as possible; but when he reached a place of comparative safety, he found himself almost blinded by the heat and the smoke, so that he did not regain the full use of his eyes for weeks.

At the burning of the Oriental Block on La Salle Street, opposite the Chamber of Commerce, a man remained in the third story long after the building had fired, composedly carrying his goods to a window and dropping them out, when they were thrown into an express wagon by his partner and two friends. A rope was all the while dangling from the window; and when his companions and the crowd implored him to desist from his work and leave the doomed building, he would shout back, pointing to the cord, "That is my stairway, now don't you fret for me!" At length, after every staircase in the house was in flames, and escape by the ordinary avenues was impossible, he came to the window with some books and money from the safe which he had opened. Throwing the books to his friends, he quietly shoved the money into his bosom and proceeded to crawl out and let himself to the ground by the rope, hand over hand in the most approved sailor fashion. He was within a few feet of the pavement, when the flames, breaking through a window from an apartment under which he had been at work, burned the rope instantly to a snapping condition. It parted, and the brave fellow tumbled upon his side, dislocating his shoulder. He scrambled up and was lifted into the

wagon by his friends, muttering between his shut teeth as he patted the money in his breast with his sound arm, "Three thousand dollars all safe! I guess that 'll settle the doctor's bills."

In the West Division, just before the Van Buren Street bridge, the steam fire engine "Fred Gund" had been stationed, and with but a short stretch of hose, and a perfect salamander of a pipeman, was endeavoring to do its little share toward checking the further advance of the foe. But soon the heat grew too savage for even the case-hardened firemen. The hose pipe from which the water was still shooting was leaned upon a fence, and, as the horses had been taken away, the pipe and engine men were forced sadly to relinquish their beloved "tub," and sorrowfully retire across the bridge. But there stood the "Fred Gund," with steam up, jumping to its work as merrily as ever, while a little way in front the stream was sputtering as briskly into the flames as though it was playing only upon the flickering shed of a reporter's "incipient fire," or was engaged in the friendly rivalry of a peaceful "muster" with some brother engine. The steamer, rattling in every joint, was heard shaking and blowing long after the flames had shut it from sight.

The burning of the Van Buren Street bridge immediately after, led to a peculiarly picturesque scene. As the fire approached its western end, the men whose duty it was to swing the structure, warned everybody to leave, by an energetic tug at the bell. They then applied the turn-lever, and, giving two or three hasty spins as a starter, darted to the south side and squeezed through to the street. The bridge, by the impulse thus given, slowly swung open, but not in time to prevent the western end from catching fire. In a moment it was a grand, fantastic frame-work of flames, and in the eddies of the tempest and the artificial currents of heat was kept swinging to and fro, a huge specimen of grotesque pyrotechnics, which but for the overshadowing im-

portance of preceding and subsequent events would have furnished a charming theme for description by skilled reportorial pens.

The old perverse absurdity, so common in seasons of great excitement, which leads frantic humanity to fritter away the priceless moments in the perpetration of deliberate stupidities, had a thousand illustrations during the fire. Those who threw the looking glass out of the window, and laboriously tugged the feather bed down stairs, had innumerable representatives and counterparts. A prominent legal gentleman, whose office was in Reynolds' Block, was guilty of solemnly enwrapping a wash basin, pitcher, spittoon, and two imitation bronze statuettes, in a table-spread, and dropping them over the banister of the twisting stairway at the northern end of the building, after which he shuffled back and groped around until he had loaded his arms with substantial law books, which he enthusiastically bore in safety to the sidewalk.

The Thomas Orchestra, stopping at the Sherman House, met with adventures numerous. The more interesting ones, in the present connection, were that nearly every member grasped a linen coat, a pipe, a piece of portable furniture, or something of like importance, and bore it proudly into the street, leaving the musical instruments with which their fame and daily bread were to be earned, behind them. The accomplished Miss Marie Krebs, the *pianiste* of the party, emerged from the blazing pile in a condition of complete tranquillity. She had covered her person with a dingy morning wrapper, and had secured, at the last instant, about half the score of one of Strauss' waltzes, and she clung to that bit of sheet music with all the persistency of a woman who had saved her most sacred heirloom from destruction.

Mention has been made of the fierce rain of sparks that fell in the South and North Divisions, borne from the burning edifices of the West Side, long

before the fire had reached the South Branch of the river. These sparks pelted down in a shower so sharp that it is a marvel the igniting of the other two divisions was so long delayed. As an evidence of the intensity of this blazing rain, it is recalled that the clothing of those in the streets and of the watchers upon the house tops were often burned full of holes, and in some instances were actually started into flame.

Another incident must close the list here given, although the remembrance of others is well-nigh interminable, and the temptation to recount them is difficult to resist.

At the destruction of the St. James Hotel, a gentleman, whose wife was bed-ridden at that establishment after a wearying search commenced an hour before, had secured the services of a hackman and his team for the lady's removal. The driver had demanded the outrageous sum of sixty dollars, and not only refused to abate a penny from that amount, but was not inclined to stop and dicker, preferring to drive around the city, sure of meeting somebody whose necessities would ensure him as much, if not more, than his modest demand. The gentleman, however, was only too glad to obtain a comfortable conveyance at any figure; and the bargain was closed, and the carriage driven to the hotel. The lady was then brought down to the door, and a break was made in the crowd upon the walk to allow of her being carried to the hack.

Just at this moment up ran the proprietor of a leading jewelry house, whose richly-stored building was but a few blocks away. Justice to him requires it be observed that he did not understand the *status* of affairs. He only saw an unemployed carriage. Breathlessly addressing the tender-hearted driver, he said:

"Here, my man! I've tried for two hours to get hold of an express wagon, and it's no use. I can make your hack do as well, I guess. I'll give you a five hundred dollar note to let me pack it full of my goods, as many times as I can between now and the time the fire gets to the store."

"Good enough," answered the humanitarian of a Jehu. "Five hundred dollars is the word," and slamming the hack door, he was on the point of leaping upon the box and driving away. A howl of anger went up from the throng upon the walk, but save for the presence of a certain trio of young men it is more than probable that the poor invalid would never have been removed, unless carried in the arms of her husband and friends.

This trio was made up of three Bohemians of the press, who, having given their valuable benediction to the office in which they had been employed, as it crashed to the ground, had concluded that a choice quantity of time was now left upon their hands in which to achieve bright acts of benevolence. Here was an unmistakable opening. A dozen quick words passed between them, and in a twinkling their *coup* was effected.

Two of them stepped up to the faithless knight of the whip, and ere his astounded senses could exactly grasp the situation, they had lifted him over the curbstone into the middle of the street, and were applying a judicious kicking to his perturbed physique. The other burst open the door of the hack, motioned to the husband of the sick lady, and in half the time it will take to read this had seen them comfortably stowed in the carriage, received their instructions as to their destination, mounted the box, seized the reins, and starting at a tearing pace around the corner, was soon out of sight.

William S. Walker.

THE FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

HOW can pen describe the scene — the wild flight of half a city-full of people from their burning homes! The awful experience is written with a pen of fire in the memories of those who participated in the flame-urged exodus, but the aggregate of fear, of bewilderment, of despair, of mental agony, of physical pain, can never be adequately pictured; nor can there be properly recorded the courage, the self-possession, the generosity, the mutual helpfulness which also marked the astonishing scene.

The exodus began on Sunday evening in a little cluster of humble dwellings, and increased in volume and area and rapidity, as a mountain stream swells into a resistless river, until it had swept its scores of thousands of unhappy victims out to the great sea of the prairie and left them to perish or float with the tide. At first the few poor wretches whose humble abodes the fire was actually closing upon, picked up their effects and hurried them out to friendly doors close at hand, while the indifferent spectators looked on, strong in faith of the power of steam and iron over fire, and thoughtless of any danger to their own homes. But as an hour went on, the area of the flames had increased to a fearful degree, and hundreds of idle spectators had been converted into panic-stricken householders, frantically engaged in saving their own effects and transferring them to the places of safety which still abounded. The fire crossed the river and laid its devouring hand upon a broad margin of the South Division, while its pillar of flame and smoke led the way far ahead and began to waken the entire city to a sense of its peril. But still the scene to those whose homes were being consumed had only the ordinary terrors of a city fire, for there were still thousands of hands ready to assist in

saving the occupants and their effects, vehicles were easily obtained, and places of shelter were close at hand.

But the fire rushed on into the heart of the city, and then the full horrors began. Then the instinct of self-preservation, that makes men blind and deaf to the needs of others, took possession of the frantic multitude. The whole city seemed doomed, and men began to look out only for themselves. The fiend had licked up the vile haunts along the river and on to Wells and Griswold Streets and similar neighborhoods, and sent the shameless women and half drunken men flying for their lives, no one caring for them. It had reached the solid business blocks, and their thousands of lodgers were added to the frantic throng. Then it knocked furiously at the many doors in the great hotels, and the terrified guests — strangers in a strange city — rushed about in the mazes of the halls, dragging great trunks and brandishing carpet-bags, seeking the doors, and disappearing into the pandemonium without. Meantime, too, it had swept over to the great residence avenues and served its writ of ejectment on the rich men's mansions, and reduced their delicately nurtured occupants to the unaristocratic level of the now shelterless inmates of tenement houses — a panic-stricken, heterogeneous mob of men, women, and children, fleeing from the fire.

Then, when the consternation became general, the demon Selfishness, that is within us all, asserted his supremacy, and the scene took on its worst features. The inmates of threatened houses with wild haste conveyed such valuables as they could into the streets, and then found the work of salvation scarcely begun. Assistance could not be obtained for love or for money, each man being busy with his own losses, or heedless of individual

needs in viewing the immensity of the ruin. And so those who had nothing to lose too often stood by and saw men and women and children distractedly trying to save their treasures, and gave no helping hand; or, worse yet, drew near only to pillage. Vehicles rose to an astonishing value, and hackmen and express-drivers were eagerly offered fabulous sums to convey person and property to safety. Fifty and one hundred dollars a load was a common reward. The streets were filled with an indescribable mass of fugitives forcing their way through the chaos. The dust rolled in stifling clouds in their faces, often making it impossible to see a wagon's length ahead, and the falling fire-brands burned the clothing of the fugitives and maddened the horses, so that danger to life and limb was added to the other terrors. As the night waned—a night that needed no candle, lit as it was for miles around with the lurid light of the fire,—the flames kept crowding back, up the streets and avenues of the South Division, and the morning found them still eating their way, almost against the wind, devouring other palaces of trade and other dwellings with their luxurious furniture, their costly works of art, their countless treasures, hallowed by association, and possessing values that money cannot represent. Lake Park, fronting Michigan Avenue, was sought by thousands as a place of refuge, and millions of dollars' worth of goods were deposited there only to be devoured by the falling fire, while their owners fled for their lives. When at length the southward progress of the conflagration had been stayed at the irregular line formed by Congress, Harrison, and Polk Streets, the population of the South Division for miles above were still frantically moving their effects southward, or had gathered together such as they could possibly hope to save, and stood ready to fly with them when the destruction could not be averted.

But the scene in the South Division,

where the fire moved comparatively slowly, and, over a large area, ate its way eastward and southward against the wind, giving gradual warning of its approach, was almost tame compared with the spectacle in the North Division. There the inhabitants were fleeing *with* the wind—the wind increased to a tornado by the terrible heat, and whirling the fire-brands before it like chaff. If the fire *walked* through the solid blocks of brick and stone in the business centre, it *ran* through the rows of frame structures that constituted the most of that part of the town. On the one hand was the lake, on the other the river with its scattered bridges quickly choked and blockaded with fugitives; and so most of the scores of thousands had nothing to do but fly right before the destruction that pursued them. Daylight had dawned, but the sun was blotted out by the dense pall of smoke, and hope too was well nigh obscured. Behind rolled the awful billows of that sea of fire whose extent they could only imagine, and here and there before them a flying brand had lighted a new fire that might ere long cut off their retreat. "To the lake!" was the instinctive cry of thousands, and soon the beach of that great but now almost useless reservoir was lined with the frantic multitudes and such effects as they could save. But the relentless demon pursued even here, showering upon them his rain of fire, and many preserved themselves from actual burning alive only by covering their bodies with blankets, frequently removed to be soaked in the water. Farther up the shore many sought refuge in the old burying-ground, hiding themselves in the vacant graves; and many wretched hearts, weighed down with the loss of every earthly possession and fearing that they had looked their last upon dear ones from whom the frenzy of the flight had parted them, earnestly wished for the peace of the new-made grave and the protection of the grassy mound which fire cannot penetrate

and beneath which the trampling hoofs of flame are never heard.

Ere long Lincoln Park, the resort of gayety and fashion, was thronged with the fleeing multitude; and here some security was found, the walls of green keeping back the tide of fire, though falling brands flashed momentarily among the distracted groups and set fire to treasures painfully brought hither, after repeated removals, only to be consumed. Thousands and thousands more stopped not to trust themselves even here, but pushed on, miles to the northward, to the open prairie beyond the city; and there night overtook them, homeless, foodless, illy-clad, exhausted, almost broken hearted. That night of cold and rain, by the lake shore, among the tombs, in the dark woods, and upon the desolate waste, with neither fire nor food nor shelter, formed a fitting close of the horrors of that awful day.

If amid woes like these, strong men who had met death on the ocean and the battle-field, the young and healthful who still had life to hope for, the wealthy who still had an abundance left—if these should sink in despair, what were the woes of tender children, dragged from their beds to meet the flames, separated from their protectors, tortured by fears that their little minds could not comprehend; of delicate women—many, alas! in that supreme moment when other lives are wrapped up in their own; of the sick, the bed-ridden, the dying, hurried from their chambers into the wild street and borne helplessly hither and thither with the fever breath of the fire upon them; of the aged—the gray-haired fathers, the mothers bowed with years and cares, for whom life, even with the pleasantest surroundings, had lost every charm, and whose only wished-for boon was a quiet death-bed, surrounded by those for whose happiness they had spent their lives;—how can we picture the appalling aggregate of

these bitter sorrows? Let us drop the curtain over the tear-compelling picture, thanking God that somehow men and women live through such tremendous scenes as we have faintly described, and that most of the flying thousands, escaped from the furnace and from the jaws of famine and destitution, still survive, and with recovered courage and more of thankfulness than they ever knew before, are joining hopefully to repair their ruined fortunes and rebuild our well-nigh ruined city.

But some, alas! found in the flames their fiery winding-sheet. Sleeping in isolated buildings or in lofty stories of great blocks, or foolishly risking their lives to save their gold, some were stifled by the smoke, or burned alive as they fled, or fell with falling floors into seething pits of flame. The number of these unhappy victims can never be known, but it is certainly less than the appalling magnitude of the devastation would render probable. About one hundred and ten bodies have thus far been found, some scarcely scorched, and some charred and blackened and roasted into horrible, unrecognizable fragments of humanity. As the ruins of great buildings are removed, other remains will probably be found, and many others were doubtless so completely consumed as to leave no trace of their existence. Not a few of the lost, it is to be feared, brought their fate upon themselves by yielding to the stupefying influences of drink. One man at least was sacrificed on the altar of Mammon, for he was last seen climbing into an upper window of his burning house to rescue his secreted treasure of money, and in company with his lucre he perished. That the reader and those whom he loves better than himself escaped from the grasp of this fiery death, is a cause for gratitude that ought to make all his material losses seem unworthy of a moment's regret. *H. R. Hobart.*

PART III.—AFTER THE FIRE.

THE BURNT-OUT PEOPLE, AND WHAT WAS DONE FOR THEM.

EVEN as, during those hours of furious burning, Panic and Terror, twin sisters in the family of the Furies, reigned supreme throughout the stricken city, so, immediately after the Great Fire, Chaos and Despair, the brothers of Death, became the ruling powers of the desolated town. The flames which had consumed the stores, offices, shops, and homes of thousands, had died out; but the dread consequences of their ravages remained. All was confusion and horrible uncertainty. The streets, alleys, houses, and doorways of the unburned sections of the city, as well as the parks and the prairies on the outskirts, swarmed with sad, terrified multitudes. Where to go, or what to do, they knew not. Some who, more fortunate than the many, had friends residing in the saved parts of the town or in the suburbs, took refuge with them, and were hospitably welcomed; others sought shelter in sheds, barns, and churches; others, having saved nothing but a few dollars, hastened to the railway stations and left for other cities. But there was still the homeless, foodless, unsheltered, destitute multitude—men, women and children, at least an hundred thousand of them—who knew not whither to turn, or whence to expect food, help or comfort. The streets and the lake and river shores beyond the limits of the smoking ruins, were thronged with moving, mingling masses of anxious wanderers—some with vehicles laden with a few articles of rescued household goods, but many on foot, walking about with uncertain purpose. Here and there, exhausted and in despair, lay or sat on sidewalks, lumber piles, or door-steps, grim-visaged men, weeping women, and sleeping children, as homeless as, and much

more haggard than, the Gypsies or the Arabs. And, as if the troubles and anxieties of the unfortunates from the loss of their homes and property by the conflagration were not enough, evil-minded and desperate men took advantage of the virtual state of anarchy existing, to plunder such helpless ones as chanced to take refuge in out-of-the-way places, in courts and alleys, and the city was filled with terrifying rumors of incendiarism and murder and the summary execution of guilty ones. Night came, and Darkness reigned queen of the hours, for the gas supply had been cut off—and the fears and anxieties of the homeless wanderers were almost unendurable. The police force was disorganized, demoralized, and powerless. There was no Power to control the confused elements, to protect the weak against the strong, or to enforce law, order or justice. That first night after the fire—that fearful Monday night of the 9th of October in Chicago—was as complete a picture of social, moral, and municipal chaos as the wildest imagination can conceive. No water supply, no light, no police protection, no security anywhere—drunken men reeling recklessly about and uttering coarse blasphemy—thieves prowling around the temporary refuge of the unfortunates—alarms of fires and wild rumors of assaults and shootings—and, more terrible still, the general fear that the wind would change from the southwest to the north, northwest, or east, and by blowing the heat and cinders of the burning coal-yards and the smoking ruins in the direction of the still standing parts of the city, cause another great conflagration, and consume what remained of the afflicted town:—the reader can try to imagine

the scene; and when, as he contemplates the terrible picture, a shiver of horror runs through his frame, he may in a measure appreciate the sensations which tens and hundreds of thousands of human beings experienced all through that dreadful night, and which many of them experienced for even a whole week of days and nights.

How to bring order out of this chaotic condition of affairs, was the problem of the hour. The Mayor had telegraphed to other cities for help, and issued proclamations for the regulation of the police and the relief of the destitute. The first proclamation was as follows:

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, In the providence of God, to whose will we humbly submit, a terrible calamity has befallen our city, which demands of us our best efforts for the preservation of order and the relief of suffering:

Be it known, That the faith and credit of the city of Chicago are hereby pledged for the necessary expenses for the relief of the suffering.

Public order will be preserved. The police and special police now being appointed will be responsible for the maintenance of the peace and the protection of property.

All officers and men of the Fire Department and Health Department will act as special policemen without further notice.

The Mayor and Comptroller will give vouchers for all supplies furnished by the different relief committees.

The headquarters of the City Government will be at the Congregational Church, corner of West Washington and Ann Streets.

All persons are warned against any act tending to endanger property. Persons caught in any depredation will be immediately arrested.

With the help of God, order and peace and private property will be preserved.

The City Government and the committees of citizens pledge themselves to the community to protect them, and prepare the way for a restoration of public and private welfare.

It is believed the fire has spent its force, and all will soon be well. R. B. MASON, Mayor.

October 9, 1871, 3 p. m.

This document, distributed throughout the city, had an instantaneous effect in bringing the police and those of the citizens who were helpfully disposed to the support of the Mayor and his subordinates in authority. His call for help was also promptly and generously responded to by the officers and people of other towns and cities. Car-loads of cooked food arrived by every train, and

many wagon-loads were sent in from the surrounding country. These were distributed among the needy. The hungry were fed, so that the more terrible fate of starvation did not follow the destruction of the people's homes. The citizens organized a system of patrols, which, co-operating with the police force, guarded what remained of the city from the torch of the incendiary, and protected the persons and property of individuals against thieves and robbers. But these means of protection and security, though effective, were not deemed sufficient. It was felt, both by the Mayor and the citizens, that in the midst of such an extraordinary emergency, extraordinary measures were required. Fortunately the headquarters of Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, of the U. S. Army, commanding the military Division of the Missouri, were established in Chicago. That distinguished officer and his official aids had been active and energetic, both during and after the conflagration, in efforts to save the city and restore order. By their valuable services they demonstrated their appreciation of the emergency, and drew to themselves the gratitude and the confidence of the municipal authorities and the people. On Wednesday, October 11th, the second day after the fire, a conference between the Mayor, the Police Commissioners, and the Lieutenant-General, resulted in an arrangement by which the latter was entrusted with the superintendence of the city's peace. The Mayor proclaimed this fact to the public as follows:

PROCLAMATION.

The preservation of the good order and peace of the city is hereby entrusted to Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan, U. S. Army.

The Police will act in conjunction with the Lieutenant-General in the preservation of the peace and quiet of the city, and the Superintendent of Police will consult with him to that end.

The intent hereof is to preserve the peace of the city without interfering with the functions of the City Government.

Given under my hand, this 11th day of October, 1871. R. B. MASON, Mayor.

The Lieutenant-General entered upon his charge on the following day,

having already telegraphed orders for the transfer of companies of his troops from Omaha and other points to Chicago. These arrived on Thursday night, and, together with the police and the volunteer military companies that had reached the city from Springfield, Champaign, Bloomington, Rock Island, and Sterling, were placed on guard duty in various parts of the city, as also was a regiment of volunteer patrolmen that had been organized by General Frank T. Sherman, a citizen, who had been an officer of the Volunteer Army of the United States during the late war of the Rebellion. Thus was the peace and security of the city restored. A feeling of safety was inspired throughout the community. Lawlessness and disorder were promptly suppressed, and those guilty of crime or attempted violence were arrested and locked up. This system of military protection was continued for several days, when, all serious danger having passed, and the police efficiency of the city government having been re-established, the Lieutenant-General was relieved of his charge, his companies of regulars were sent away, and the volunteer patrolmen were dismissed from service.

It is amazing how soon and how completely the indescribable confusion and chaos consequent upon the great conflagration were systematized and adjusted into order and regularity. And yet this restoration of order and this submission to authority were but the outward aspect of the situation. All was still dread uncertainty—painful anxiety. Even those whose faces smiled and who spoke words of cheer and encouragement to their friends and neighbors, carried in their breasts heavy, anxious hearts. The merchants, who had lost their stores; the capitalists, whose buildings had been reduced to ashes; the bankers, whose treasure-filled vaults were covered with the *debris* of crumbled and fallen walls; the lawyers and physicians, whose offices had been swept completely out of ex-

istence; the publishers, editors, and printers, whose types and presses were destroyed; the manufacturers, whose machinery and tools had been transformed into molten masses of rubbish; the preachers, whose stately churches were now ghastly ruins; the thousands of clerks and mechanics, whose occupation was utterly gone; the hotel proprietors and their guests, who were now in a common condition of homelessness; the managers and artists of the theatres and opera houses, whose temples now lay flat with the earth; and the thousands of families, rich and poor, whose homes had been thus quickly devoured by the insatiate and unsparing fire-fiend;—all—alas, how many there were of them!—were in a common agony of suspense and despair; and the wonder is that, under such a strain of nervous excitement, mental anxiety, and physical exhaustion, continuing for days and nights, the entire population did not become a community of lunatics. Millions had become beggars; merchant princes and landed lords had become bankrupts; none knew how it was with them, or how it would be; *now* they were thankful if they could find bread to eat, water to drink, or where to lay their fevered heads. Men were like ships which had lost their anchors,—adrift in mid-ocean, without chart, compass, or destination. Painful uncertainty was reflected from every face, while utter despair was so plainly apparent in some countenances that one could read their sorrowing thoughts as on a printed page.

But as every storm is succeeded by a calm, and as every dark night is followed by the light of a new morning, so were the hopelessness and despair of those first few days immediately succeeding the Great Fire followed by rays of cheer and promise, dim and fitful at first, but gradually growing brighter and steadier in their effulgence, until the entire community became, as it were, illuminated with hope and encouragement. The discovery that

the contents of the bank vaults and of many of the iron safes in business houses were uninjured, removed a heavy burden from many anxious minds; and the announcement that at least some of the great insurance companies that had Chicago risks would pay their full losses, and that probably the rest would pay a goodly percentage, also had a cheering effect. The repair of the City Water Works and the restoration of the water supply, after ten days' suspension, was another element of relief, as a few days subsequently was the restoration of the gas supply to the unburned portions of the afflicted divisions of the city. The prompt re-appearance of the daily newspapers, eloquent with cheering words and timely counsels, and filled with the blessed tidings that the whole country and the world at large had been moved, as if by magic, to a sympathetic response to Chicago's great disaster, and were contributing vast quantities of food and clothing, and even vaster amounts of money, for the relief of the destitute thousands, inspired the sad and stricken people with new courage and hopefulness; and this effect was hastened not a little by scores of sympathizing visitors and helpers from abroad, and by a flood of letters to citizens from friends, creditors, and capitalists, proffering not only words of sympathy but acts of generous assistance.

In the mean time, many who at first supposed that they had lost everything, found that they still had enough left for a new "start in life," and some were even so fortunate as to discover, after examination of bank vaults, safes, and insurance, that they had *much* left; these, however, were rare exceptions to the rule. A large number of small dealers, manufacturers, professional men, and others, had lost everything but their wits, courage, and energy, which, in most cases, were their original capital in business, and which, it is hoped, will again serve them to good purpose in their efforts at recuperation.

The re-opening of the banks of the city was one of the marked events of the emergency. In ten days after the fire, all the banking institutions, having found new locations, opened their doors for business, and instead of an exhaustive and panicky "run" upon them by depositors, general surprise was occasioned by the fact that few depositors wished to take their money out of the banks, while many offered funds for deposit. There was no excitement, no panic, no "run." This remarkable fact was especially unexpected as regards the savings banks, in which many of the poorer classes had placed their savings, which, it was anticipated, they would now be anxious to take out, both because of their actual necessities and for the reason that they were fearful of the ability of the banks to weather the sudden storm. This feature of the city's after-the-fire experience was most gratifying and stimulating. It was felt that the banks being safe, solvent, and able to resume their legitimate business, confidence would be effectually restored, and the trade and commerce of the city be speedily re-established. And this was the effect. The grain trade, the cattle trade, and the lumber trade, in their respective marts, were in full and successful progress within a fortnight after the fire. The dry goods, grocery, and other merchants, some of whom constructed temporary wooden buildings for their accommodation on the lake front or in the burnt district, and many others of whom secured new quarters in the unburned districts, ordered new stocks of goods, and in less than three weeks many of them resumed business. At the same time general preparations were making for rebuilding ruined houses and blocks. The scene at the ruins was gradually enlivened by throngs of busy workmen engaged in clearing away the *debris*, taking out and piling up bricks and building stones, and in laying the foundations and walls of new buildings. "Never say die!" was the motto of all—in acts as well as in words.

But — to return to the scenes of chaotic confusion immediately after the conflagration — how about the multitude of families who had lost their homes and were driven out to the parks, prairies, and temporary places of refuge in the streets, sheds, and houses beyond the limits of the fire? Who cared for them? and what became of them?

There were Good Samaritans abroad in those sad, distressful days. Agents and officers of the city government did what they could, and private individuals — humane and thoughtful ladies and gentlemen of our city and of other cities — volunteered their kindly efforts to relieve and care for the houseless and foodless thousands. Churches, school-houses, and other public and private buildings, were suddenly transformed into barracks and hospitals, and tents were pitched in various places. Into these the unfortunates were invited for shelter, and there their necessities of food and clothing were supplied as best they could be. Many citizens opened the doors of their residences to friends and strangers alike, and provided for their comfort. Not a few of the refugees had either gone or been transferred from the parks and prairies to the suburban villages and farm-houses a few miles distant, and there found hospitable welcome. Thus, gradually but surely, was the great multitude of the destitute and suffering provided for. It was an herculean work to gather them all in and render them even tolerably comfortable, for they were many in number, of all ages and conditions, and the majority of them, as the result of the terror and exhaustion of their desperate flight from the threatening flames, were at first as helpless almost as infants, and all were in despair and nearly heart-broken. How could it have been otherwise, when they had lost their sacred homes, with all their household treasures, and been driven forth pell-mell to seek refuge they knew not where? How could it have been other-

wise, when, with nothing to shelter them but the broad canopy of the sky, and nothing left to inspire them with hope or cheer but their faltering trust in that Providence which they felt, in their hours of despair, had completely deserted them and left them to a desperate fate? How could it have been otherwise than crushing and heart-breaking to those who, whether yesterday rich or poor, to-day absolutely had nothing left but their own weary frames and the smoke and dust-covered clothes on their backs? The spectacle of an hundred thousand human beings thus quickly driven, terror-stricken and destitute, to seek refuge from peril and death, and gathered in trembling and disconsolate groups in fields and along roadsides — men despairing, women agonizing, and little children crying for something to eat and to drink — is a new one in this country; and even in the older countries of earthquakes, plagues, or other terrible visitations, just such an one as this at Chicago after the Great Fire, with its attendant horrors, has probably never been witnessed.

But when the great work of gathering in and caring for these suffering people was once fairly begun, as it was only a few hours after the conflagration had burned itself out, it was not long before in the hearts of even these hope and courage were inspired; and even they, notwithstanding their terrible straits, discovered that, though they had lost much, all was not lost. They discovered — and it did their hearts good — that there is a truer brotherhood in the common family of mankind than they had ever before supposed — a brotherhood which only needs to be made to feel and to see that we are all poor, helpless, miserable creatures when the Great Father of us all withdraws His protection from us even for a moment, to impel it to the adoption of the Christian rule, that as we would be helped when in need, so must we help others when they need our help. They discovered that charity

not only began at home, but came in from abroad—came to their relief, kept them from starvation, and helped to lift them up out of that "slough of despond" into which they had been plunged as if by the strong arm of the Lord.

After a few days of official and private effort for the relief of the homeless sufferers, the Mayor, perceiving the vast extent of the work to be done and the necessity that it should be done systematically, judiciously, and thoroughly, determined to turn over the entire care and responsibility of the city relief to the Chicago Relief and Aid Society—an incorporated organization of citizens, which had previously had charge of the dispensation of charitable aid and comfort to the worthy poor in the city. The officers and agents of this Society, being experienced in the work of caring for the needy, and being gentlemen and ladies of acknowledged benevolence, good judgment, and integrity, the Mayor acted wisely when he transferred this great and complicated business of practical relief to them. The Society at once entered upon the discharge of its sacred and arduous trust. It receipted for and took into custody the vast contributions of food, clothing, and money that poured in from all parts of the country, Canada, and Europe, and adopted a comprehensive system of distribution of aid to those needing it. At the same time the citizens of Cincinnati established and supported, and by their own agents conducted, a free soup-house for the benefit of the hungry, at which hundreds were daily fed; and it is the intention to continue the same through the winter. The Relief Society at first fed daily about 80,000 people, but the number soon diminished to about 60,000, many having secured remunerative employment, and others having taken advantage of the generous liberality of the railway companies, who, on application of the proper officers of the Society, granted free passes to all wishing to go to other

parts of the country. The Society has also issued to several hundred heads of families sufficient quantities of lumber with which to build frame houses for themselves. The relief work is carried out with a degree of systematic regularity, care, and good judgment, that insures help for all worthy persons who are sufferers by the fire, and at the same time rejects the applications of imposters and of able-bodied persons who can, if they will, find employment and earn their own living. We are well assured that the contributed stores and funds—the results of the world's generosity—are being carefully and faithfully applied, and that the desires of the donors are being conscientiously carried into effect.

The spontaneous and general response of the people of various parts of our own country and of other countries, when the startling tidings of Chicago's great calamity were received by them, was one of the most remarkable and significant features of the event. Chicago was one of the nerve centres of the world's social and commercial system, and the blow that fell upon it thrilled and excited the whole of Christendom. The electric wires that flashed the startling news to the uttermost parts of the earth, brought back, as if in a return wave, great throbs of sympathy and sorrow, which told us in eloquent language that wherever civilized man dwelt, our overwhelming disaster was the subject of grief, and our people the objects of pity and benevolent regard. First and foremost of the towns and cities that responded with sympathetic words and tears and with generous offerings of help and relief were those which had been Chicago's most jealous rivals in Western commercial ambition—Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. Each of those cities was shocked as if by an earthquake by the news of Chicago's sudden and terrible calamity, and instantly hastened to her assistance. Milwaukee and St. Louis sent fire engines and car-loads of provisions by the same trains, reaching us in "the

nick of time." Cincinnati sent provisions, clothing, and money, without stint or measure, and noble "angels of mercy" were sent with them to administer comfort and relief in our hour of anguish and despair. How suddenly every feeling of rivalry or unfriendliness between these cities vanished, and was followed by the sweet and gentle spirit of charity! How the bruised and heavy heart of stricken Chicago throbbed out its thankfulness and its deep gratitude to its humane neighbors! How quickly rivals in commerce became rivals in magnanimity; and how, in a feeling of common sorrow, enemies became friends, and bitterness was changed into loving kindness!

Nor was the "humanity of man" confined to those three cities. The small towns and the country people adjacent to Chicago were first heard from—they did what they could for us, for they were of us; and every town and city in the West and in the East, some of those in the South, a number of those in the New Dominion of Canada, even many of those in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Austria, and the city of Havana in Cuba, speedily and generously sent us welcomed sympathy in sweet words and needed help in substantial gifts. Municipal governments voted money—some a hundred thousand dollars, others less, but many very liberal sums—for the "Chicago relief fund." The cities of San Francisco, Memphis, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Providence, Boston, Portland, Montreal, Hamilton, London, and others—and so many others that we have not room to give the entire list—offered to us handfuls of money and food, and were eager to bring more if we should need more. Up to the last day of November, the cash contributions received by the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, amounted to about \$3,000,000.

Smarting under the crushing blow

of our affliction, we first groaned and wept with very pain; but when the sympathies and treasures of other cities and of the country and the world at large came pouring, like the oil of healing, in upon us, our tears of sorrow were changed to tears of gratitude and joy, and with reddened eyes looking heavenward from amid our ruined metropolis, we thanked God for the nobility of human nature. Our sorrow was a new one and a great one, but its burden was greatly alleviated and its pangs mitigated by the new revelation that it caused to break in upon our tearful vision—that grandest revelation of the humanity of man that has ever brightened the history of our race—a revelation at once so surprising and so glorious that it has filled us with a stronger faith that there is much that is divine in the nature of mankind. It has been a general supposition that man is naturally and essentially a selfish being—that, for the sake of self, he will sacrifice friends, principles, and honor,—and that genuine charity is a rare treasure that can be found only by digging down deep into the human soul. But the blow which struck down Chicago also struck that chord of humanity which vibrates with the sympathetic thrill of a common brotherhood—the chord which unites us all, and makes the great family of man a grand unit in impulse, sympathy and a sense of dependence. Men who had labored for, and garnered and watched with a miserly vigilance, the accumulations of a life-time, suddenly tore loose from the cold, clutching grip of avarice, and emptied their treasured thousands into the hands of Bounty, for Chicago's relief in her hour of sore distress. Opulent and grasping corporations, to which general sentiment had denied the possession of souls, astonished the world by their munificence in gifts and favors to the afflicted city. Competing and rival towns and cities no sooner heard of our overwhelming disaster than they poured out their wealth for our relief. England, forgetting the old-time prej-

udices against American ways, institutions and pretensions, fairly turned her "horn of plenty" upside down over the lap of ruined and suffering Chicago. Germany, flushed with her freshly-earned triumphs in the land of the vanquished Gaul, for the moment lost sight of her occasion for rejoicing in her sympathy with the grievous calamity that had come upon this youngest of the great cities of the Republic across the sea. Austria, debt-burdened and tyrant-tied, was moved to make offerings for our help; and even France, paralyzed and impoverished after her stunning defeat at the hand of the Teuton, drew forth a ready hand from her almost empty pocket, and sent to us what she could hardly spare. The close-fisted Yankees of New England, the slow-plodding capitalists of Canada, the lavish spendthrifts of the Pacific Coast, and the "peculiar people" of Utah—all contributed with liberal hands. And what was least expected of all, cities in the lately rebellious South, which owed Chicago no friendship, were among the first and most generous in their benevolence in a time when "friends in need were friends indeed." Surely it is true, as Shakespeare—human nature's faithful interpreter—makes Ulysses say, that

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

And we verily believe that the world

has been made better by Chicago's fiery ordeal. The hearts of men had long been growing hard and cold, and needed just such a shock to soften and warm them to generous impulses. Whatever brings soberness to the wild and reckless spirit; whatever tames the rash and dashing steeds of worldly ambition; whatever draws out our thoughts and loves from within ourselves and away from the follies of the world, and opens up and enlarges our sympathies and regard for our brother man,—has the effect to make better men and women of us. Heavy and grievous as this blow has been to us, it has not been without its benefits, both to ourselves as the suffering victims and to the rest of mankind as our sympathizers. It has made us less presuming, less proud, less boastful, and taught us humility and the uncertainty of all earthly things; and it has broken the iron shell of the world's avarice, stimulated and developed its humane impulses, and enriched it by the discovery of treasures of benevolence and "sweet charity" before hidden and unknown. Fire destroys, but it also purifies. Affliction and sorrow are hard to bear, but they also develop the real heroism of the human soul. "Man proposes, but God disposes," is the grand lesson of the history of the ages.

Andrew Shuman.

AMONG THE RUINS.

GRAND as was the tumult of the fire, with its motion, its omnipotent energy, its unsurpassed colorings, and its human agony, it scarcely excelled in this direction the contrasts that were developed in the ruins. There, was no life, color, motion, or strength. As that seemed the embodiment of vast, resistless force, this appeared the incarnation of pitiable weakness. The one swelled, roared,

surged, towered; the other was silent, sombre, dull, inanimate.

The four or five days which immediately succeeded the *Dies Ira*—the Black Monday of Chicago's life—were the period in which the ruins presented their most effective character. During that time, stupefaction prevailed among the people; and men neither attempted to measure nor repair the calamity. Walls lay as they fell; the *debris* were

untouched ; yawning walls, broken columns, shattered chimneys, and slender, smoke-stained arches extended everywhere in a wilderness of undisturbed profusion.

It was at this time that one could best appreciate the character of the catastrophe. Standing upon Madison Street bridge, one had a *coup d'œil* beneath which desolation reigned supreme. The air was curtained with an apathetic smoke, through which grotesque and distorted remnants were revealed, and whose prevailing hues were the pallor, the ashiness, the presence of all the tints characteristic of death. Even the strong sunlight gave no brightness to the smoking area, but, on the contrary, seemed to intensify its ashen complexion, and to make more conspicuous its leaden characteristics. Gray, the white of cheeks emaciated with disease, funereal black, and an uncleanly, sickly red ; — these were the tints that made up the picture, and which were all in harmony with its sadness and its depression.

Not one look, not a score of examinations, would enable one to comprehend what extended before him. The sadness, the extent, the desolation, grew with each inspection. Each study brought out new features, that never lightened but which always intensified those already discovered. All the characteristics of chaos and destruction seemed present, and none failed to present themselves as a reward for patient and extended study.

One remarkable feature was that found in the complete obliteration of all recognizable characteristics of places and localities. There seemed a resolute purpose on the part of the spirit of destruction to sweep from existence even the suggestions of the proud piles of marble. Whole blocks were hurled to the ground so evenly that street, alley, or this or that land-mark had disappeared as completely as did Herкулaneum under the ashes and lava of Vesuvius. "Somewhere yonder was my building," was a frequent remark ;

and it was only when the work of clearing away in recognizable localities had been commenced, that many a citizen was able to establish points of observation whereby the location of his tumbled walls could be discovered.

In squares which had been occupied by wooden structures, the work of destruction was as complete as if the whole had been caught up and borne away. Here, absolute annihilation was the rule. Block after block would reveal no evidences of there having existed civilization, save the excavations of the cellars and a thin layer of ashes. Nothing unconsumed remained. The very air seemed to have been on fire ; and, under the enormous heat, wood was reduced to an impalpable dust, and all metals shrank away in liquid rivulets and disappeared.

A stranger, ignorant of the occurrence of the fire, might have travelled over acres without scarcely meeting a single thing to even suggest that the areas through which he was passing had ever been inhabited ; in many instances, he would hardly suspect even that there had been a fire, so complete was the work of annihilation. So consuming was the fire that, in many cases, it not only obliterated everything constructed by man, but even licked clean the usual traces of its progress.

The great contrasting effects of the conflagration did not occur between the fire and the ruins — although there was, as has been noticed, the difference between the potent, resistless energy of the one, and the quiescent weakness of the other — but between the city as it was on Sunday, and the same as it appeared twenty-four hours later. Strong as was the contrast between the vividness of the fire, with its crimson banners blazing athwart the whole sky, and the ashen desolation, the ineffable sadness and quietude of the ruins, there was a more noticeable contrast between the white and shapely marble acres of one day, and the dull, prostrate, sullen remnants of

the day which followed. This was a contrast whose effects and characteristics men had leisure to observe; but that which the fire afforded them was so hurried in birth, so awful in its progress, and so stupefying and prostrating in its existence, that no man had leisure or presence of mind or inclination to make it a study.

But of the nature of the stately piles which reared themselves so superbly skyward on Sunday, and of the character of the disordered and smoking mass which represented them on Monday, men have had ample time for the study. To the citizen, the fire is no more than an incident, a terrific lightning flash, which had scarcely time to impress itself on the memory. The desolation, then, does not recall the sublime occurrence of a world aflame, of stars foundered in a crimson ocean, of a vast population, frenzied, despairing, flying; but brings back only our beautiful city as it was, and invites an almost hopeless interrogation of the future.

There was one single feature of the ruins that almost approached the character of an amelioration. This one feature came into existence during the moonlight nights that soon after succeeded the calamity. Even then there was nothing of a nature to lessen the severity of the affliction; but there was something to soften it, somewhat as a wreath of flowers takes something from the horror which is born of the pallor and the rigid immobility that possess the face of the dead.

Nature seemed desirous of affording such relief as lay in her power; and thus it happened that, during the day, the genial sun, his rays inspired with warmth and kindness, flooded the ruins in golden profusion, while at night the pitying moon silvered over the harsher features of the desolation, and gave them a tinging of softness and quiet repose that at least rendered their examination less a labor of sad depression. At such times, a journey through the ruins, in place of giving birth to sinis-

ter suggestions, awoke the artistic nature of the observer, so that what before seemed a monotonous and afflicting calamity, became a softened and pleasing study. One could forget the dollars burned, the families homeless, the material consequences of the fire, and entertain himself with the artistic beauties of the scene.

True it is that in these inspections there was nothing exhilarating. It was somewhat of the nature of a stroll through the well-trimmed walks, handsome monuments, and green surroundings of a cemetery. One admired its beauty, while there weighed upon him the conviction that he was in the midst of a dread influence that repressed everything that approached hilarity or even exaltation.

And thus men and women wandered through the burnt district by moonlight, fully appreciative of the spirit of the calamitous influence, and soberly and silently pervaded with the artistic beauty of the picture.

Nothing could be more novel and finer than these moonlight effects. Everywhere were contrasts shorn of harshness, and pervaded with harmony and interests. Banks of deep shadows lay behind walls, and met beyond, and united everywhere with masses of silvery light. The moon seemed to touch all with a gentle, pitying hand. Infinite softness and gentleness pervaded the silvery pall, as if nature understood that it rested upon something whose sufferings entitled it to a forbearing consideration.

One of the most noticeable effects developed at night was connected with the burning of the small coal piles in the basements or yards of what had once been dwellings. For many days after the fire, these continued burning, but not with a hasty, devouring flame. From the rounded surface of each of these small piles, there rose spires of flame a few inches in height and of a pale blue color. These agitated by the breeze, bent and swayed, and seemed like buds of violet waving in the wind.

Everywhere these fairy-like flower-buds of flame met the view, and added to the scene a wierd and indescribable beauty. In the chastened *demi-jour* character of the light, the black surfaces of these flame flower beds came distinctly into view, and afforded an exquisite contrast with the lurid, lanceolate spires which waved tremulously above them, and which, although adding no light to the landscape, came into brilliant distinctness, and merged harmoniously with the brighter light of the moon.

Another noticeable moonlight feature was the thousands of blackened trees that were met at almost every step. All of these had their branches pointing rigidly to the northeast, the direction in which went the gale that bore the torrents of fire over the city. Black, rigid, lifeless, bent, and pointing towards the quarter where went the storm, they seem murdered victims whose last effort before dissolution was to arrange

themselves so as to fix a thousand motionless and accusing arms to point out the hiding place of their destroyer.

Already have the Ruins of Chicago become almost a thing of remembrance. Brick walls have risen like an exhalation from among their disorder, and whence the smoke struggled up sullenly and where the moon flung a pitying veil, there now are thronged the temporary structures which are the overtture to Chicago's architectural resurrection. The grand, far-reaching ruins are narrowed into scars, and, in a little time, under the healthful operations of the circulation of Chicago blood, even these will be obliterated. Gone already is the first hideousness of the destruction; and scarcely before the world shall have recovered from the moral shock of the event, the Ruins of Chicago will exist only in remembrance, or upon the canvas of the artist.

F. B. Wilkie.

RECONSTRUCTION.

FROM that windy night when the first prophetic flame shot into the clouds and leaned like a crimson Pisa to the northeast, till the last building fell and the destroyer had crept sullenly away into coal piles and garbage heaps, there was a helpless acquiescence on the part of spectators that was pitiful. But when the raging fiend had died of plethora, the old energy again came forth. Rigidity returned to the weakened spine and vigor to the flaccid hand, and the eye of enterprise was lighted up once more with its undying flame. When the fire was baffled, citizens who had cowered and fled before it in awe arose bravely and said, "We can conquer everything else."

On every one of the hundred squares that had been laid in ashes on the South Side, men straightway attacked the smoking embers, extinguishing the

lingering flames in order to build anew. Pieces of iron, writhing in a thousand fantastic forms, and scarcely revealing under their strange disguises the original gas and water pipes, safes, scales, chandeliers, stoves, mantels and columns they had been, were pulled out while still warm, and carried away for foundry purposes. Ashes and broken bricks were carted to the lake, and dumped, to make more land for an already opulent railroad corporation. Walls were pulled down, and an army of men were employed to completely clear away the *debris* and clean and square with a trowel such bricks as could be made available for rebuilding.

The first merchants who returned to the burnt district were, of course, the newsboys, peripatetic of habit and insinuating of demeanor. After the newspaper nomads, came an apple-woman

on Tuesday morning, who, with an air of mingled audacity and timidity, stationed her hand-cart at the corner of State and Randolph Streets, half a mile within the ashen circle. She was the pioneer of all the trade of the future. On Tuesday morning the last house burnt, away at the north. By Tuesday afternoon, a load of new lumber had crept into the South Division. On Wednesday morning, that lumber was thrown into the form of a box to cover a merchant's wares. This was the inauguration of Slabtown. Thenceforward there were innumerable cartings; heaps of charred rubbish were briskly exchanged for heaps of fresh pine; carpenters multiplied like locusts; the air assumed a resinous odor, and the clatter of hammers echoed as if the ruins were being knocked down to relic-hunters by an enraged auctioneer.

By far the most grotesque phase of the calamity is the manner in which the vast business of the city, suddenly driven into the street, instantly accommodated itself to new locations and conditions. When the crimson canopy of Monday night merged into the dawn of Tuesday morning, it was found that, besides personal property, some thousands of loads of merchandise had been saved—stowed away in tunnels, buried in back alleys, piled up all along the lake shore, strewn in front yards through the Avenues, run out of the city in box cars, and even, in some instances, freighted upon the decks of schooners off the harbor. And, far more than this, five thousand merchants had saved their Good Name—that imperishable entity, that “incorporeal hereditament,” which resists burglars and all the assaults of the elements, and carries an invisible treasury for him who wears its badge. Two hundred thousand people in the city, and ten times that number out of the city, were in immediate need of goods and compelled to buy.

It was at this juncture that the terrible descent of the barbarians upon our aristocratic thoroughfares began. Down

Wabash and Michigan Avenues, hitherto sacred to the “first families,” rushed the Visigoths of trade in a wild, irresistible horde, with speculation in their eyes. West Washington Street—prim and stately West Washington—was the next victim; then followed West Lake, Randolph, Madison, Monroe. Block after block was swallowed up by the invaders—Trade walked into the houses with a yard-stick for its stilletto, and domestic life took up its pack and retreated.

Many a man who has done a business of half a million a year, has invaded his own front parlor on the Avenue; has whisked the piano, the gorgeous sofas, the medallion carpet and the clock of *ormolu* into the capacious upper stories, and has sent his family to keep them company; while show-cases have been arrayed through drawing and dining rooms, and clerks now serve customers with hats, furs, shoes, or jewelry, where they formerly spooned water ices at an evening party. The burnt district looks as if Cheyenne had waltzed across the alkaline prairies and bestridden our poor disreputable river; but the city for a mile west and south of the fire district looks like Vanity Fair. The carelessness, even recklessness, with which Commerce has dropped down into dwelling-houses hap-hazard, is grotesque and whimsical to the last degree. Three or four kinds of business, moreover, are crowded under every roof. A shoe store is in the basement, with long strings of gaiters and slippers hanging where the hat-rack was, a bench for customers improvised from an inverted box where the sideboard stood; fertile boxes of shoes are in the kitchen and coal-hole. And over the front windows five yards of outstretched cotton cloth bears the simple legend “SHOOES.” Up stairs is a button factory, with pendulous and fascinating strings of buttons festooned across the aristocratic windows. The bed-rooms higher up are lawyers', doctors', insurers' offices; and into the dormer windows of the roof shoot a

large quiver full of telegraphic wires. The next building is a stylish structure with a bow front; a bank president occupied it in September, and is perchance still an exile in some of the upper stories—but the bow window in the parlor, scene of what countless sly flirtations and pleasant family siestas, is now garnished with ladies' stockings hung up in graduated array; while a brown balmoral, swinging, a silent sentinel, at the door, and the variety of feminine toggery here and there displayed, complete the story of Mammon's invasion. Further on is a pretty cream-colored cottage, the obvious creation of a pair who were at once lovers and artists. It is set a little distance from the walk; it has the angles and wings that are so charming and picturesque; a veranda runs cosily around it, and along and about it climbs a vine—a cool and delightful summer trellis. Here, too, the barbarians have effected an entrance and broken up the nest. Barrels of molasses and vinegar and flour lie impudently and lazily in the yard. A greasy-looking man goes into the door with a kerosene can, and a boy sidles out giving his undivided attention to candy. In the bay-window is a symmetrical cob-house, constructed of bars of soap; and brooms, mops and codfish are disclosed through the leafless trellis.

A little further down the block a bevy of school-girls issue chattering from a ladies' fancy store; laces, collars, cuffs, velvet ribbon, and all the more delicate furniture of the female form, are displayed in the window and revealed through the door ajar. A month ago this was a blacksmith shop, and the sparks flew in a fountain from the anvil and the hammer clattered upon a horse's shoe. Scrubbing-brush and whitewash-brush have completely disguised the *parvenu*.

Down State Street to Twentieth—and here is the largest dry goods store in the city or the West: Field, Leiter & Co.'s. Here are hundreds of clerks and thousands of patrons a day, busy

along the spacious aisles and the vast vistas of ribbons and laces and cloaks and dress-goods. This tells no story of a fire. The ladies jostle each other as impatiently as of old, and the boys run merrily to the incessant cry of "Cash." Yet, Madam, this immense bazaar was six weeks ago the horse-barn of the South Side Railroad! After the fire, the hay was pitched out, the oats and harness and equine gear were hustled into another building, both floors were garnished, and the beams were painted or whitewashed for their new service. Here, where ready-made dresses hang, then hung sets of double-harness; yonder, where a richly-robed body leans languidly across the counter and fingers point-laces, a manger stood and offered hospitality to a disconsolate horse. A strange metamorphosis!—yet it is but an extreme illustration of the sudden changes the city has undergone.

All up and down Wabash and Michigan Avenues on the South Side, and Monroe, Madison, Washington, Randolph, and Lake Streets on the West Side, the fronts of the houses have been suddenly adapted to new uses; extensions have shot out from the basement to the sidewalk, resinous with the smell of new pine; and signs have appeared in all sorts of uncanny places—spiked to the handsome front door that servants in livery used to swing open upon its bronze hinges, sticking awkwardly from the oriole window where the canaries used to sing, and even sprouting strange arborescent growths from the bit of greensward between the sidewalk and the street, multicolored, huge, and cruciform, on duty like so many bucolic warnings to "look out for the locomotive." Ever since the fire, Chicago has been the Mecca of sign-painters; and every man commanding a brush and paint-pot was sure of constant employment at high wages, whether he could spell or not. Pine boards have become exhausted, and broad bands of white cotton have been introduced instead;

and by such wrinkled insignia did some of the wealthiest of the National Banks first indicate their retreat.

The churches that are spared have been curiously appropriated—several of them by the Relief Societies, others by institutions that are of the earth earthy. Here is one overrun and utterly deluged by Uncle Sam's mail—given up in all its parts to the exigencies of the city postal service. One is divided up for offices: a lawyer offers to defend your title; an insurance man volunteers to save you from the next fire; and in the recess that used to hold the choir, a dentist holds the heads and examines the mouths of his victims. Another church is turned into a watch factory; and still another is possessed by an express company—and over the official desks in the vestry-room vaults in a painted bow is the suggestive legend, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden."

As already intimated, the work of rebuilding began the instant the fire withdrew. Indeed, for weeks before the flames were extinguished, while fierce volcanoes smoked and glowed in every block, and the vast heaps of anthracite threw forth angry pink and purple tongues, like the geysers of the Yellowstone, thousands of men were finding the old dimensions of the cellars and building up the stone foundations anew.

The burnt district in the South Division—the square mile bounded by the lake, river, and Harrison Street—is too valuable per front foot to furnish hospitality to sheds, barracks and wooden warehouses like those that have found room elsewhere among the ashes. The real estate market, as far as there is a market, shows no great diminution below the prices asked and paid before the fire, and taxes over all these hundred blocks are still so heavy as to render prompt rebuilding imperative. So it happens that at the date of writing more than half the cellars again present the form of rectangular excavations swept and garnished for the

builder's force. On each side of every square, eager teams drag up the inclines into the street great loads of brick, stone, iron, and ashes, and the foundation walls rise in their places again to the cheery cry of "Mort!" as, wooed by the strains of Amphion's lute, rose the conscious walls of Thebes. In the cellars of warehouses, where great masses of iron were kept, in stove stores, scale stores, and wholesale stores of hoop-iron, men, armed with drills, crowbars, huge sledge-hammers and blasting powder, are toiling to disengage the mass. Even the iron was as straw in the furnace-blast of that awful morning,—stoves, and sheet and pig iron, all melted miserably and ran helplessly down, roaring with rage, to the ground, and there it cooled in all fantastic attitudes and shapes. Here is a hillock of solid iron, as large as an omnibus; there is a platform as large as Table Rock—it once was moulded into kitchen stoves; yonder are upright masses, some of them rearing like a centaur, and others writhing like the group of the Laocoon; further down the ruins is a building where the lower stratum of the flowing metal has cooled first, and subsequent cascades of iron have dashed over it and trickled through it like so much molasses; and beneath, the drippings hang in iron crystal stalactites, from an inch to six feet long, like the lime drippings of a cave! As these are the most marvelous of the relics, so they are the most difficult to dispose of, and the owners of the lots are now quarrying the ponderous masses with huge levers, blasting powder, and all the arts of engineering.

The walls of more than three hundred of the better class of brick and stone buildings are already rising in the South Division—rising even in mid-winter, when masons are driven to cover in every other city north of 35°. Who thinks of using a trowel all through the winter months in New York, Boston, St. Louis, or even Cincinnati? Yet three thousand masons

and bricklayers and mortar makers and carriers are regularly employed in Chicago all the week through, as we write. Many builders have halted at the top of the cellar wall to wait for March, but hundreds of others are pushing vigorously upwards in spite of every obstacle presented by an extreme climate. It is December, but an artificial summer is created to keep the work from freezing up; a bonfire is blazing before the mortar bed where the compound is prepared as the housewife prepares her dough; and other and smaller fires blaze briskly all around within the rising wall—a fire on every mortar-board, which keeps the mortar plastic and the blood of the brick-layer uncongealed. Thus is the smitten city rising again at New Year's—rising, as she fell, by fire.

The number of brick and stone buildings in process of erection on the first day of December, on each street in the South Division, was as follows:

River street . . .	8	Polk street . . .	1
South Water street . . .	12	Michigan avenue . . .	3
Lake street . . .	10	Wabash avenue . . .	17
Randolph street . . .	6	State street . . .	24
Washington street . . .	6	Dearborn street . . .	6
Madison street . . .	29	Clark street . . .	16
Monroe street . . .	26	La Salle street . . .	4
Adams street . . .	2	Fifth avenue . . .	6
Quincy street . . .	1	Franklin street . . .	9
Jackson street . . .	1	Market street . . .	3
Van Buren street . . .	1	Miscellaneous . . .	21
Harrison street . . .	2	— . . .	—
		Total . . .	212

It is probable that a thousand stone and brick buildings will be in process of erection by May.

After the fire, the Board of Public Works issued one-year permits for wooden buildings, which virtually abrogated the ordinance forbidding them within prescribed limits. In four weeks thereafter, the North Side was covered with wooden buildings so

thickly that it was difficult to see across the blocks, and a row of similar structures in the South Division soon stretched along the hitherto unoccupied Park, on the east side of Michigan Avenue, a mile and a half, from the river's mouth to Twelfth Street. Two stories only were allowed, but some became very capacious warehouses, adapted to the largest demands of a wholesale traffic.

The gravest peril of the city now lies in the prolonged existence and ceaseless multiplication of these combustible piles of lumber. Fire limits were prescribed by a timid Common Council in the hour of its dissolution, but the ordinance is openly violated in every part of the city with perfect impunity. The first man has yet to be arrested or annoyed for furnishing food for the next great conflagration. It would seem that Chicago could scarcely afford an *encore* of the performance of October 8-9; but a repetition of that tragedy is just as certain to follow the persistence in our clapboard and shingle madness, as is any given effect to succeed an adequate cause.

There is scarcely any city on the continent so exposed to prolonged and terrible winds as Chicago. Our constant imminent menace is that autumnal southwest hurricane which sweeps up from the wide prairie to the lake, eager to seize upon a spark and nurse it into a conflagration. Let a block get well on fire towards the Stock Yards in some densely settled locality, in the face of such a gale, and all the apparatus of the fire department must prove futile. Nothing but acres of solid brick or stone buildings that are virtually fire-proof can stop it.

W. A. Croffut.

PART IV.—THE LOSSES.

REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

THE extent of the devastation was so great, and the wreck so widespread, that a description of the area burned over and of the pecuniary losses entailed, can scarcely convey an idea of its magnitude, more than a statement of the distance of a fixed star enables us to bridge the gulf between it and the earth. And though we may apply the measuring rod to the scene of the carnage, and reduce into dollars and cents the value of the property destroyed, there are many and comprehensive losses not susceptible of a pecuniary classification. There are tens of thousands of material things that elude the attempt to assign them monetary worth; much less can we fix a value on the sum total of human happiness lost and human life destroyed by the dread visitation.

Grave difficulties exist, too, in the way of ascertaining the extent of even the more tangible losses, though several weeks have now elapsed since the event. The destruction was so complete that it not only obliterated the property itself, but swept out of existence the records of its value and the evidences of proprietorship. And in the last-named fact we have another most perplexing element introduced into the previously complicated problem, which if not rightly treated would involve us in the most inextricable confusion. The loss of title to real or personal property does not necessarily involve the loss of that property to the community. What is lost to one in this way, may be gained by another.

In this article we shall try to answer the questions, What was burned up? and What was the amount of loss to the community as a whole? leaving

untouched the equalization of the numerous differences arising between individuals as a result of the catastrophe. Hence we make no allowance for the loss of evidences of title or indebtedness, because those documents simply indicate in whose hands the property in question shall rest. Yet it would be unfair to include bank notes under this head, for, though really nothing but certificates, they were actually accepted and used as money, and it will be some time before the place of those bills will be supplied by others: though not in existence, they are still recognized as liabilities by the banks that issued them.

For the same reason, we disregard the item of insurance on property burned. It was very consoling to the policy holder to find that he was insured in companies that would pay a hundred cents on the dollar. But this only settled the question as to how widely the loss should be distributed, and who should bear it. In the case of many of those who were the most wealthy before the fire, the question was even less important than this. Their property was insured, but they were also large stockholders in the insurance companies; so that if the insurance were good, it would simply amount to an offset of one loss against another.

Neither would it be fair to swell the total with allowances for expenses incurred in caring for property during the fire, or the increased cost of replacing it, owing to the higher price of labor and material; because these incurred expenditures inure to the benefit of the persons receiving the money, which is not, therefore, lost to the com-

munity. In regard to losses on the rental of property, an allowance ought probably to be made, but these are largely counterbalanced on the general account, by the enhanced rentals secured on property not touched by the fire. The most important allowance in this direction will be that due to the interruption to the trade and commerce of the city—the temporary suspension of the productive energies of the people.

The questions to be answered are, then, How much property was destroyed? and What was the value of the property consumed by the flames?

In the West Division, where the fire originated, the number of acres burned over was 194, including sixteen acres which were laid bare by the fire of the previous evening. This district contained about 500 buildings, inhabited by 2,250 persons. These buildings were generally of the poorer class, and comprised a great many boarding-houses, saloons, and minor hotels, with a few factories. They were not of much value, but were closely packed together. This district contained also several lumber and coal yards and planing mills, one grain elevator, with the union depot of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne, and the St. Louis Railroads. This depot was much the least valuable of all those destroyed.

The burned area in the South Division comprised about 460 acres. With the exception of the Lind Block, on the river bank, between Randolph and Lake Streets, it included all north of an irregular line running diagonally from the intersection of Polk Street with the river, to the corner of Congress Street and Michigan Avenue. This district, though comparatively small in extent, was by far the most valuable in the city; it was the very heart and head of Chicago as a commercial centre. It contained the great majority of all those structures which were at once costly in themselves, and filled with the wealth of merchandise that made the city the great emporium

of the Northwest. All the wholesale stores of any considerable magnitude, all the daily and weekly newspaper offices, all the principal banks, the leading hotels, many extensive factories (principally of clothing, boots and shoes, and jewelry), all the offices of insurance men, lawyers, produce brokers, etc., the Custom House, Court House, Chamber of Commerce, all the principal public halls and places of amusement, many coal yards, the monster Central Railroad Depot, with its numerous buildings for the transaction of business of the Illinois Central, Michigan Central, and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroads, the Central Elevator A, the Union Depot of the Michigan Southern (Lake Shore), and Rock Island and Pacific Railroads, many public storehouses, a large number of fine residences on the Avenues; in short, the great bulk of the wealth of the city was located in this district. The 3,650 buildings destroyed in the South Division included 1,600 stores, twenty-eight hotels, and sixty manufacturing establishments, and were the homes of about 21,800 people.

In the North Division, the flames swept not less than 1,470 acres, destroying 13,300 buildings, the homes of 74,450 people, and leaving but about 500 buildings unharmed. These structures included more than 600 stores and 100 manufacturing establishments. Most of the latter were situated in the southwest part of this division, in a few blocks lying east of Kinzie Street bridge; but there were also many on the north bank, towards the lake shore, including McCormick's Reaper factory, a sugar refinery, box mills, etc. The lake shore, from Chicago Avenue north, was lined with breweries. The river banks were piled high with lumber and coal, three grain elevators stood near the fork of the river, and near them the Galena depot, its freight buildings further to the east. Many hotels and private storehouses for produce and other property also

existed in this neighborhood, and the wholesale meat markets on Kinzie Street were a busy centre of trade. North Clark, Wells, and North and Chicago Avenues, were principally occupied by retail stores. The region south of the Water Works and east of Clark Street was at one time the most aristocratic part of the city. It contained a great number of fine buildings, occupied principally by the earliest settlers or their families. This district included many churches, the Rush Medical College, the Historical Society building, with its treasures, etc. Outside of this section the buildings in the North Division had been, till recently, of the poorer class; but the establishment of Lincoln Park, and the closing of the old cemetery, had caused a radical change in this respect within the five years preceding the fire. A large number of very fine residences had been erected in the neighborhood of the Park, and a great improvement was apparent in the architecture of the whole North Division, except one or two small sections, which seemed to have been tacitly given up to poverty and its accompaniments.

The total area burned over in the city, including streets, was 2,124 acres, or nearly three and one-third square miles. This area contained about 73 miles of streets, and 17,450 buildings, the homes of 98,500 people. The following were some of the most important structures burned:

Among Public Buildings were, the Court House, consisting of a central portion erected in 1853 and enlarged in 1857, and two wings, each 80 by 130 feet, and three stories high besides the basement; a handsome stone structure, costing altogether about \$1,100,000. The Custom House and Post Office, erected in 1858-9, by the General Government, cost \$650,000. The Chamber of Commerce, erected in 1864-5 at a cost of \$225,000, besides a building on the south used for offices, the total cost being \$284,000. The principal building was constructed of Athens marble, and

covered an area of 91 by 180 feet; the basement and first floor were occupied by banks, insurance offices, and prominent produce dealers. Above these was the Exchange Hall, 88 by 143 feet, with a 44-foot ceiling, in which the 1,250 members of the Board of Trade used to transact business. With these we may note the city property other than the Court House; the Armory, Huron-st. and Larrabee-st. police stations, five fire-engine houses, several hook and ladder buildings, and eight bridges (\$200,000). The public schools burned were the Jones, Kinzie, Franklin, Ogden, Pearson-st., Elm-st., LaSalle-st., and North Branch schools, with several adjunct buildings.

The railroad property destroyed included the Central Depot, at the foot of Lake Street, with several other buildings, occupied as offices for the Illinois Central Land Department, the Michigan Central and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy general offices and freight depots, besides which the dockage of the Illinois Central Railroad Company was considerably damaged; the depot of the Rock Island and Michigan Southern Railroads, the Galena depot, and some wooden structures belonging to the West Side Union depot.

The Grain Elevators burned were, the Central A, National, Galena, Hiram Wheeler's, and the Munger and Armour. These contained 1,642,000 bushels of grain. Considerable quantities of grain were also burned up in several smaller warehouses (private) in the North Division.

The halls, theatres, etc., included the Opera House, built in 1864, with Beethoven Hall, in the State Street front; Farwell Hall, the home of the Young Men's Christian Association; Metropolitan Hall Block, occupied by the Young Men's Library Association; the Museum Block; McVicker's Theatre, rebuilt in 1871, and reopened only a short time before the fire; Dearborn Street Theatre; Hooley & Aiken's Opera House, on the former site of Bryan Hall; Academy of Design;

Olympic Theatre; German Theatre; and Turner Hall.

The Hotels burned included the Sherman, Tremont, Bigelow, Palmer, Briggs, Adams, Metropolitan, St. James, Revere, Nevada, Massasoit,

Matteson, City, Clifton, Hatch, Anderson's, Burke's, Central, Eagle, European, Everett, Garden City, Girard, Hess, Orient, Schall's, Hotel Garni, Howard, Hutchinson's, New York, Washington, and Wright's.



THE PALMER HOUSE.

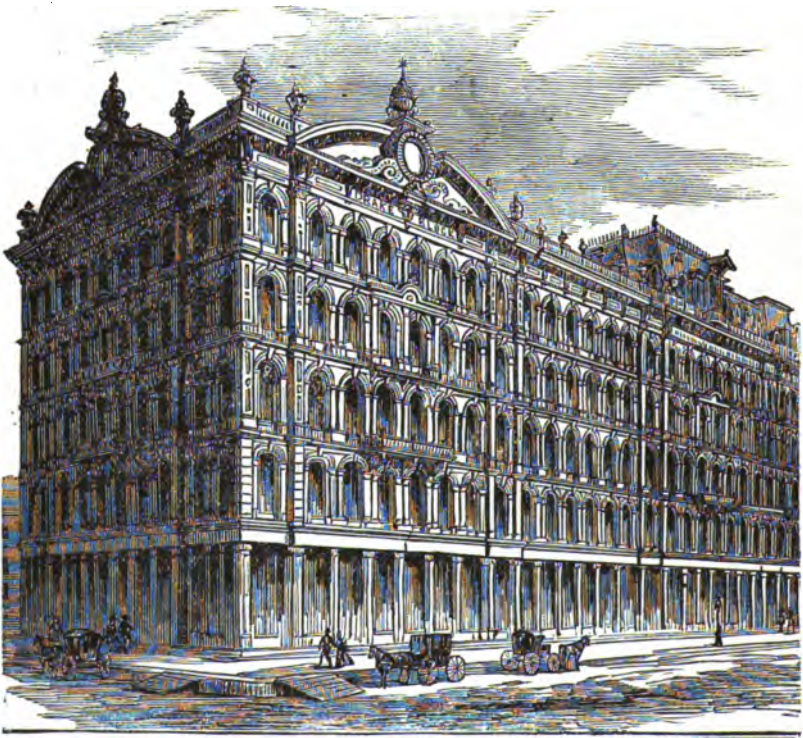
The daily newspaper buildings were those occupied by the *Tribune*; *Times*; *Journal*; *Republican*; *Staats Zeitung*, and *Post*; *Mail*, and *Union*; and *Volks Zeitung*. The offices of THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY were in the *Tribune* Building.

The list of church property burned is an extensive one; it comprises the following: Baptist — North, Second, Ger-

man and Swedish, North Star, and Lincoln Park Mission. Congregational — New England and Lincoln Park. Episcopal — Ascension, St. Ansgarius, St. James, and Trinity. Jewish — North Side, Sinai, Kehilath Benai Sholom, and Hospital. Methodist Episcopal — First (business block), Grace, Van Buren Street, Clybourne Avenue, First Scandinavian, Bethel (colored), Quinn's

(colored), and \$85,000 worth of Garret Biblical Institute property. Scandinavian Lutheran — First Norwegian, and Swedish. Presbyterian — First, and Mission, Fourth, Bremer Street Mission, Erie Street Mission, and Clybourne Avenue Mission. Roman Catholic — Holy Name, St. Mary's, Immaculate Conception, St. Michael's, St. Joseph's, St. Louis', St. Paul's, Convents of Sisters of Mercy and Good Shepherd, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Christian Brothers' College, Alexian Hospital, and Bishop's Palace. Swedenborgian — Temple, and North Mission. Unitarian — Unity. Illinois Street Mission, and Mariners' Bethel.

Among business blocks the following were the most prominent, each being worth \$50,000 or over: Arcade, on Clark, near Madison; "Booksellers Row," on State, near Madison; Bowen's, on Randolph, near Michigan Avenue; Bryan, corner of La Salle and Monroe; Burch's, on Lake, near Wabash Avenue; City National Bank; Cobb's, corner of Lake and Michigan Avenue; Commercial Building, corner of La Salle and Lake; Commercial Insurance Company's, on Washington, near La Salle; Depository, on Randolph, near La Salle; Dickey's, corner of Dearborn and Lake; Drake & Farwell, corner of Wabash Avenue and



DRAKE AND FARWELL BLOCK.

Washington; Ewing, on North Clark, near Kinzie; Exchange Bank, corner Lake and Clark; First National Bank, corner State and Washington; Fullerton, corner Washington and Dearborn; Field, Leiter & Co. (Palmer's), corner

State and Washington; Honore (two), on Dearborn, near Monroe; Illinois State Savings, on La Salle, near Washington; Keep's, on Clark, near Madison; Kent's, on Monroe, near La Salle; Link's, corner Lake and La Salle;

Lill's Brewery; Lloyd's, corner Randolph and Wells; Lombard, corner Monroe and Custom House Place; McCormick's, corner Lake and Michigan Avenue; McCormick's, corner Randolph and Dearborn; McCormick's Reaper Factory, near Rush Street bridge; Magie's, corner La Salle and Randolph; Major, corner Madison and La Salle; Marine Bank, corner Lake and La Salle; Masonic, on Dearborn, near Washington; Mechanics', on Washington, near La Salle; Mercantile, on La Salle, near Washington; Merchants' Insurance Company, corner Washington and La Salle; Monroe, corner Clark and Monroe; Morrison, on Clark, near Monroe; Newberry, corner Wells and Kinzie; Newhouse, on South Water, near Fifth Avenue; Oriental, on La Salle, near Washington; Otis, corner Madison and La Salle; Pope's (two), Madison, near Clark; Portland, corner Dearborn and Washington; Purple's, corner Clark and Ontario; Raymond's, corner State and Madison; Republic Life Insurance Company, corner La Salle and Arcade Court; Reynolds, corner Dearborn and Madison; Rice's, on Dearborn, near Randolph; Scammon, corner Randolph and Michigan Avenue; Shephard's, on Dearborn, near Monroe; Smith & Nixon's, corner Washington and Clark; Speed's, on Dearborn, near Madison; Steele's, corner La Salle and South Water; Sands' Brewery; Turner's, corner State and Kinzie; Tyler's, on La Salle, near South Water; Uhlich's, on Clark, near Kinzie; Walker's, on Dearborn, near Couch Place; Wicker, corner State and South Water.

The following valuation of losses was prepared by the writer for Colbert & Chamberlin's "History of Chicago and the Great Conflagration":

BUILDINGS.

Eighty business blocks, enumerated, -	\$ 8,515,000
Railroad depots, warehouses, and Board of Trade, - - - - -	2,700,000
Hotels, - - - - -	3,100,000
Theatres, etc., - - - - -	865,000
Daily newspapers (offices and buildings), -	888,000
One hundred other business buildings, -	1,008,420
Other taxable buildings, - - - - -	28,880,000

Churches and contents, - - - - -	2,989,000
Public Schools and contents, - - - - -	249,780
Other public buildings, not taxed, - - - - -	2,121,800
Other public property (streets, etc.), - - - - -	1,763,000
Total, - - - - -	\$53,000,000

PRODUCE, ETC.

Flour, 15,000 barrels, - - - - -	\$ 97,500
Grain - - - - -	1,245,000
Provisions (4,400,000 lbs), - - - - -	340,000
Lumber, - - - - -	1,040,000
Coal, - - - - -	600,000
Other produce, - - - - -	1,940,000
Total produce, - - - - -	\$5,262,500

BUSINESS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Dry goods, - - - - -	\$ 13,500,000
Drugs, - - - - -	1,000,000
Boots, shoes, leather, etc., - - - - -	5,175,000
Hardware, iron, and other metals, - - - - -	4,510,000
Groceries and teas, - - - - -	4,120,000
Wholesale clothing, - - - - -	3,650,000
Jewelry, etc., - - - - -	1,300,000
Musical Instruments, etc., - - - - -	900,000
Books on sale, - - - - -	1,145,000
Millinery, - - - - -	1,610,000
Hats, caps, and furs, - - - - -	1,060,000
Wholesale paper stock, - - - - -	700,000
Shipping and dredges, - - - - -	800,000
Manufactures (stock, machinery, and product), - - - - -	13,255,000
Other stocks, and business furniture, - - - - -	25,975,000
Total Business loss, - - - - -	\$78,700,000

PERSONAL EFFECTS.

Household property, - - - - -	\$ 41,000,000
Manuscript work (records, etc.), - - - - -	10,000,000
Libraries, public and private - - - - -	2,010,000
Money lost (Custom House \$2,130,000), - - - - -	5,700,000
Total personal effects - - - - -	\$58,710,000

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Improvements (buildings, etc.), - - - - -	\$ 53,000,000
Produce, etc., - - - - -	5,262,500
Manufactures, - - - - -	13,255,000
Other business property, - - - - -	65,445,000
Personal effects, - - - - -	58,710,000
Miscellaneous, - - - - -	378,000
Grand total, - - - - -	\$196,000,000

In the first table the contents of churches and schools and of newspaper offices are included in the footing of \$53,000,000. Placing these where they belong, we shall have the following distribution of loss:

On Buildings, etc., - - - - -	\$ 52,000,000
On Business Property (besides bldgs.), - - - - -	85,000,000
On Personal Effects, - - - - -	59,000,000
Total burned, - - - - -	\$196,000,000

On this there was a salvage of about

\$4,000,000 in foundations, and bricks available for re-building, making the actual loss \$192,000,000.

The assessed value of the land in the city, just previous to the fire, was \$176,931,900, which was about sixty per cent. of the actual cash value. Hence the real value of the land within the city limits was \$294,836,000. On this we estimate an average depreciation of about thirty per cent. since the fire, though much of this can be but temporary. This gives a loss of \$88,000,000 on the selling value of real estate in consequence of the fire.

Even yet the total of loss is not complete. We must allow for the interruption of business and manufacturing operations. This would average about six weeks, or one-eighth part of the whole year. We estimate that the fire

diminished the receipts of the city to the extent of \$50,000,000 worth of goods, which interrupted business to the extent of \$125,000,000 worth of trading, at wholesale and retail. The very moderate estimate of eight per cent. profit would give a further loss of \$10,000,000, and we shall then have the following as the exhibit :

On Property burned up, - - -	\$192,000,000
On depreciation of Real Estate - -	88,000,000
On interruption to business, - - -	10,000,000
Grand total, - - - -	\$290,000,000

We estimate the value of property in the city the day before the fire, real and personal, taxed and untaxed, at \$620,000,000. The loss by the fire was, therefore, nearly forty-seven per cent. of the whole of the property owned in Chicago. *Elias Colbert.*

COMMERCIAL AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

DURING the terrible Monday, to the question, "In what company are you insured?" the uniform answer was, "It makes no difference now; insurance is worthless." That was the almost universal feeling. Gradually the sober second thought came, and men began to hope. The distrust of insurance companies was not a conviction,—it was rather a part of the general smoke. As soon as men began to reason, the rays of hope began to shine. It was seen at once that all underwriters had some assets, and every one must pay in full or be put into the hands of a receiver. Sufferers then began to cast about, to look up their papers if not destroyed, and if they were to ask if they could not be restored. And so by degrees this second stage of uncertainty gave way to definite knowledge of what to expect.

A bird's-eye view of the situation showed that insurance was good, as a rule, in proportion as it was a good ways from home. The foreign risks of

Chicago amounted to only \$6,000,000. Those were all "placed" originally in a few very heavy English companies. Then, too, it is the custom across the water to distribute risks among neighboring companies. But even without this prudent system of distribution, all those policies would have been paid, dollar for dollar. It was equally obvious at a glance that home insurance was next to worthless; that every company doing any considerable amount of home business had vastly larger losses than capital. One home company, the Great Western, was an exception, owing to its youth; and another, the American, escaped the general crash because it had no local risks. Still another, the Republic, after being in a peculiar "dead and alive" condition for several weeks, finally announced that its losses would be paid in full—an assessment upon its stockholders having been made to supply the deficiency between its assets and losses by the fire. With these excep-

tions, all home companies went down in the common wreck.

The following table shows the aggregate loss of the companies by States, the number of companies in each State, and the number suspended :

STATE.	NO. OF COMP.	AGGREGATE CAPITAL.	TOTAL GROSS ASSETS.	TOTAL LOSSES.	NO. SUSPENDED.
New York	103	\$30,161,238	\$54,675,350	\$21,637,500	20
Ohio	50	5,890,753	7,688,076	4,818,657	5
Massachusetts	34	8,051,800	13,880,763	4,483,500	3
Pennsylvania	34	5,093,800	13,582,644	2,082,000	1
Missouri	25	7,783,254	3,088,034	575,000	1
Illinois	20	4,314,951	5,769,917	33,876,000	14
Maryland	18	2,837,651	4,133,003	397,165	1
Connecticut	11	6,700,000	13,859,884	9,325,000	7
Kentucky	11	2,000,000	2,224,543	6,800	7
Rhode Island	9	1,990,000	3,116,836	2,072,500	6
California	7	3,753,000	5,730,630	2,950,000	6
Michigan	3	400,000	690,403	175,000	—
Wisconsin	3	550,000	900,107	30,000	—
Minnesota	2	314,775	374,883	290,000	—
New Hampshire	1	100,000	286,593	100,000	—
Total of U. S.	335	\$74,939,216	\$135,420,426	\$88,821,122	—
Foreign	6	—	10,459,095	5,813,000	—
Grand Total	341	—	\$145,879,521	\$94,634,122	57

The failure of the Prince Albert of London, a few years ago, and of the Home of Hartford, shook public confidence in distant companies. The general feeling was, in Chicago at least, that a home company was safer because its affairs were open to full inspection. The adoption of our present system of State supervision, by the General Assembly of 1868-69, strengthened the confidence in all fire risks.

It is always easy to find fault, and after any great disaster point out blunders. Much unjust censure has been heaped upon Chicago insurance companies. No one is to blame for not anticipating such a sweeping conflagration, and our companies were quite as sound as the average of the three hundred and thirty-five in the country. They all have manifold greater liabilities than capital. If they did not, there would be no profit in the business. The underwriting system is based upon the supposition that it is safe to have

about thirty dollars of risks to one dollar of capital. The losses of United States companies by this one fire exceed their aggregate capital by nearly \$8,000,000; and eighty-seven of them were not affected at all, and only fifty-seven have suspended. The grand mistake made was in taking such vast risks in one city. A great conflagration is always possible; and had the Chicago fire been one-tenth its actual proportions, it would have been no less fatal to our local companies. Home policies are the least desirable of any, because the flames which destroy the property insured may destroy the assets of the insurer. Hartford is the insurance capital of the country; and it is noticeable that while the entire losses of Connecticut were only \$9,325,000, those of New York were \$21,637,500, and those of Illinois foot up \$33,878,000. The policy of distribution seems to have been adopted by the older companies before this latest and plainest lesson was given.

The especial insurance lesson of the Great Fire is this: Distribute risks. If one city can burn up, any city can. In no one place should a company assume liabilities beyond its power to pay, in case of a general conflagration. State legislation should guard against this grand mistake of our insurance system as at present conducted.

The solicitude in regard to the insurance companies was absolute indifference in comparison with the anxiety about the banks. There are twenty-seven of these institutions in Chicago, counting only those belonging to the Clearing House Association. In what condition their vaults would be found, no one could tell; and in most cases the valuables were all stored in those repositories. It was known that the vaults of the Court House and Custom House were not fire proof, and the wildest rumors were rife about this and that bank. For several days the heat was so intense that no examination was possible. That was a terrible sus-

pense. All the buildings and goods destroyed were of less value than the currency, notes, bonds, bills of exchange, and other papers, in the vaults of those twenty-seven banks. Squads of soldiers guarded them day and night. In the meanwhile the bankers met to discuss the situation. A committee was appointed to draw up a programme. The President of one National Bank stood alone in simply saying, "Gentlemen, there is only one way: go ahead as usual, paying dollar for dollar. If we cannot do that, we must wind up." The others were either silent, or said, "Even if our vaults are all right, we cannot pay in full at once." The committee agreed upon recommending that they should resume by paying an instalment of twenty-five per cent. When that report was made, the president of another bank—a man whose wealth was reckoned by millions—protested that the figure was too high, and insisted upon its reduction to ten per cent. The final agreement was upon fifteen per cent. The Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, Hon. H. R. Hurlburt, at once telegraphed to the National Banks to await his arrival before resuming. He arrived on the Saturday following the fire. By that time the vaults had been opened, and all but one bank was unscathed. The only exception was the Merchants Savings Loan and Trust Company; and it was only the account-books of that bank which perished. On Sunday the Comptroller met the bankers, and the whole subject was discussed. That official insisted that the true policy was to resume in full. In this opinion he was inflexible. His *ultimatum* was that if any National Bank failed to resume in full as early as three o'clock of the following Tuesday, he should put a receiver in charge of its affairs. The consequence was that every bank announced that it would resume business as usual, Tuesday, October 17th.

The effect of bank resumption was more than magical. Not a single bank-

ing house in all Chicago, small or great, failed. The solvency of our banks was the first positive assurance the country had that Chicago would rise from her ruins. Talk is cheap, whether of the tongue or the types. What the press said needed the substantial indorsement of the banks. Board of Trade circulars, mercantile encyclicals, and all that sort of thing, were useful; but the leverage of finance was indispensable to raise the fallen prestige of desolated Chicago, and convince the world that the City of Ashes had vitality enough to recover itself.

There were two things accomplished by the bank policy: First, the capital and capacity already here were induced to remain; no business deserted the city; it was only the flies upon the coach wheel which flew off; stalwart men took heart, and nerved themselves for the work of reconstruction. Second, outside capital and enterprise were drawn hither at once; and the men who came here did not come as wreckers to pick up the waifs of the storm, but, hopeful for Chicago's future, they came to cast in their fortunes with its regeneration, by aiding to repair the ravages of the fire.

In looking back at this terrible ordeal, the close observer sees that it was a severe test of the soundness of our National Bank system. In 1857, the failure of one bank in Cincinnati brought our whole monetary institutions to the brink of ruin; and a host of them actually passed over the cataract and were lost. There was a fatal defect in the system. It was an arch without a key-stone. One of the loose bricks gone, and the whole pile fell. Now we have a system so compact that it can stand any conceivable shock. The fire test of last October was severer than any "hard times." We need have no fears hereafter that our financial system will come crashing down upon us. Whatever else may befall, we may dismiss all apprehension of such a disaster. The real secret of the solvency of our banks is

that our monetary interests are so indissolubly interlinked, that a common necessity was bound to hold them up.

Of the public buildings destroyed, one of the most important was the Water Works, which was one of the first points on the North Side reached by the fire. The wind was in exactly the right direction to cover the roof of that structure with cinders. The massive walls were fire-proof, but the roof was of "composition," tar, gravel, and paper. The direct damage sustained was \$200,000; but the indirect was vast beyond computation. It cut off our water supply, and thus rendered our fire department useless. Some buildings in the heart of business would otherwise have been saved. The terrible anxiety of the fire week was largely due to the fact that the usual means for stopping a conflagration were powerless. Not making the building which sheltered the Water Works' engines absolutely fire-proof, was a monstrous blunder.

The city lost no less than one hundred and twenty and three-fourths miles of sidewalk, to replace which would cost at least \$1,000,000. It is to be hoped that a fire-proof material will be used in the future. The Nicolson pavement suffered but slight damage.

The total loss to our Public School department amounts to \$502,600, of which \$297,800 represents the value of reference books, libraries, etc., on which there was no insurance. Of the buildings destroyed, two, the Kinzie and Jones, were very old and dilapidated, and would soon have been torn down to give place to better structures. The following is the list:

SCHOOLS.	LOCATION.	VALUE.
Jones, .	Cor. Harrison and Clark, .	\$ 9,000
Kinzie, .	Cor. Ohio and La Salle, .	16,800
Franklin, .	Cor. Division and Sedgwick, .	73,000
Ogden, .	Pearson near Dearborn, .	35,000
Pearson, .	Cor. Pearson and Market, .	12,250
Elm, .	Cor. Elm and North State, .	12,750
La Salle, .	Cor. La Salle and North Ave., .	23,000
N. Branch, Vedder, near Halsted .		23,000
Value of buildings, ...		\$204,800
Value of libraries, etc., ...		297,800
Total, ...		\$502,600

The Fire Engine and Police Station losses figure up \$196,350. There were seven bridges burnt. Instead of rebuilding them, there should be tunnels excavated in some cases if not in all. In a thronged city, a swing-bridge is an insufferable nuisance, and should give place as soon as possible to a tunnel.

By far the greatest loss of the city and county was the Court House. That massive piece of botch-work, with its two wings, was a sham; and could its contents only have been saved, the loss of the building itself would not have been deplored. It will it is thought take about \$2,000,000 to erect such a structure as the needs of the county and city require. The General Assembly, at its Fire Session, convened by the Governor immediately after the conflagration, assumed the debt contracted by Chicago in the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, amounting to nearly three millions of dollars—it being stipulated that the money should go to rebuild the Court House and other public structures. To this proposition there was no hostility whatever in the Legislature or the press of the State.

As even the Court House vaults were a sham, the incalculably valuable records of the city and county were destroyed. The loss of those archives was a disaster which no human intellect can so much as apprehend, not to say comprehend. There were the official records of all the real estate transfers in Cook County; of all the mortgages on real and personal property; the archives of all the courts, including the papers on unfinished probate business; the official minutes of the proceedings and final actions of all county and city legislation. In fine, everything of a public documentary character which was in the keeping of the city or the county, went to feed the ravenous flames.

The greatest immediate evil is the delay in settling probate business, and the utter impossibility of proving many valid claims in favor of heirs. The

irretrievable loss to widows and orphans will be millions. In ordinary judicial proceedings, old cases will, if renewed at all, have to be conducted largely upon equity principles and in accordance with chancery practice. It is safe to say that fully one-half the cases on the several dockets at the time of the

fire will never be renewed. Litigation will gradually extricate itself from the present dilemma; and it is quite likely that the average result, except in probate business, will be as equitable as it would have been had the records been preserved. At least there is no general solicitude on that score.



THE COURT HOUSE.

The loss of the official records of deeds and mortgages was appalling. The great value of a city is its real estate. The ground of the burnt district is to-day worth hardly less than all the property destroyed. To unsettle titles would be terrible. Indeed, the city would not rise again had that actually occurred. But, fortunately, there are three complete unofficial abstracts of records which were preserved. To look up titles in the records as kept by the county would have been a very tedious job. To economise time, private enter-

prise had made out abstracts of all those official records, from which any one could in a short time find out the validity of any given title. So reliable are those abstracts that it was very rare for any one to go beyond them in the investigation of a real estate title. Practically, therefore, we have left a complete chain of evidence to prove every land title in the county which was unclouded before the fire. These books are the salvation of Chicago. Had they been destroyed, titles could not be substantiated without the

delay of a chancery trial, and in the meanwhile building operations would have been suspended and commerce would have sped away to other localities. As it is, it only remains to purchase—or, if the owners value them too highly, “condemn” under the State’s sovereign right of eminent domain,—all those records; through a competent commission compare them and make out a certified copy, and then legalize, or make official, said certified copy. In that way the loss can be retrieved and the peril of insecure real estate titles be averted.

The Water Works was one of the first public buildings reached by the fire, the Custom House the last. The former was farthest from the origin of the fire, the latter nearest. All the United States officials in Chicago had offices in that building, except the Pension Agent, the Internal Revenue Assessor, the Register in Bankruptcy, and the Steamboat Inspector. The third floor was wholly given up to the judiciary. All the official papers of both the Circuit and District Courts, and of the U. S. District Attorney, and of the Marshal, were destroyed. Nothing was taken from that floor, and everything was a total wreck. Fortunately, Judges Drummond and Blodgett have both been in the habit of making out abstracts of all the cases tried before them, which they forwarded to Washington. These will be of great service in straightening out federal court business. The official papers in the office of Judge Hibbard, the Register in Bankruptcy, were a very serious loss. Congress will probably pass a measure for bringing order of the chaos of the federal judiciary business at Chicago.

The second floor of this building was mainly devoted to impost business. The Collector of the Port, Hon. Jas. E. McLean, had general charge of the whole building, and besides the tariff affairs was custodian of the federal funds at Chicago. At the time of the fire he had in his keeping \$400,000 in coin and \$1,800,000 in currency. There

were vaults on the second floor which were supposed to be absolutely fire-proof. In them all these moneys were stored. They also contained all the books and accounts of the office, besides private papers and memoranda of the employes and attaches of the establishment, the actual value of which will depend largely upon the honesty of the various debtors.

When the *debris* was cleared away, nothing remained but charred ruins. The coin was found to be fused, and had to be forwarded to the Philadelphia mint for re-coining. The Collector of Internal Revenue had his office on the same floor. The actual loss from the destruction of his papers will be slight, as nearly all of importance had been duplicated and the duplicates sent to Washington. The same is true of the Assessor’s papers. An act of Congress will be necessary to relieve both collectors of balances standing against them on the books at Washington, it being the practice of the Treasury Department to charge the collection of all taxes, internal and impost, to the Collectors. The passage of such an act will hardly meet any opposition, as the honesty and efficiency of both collection offices are undisputed.

The number of vessel arrivals at the port of Chicago annually exceed those of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco, Mobile, and Savannah combined. The amount of bills of sale, ship mortgages, and general evidences of vessel property, which were recorded upon the books of this Custom House, were consequently immense. Their destruction will entail upon the owners a vast deal of trouble, although the duplicates forwarded to Washington will be of incalculable use in straightening out these tangles. There was, however, the period of three months just previous to the fire, the transactions of which had not been reported.

The first floor and the basement of the Custom House were wholly given up to the postal service. As there is

always a corps of workmen in that department, day and night, and mail teams in stables near by, if not on the spot, the letters—of which there were probably no less than 150,000 in the building—were all taken out and carted to a place of safety. It is due to the postal service to add that although the Postmaster, Hon. F. A. Eastman, was himself a victim of the fire, as well as one hundred of the three hundred men in his employ, he and they made the public interest supreme, and in an incredibly short space of time had the machinery of the mails in good running order, making up and distributing letters with almost the usual promptness. It is a remarkable fact that in a vast number of cases friends at a distance received letters from Chicago before they did the telegram of the same date. Had it not been for the Great Fire, the completeness of our postal machinery and the efficiency of this branch of the service would not have been appreciated by the public. The letter-carrier system was eminently useful in facilitating business. On the old system of box delivery, postal business would have been hopelessly confused.

We have said that the State will virtually be at the expense of rebuilding the Court House. The United States will of course erect another Custom House. The old structure was altogether too small to meet the demands of federal business at this centre. The old site must be enlarged, and a building put up that shall be commensurate with the importance of the city. Every federal office should be under its roof. The expense will be a very small item, as compared with the means at command. It is expected that Congress will early pass an appropriation for the purchase of additional ground and the erection of a suitable building. The old one really had hardly room enough, all told, for the Post Office alone, or for the Custom House proper. For mail distribution, Chicago is second only to New York; and its growing importance as a port of entry may be inferred from

the fact that the receipts of coin duty during last September were three hundred per cent. greater than they were during the corresponding period of 1870. There are two reasons for this—the establishment of a line of steamers running in connection with ocean steamers at Montreal, by which imports come through without the vexatious delay attending shipments by way of New York; and the passage of the direct importation act of July 14, 1870. The fire has not lessened our imports. On the contrary, the receipts of customs since the great calamity have been larger than ever.

At present the High School Buildings, located in the West Division, are made to take the place of the Court House, so far as possible. The federal offices are all located in the South Division, as near as possible to the centre of the city. The Custom House proper is at Congress Hall where it will probably remain until the erection of the new Custom House. The Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, on the southern edge of the burnt district, has been fitted up for the Post Office. It will doubtless be three or four years before it will return to its old locality.

Chicago has had enough of huge tinder boxes. There is such a thing as absolutely fire-proof building structures, and such without doubt every one of our new public buildings will be. Then they will stand the shock of conflagration, let the flames rage never so fiercely, and hold fast their sacred trusts against the most desperate burglary of fire.

Hardly had the rills and rivers of charity began to flood our city, when landsharks put in an appearance, offering to buy real estate at "fire prices." Dealers also advertised to sell at "fire prices." The first class went away without investing, and the offers of the latter class were mere pretence. After careful investigation, we are satisfied that in the aggregate there was very little if any depreciation in the value

of real estate, at least in the market price. The unclouded faith of all in the early reconstruction of the burnt district accounts for this fact.

While the aggregate value of real estate has not been affected by the fire, some changes have already been effected, and others may be expected. Particular localities which had been rendered specially valuable by some fortuitous accident have lost their advantage. Others, cursed by evil surroundings, have gained, making a "stand off." The most notable change of this kind is in the value of real estate near the river. Until last summer the river was so foul that it "poisoned" the property within smelling distance. Changing the current of the stream cleaned it, and rendered the banks habitable. But they were skirted with a class of buildings which repulsed mercantile houses. The fire, supplementing the change in the current of the river, paved the way for the wholesale business to push farther west than before, taking possession of a tract hitherto given up to fourth rate business. On the South Side, this will be the marked real estate peculiarity of

the fire, viewed from the present standpoint.

To the superficial observer, it would seem that the value of the North Division real estate must have been depreciated. The improvements which made some of those streets the pride and beauty of our city have been swept away; but with the lake and Lincoln Park, it has its chief attractions left. It is secluded from the heart of business, yet not far off. It has now lost forever the old rookeries and riff-raff population near the river which were formerly such serious drawbacks upon the North Division. Then, too, those who had elegant grounds before the fire were interested in keeping down the value of real estate so as to escape heavy taxation. A man whose homestead occupied a whole block was necessarily a "bear" in the market. Now that part of the city will be built up as becomes residence property within a few minutes' walk of the heart of the city, and the "bears" will all turn "bulls." This change will be inevitable. These are the only changes in the value of Chicago real estate which have developed themselves.

Frank Gilbert.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE fire was impartial in its destructiveness. Breweries and grain-elevators, saloons and banks, insurance offices and churches, all disappeared before it. Greenbacks passed beyond redemption, "fire-proof" safes melted, stones were shattered. The cold and passionless page is a poor medium to give any adequate conception of its power.

But some things proved indestructible. - Even the wooden streets, so called, were more than equal to their purpose. The imaginations of persons at a distance pictured them as canals

of flame, into which the terrified inhabitants leaped from the falling buildings; but art in their composition seems to have imitated nature, which makes her most substantial structures out of a happy combination of frail materials. The gravel and tar and wood together bade defiance to the heat. Had the sidewalks been made of the same material, and the houses, the sirocco which preceded the fire would have been soon forgotten.

Another imperishable thing was the soul of the city; not the absurdly vaunted energy of the people, but that

combination of material and yet invisible forces which make Chicago a necessity. In the councils of eternity, the rivers, lakes, and prairies, when they assumed their proportions and relations, determined here the site of a large city. Chicago is where the water and land-carriages meet; in the heart of a country teeming with abundant products of air, earth, and soil, where streams of wealth must converge and again distribute themselves. It is a predestination that so long as that section of country called the Northwest has life, here must be its heart. There must be here a great concourse of human beings; and so long as the morals and habits of men and women are as now, this city will have its hovels and temples, its roughs and saints, and all the varieties which poverty and luxury and ignorance and both unbalanced and harmonious culture can produce. Vanity has claimed that it was due to the remarkable and almost preternatural sagacity and enterprise of a few men that Chicago grew so rapidly and awakened the astonishment of the world. "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Cossack." Unstrip the cockney Chicagoan, and you find an average white man (with few exceptions) paralleled by the great mass of human beings who pride themselves rather on their circumstances than on their merit. Chicago was originally a wet prairie, skirted on one side by dunes and gravel by the lake shore. There is certainly nothing in the atmosphere, pure though it be, from the lake and prairie, that should make its inhabitants superior to their neighbors. We do not hear that the few thousands who were driven away by the fire have started anywhere any new Chicagos. The thousands who have come in are fully equal to those who ran away. It may be seriously doubted whether, if all the three hundred thousand, not excepting its wonderful banking men, should betake themselves to Dogtown or Brush Four Corners, they would there reproduce the

Garden City. They would soon scatter or starve. But if ten thousand young men and women could be selected by chance, out of the Caucasian or even the Mongolian race, and placed alone on the blackened bones of this Chicago, where the streets now project upward from the ground, like a huge skeleton, along the tri-river whose sluggish current still obeys the will of its late masters and flows inward rather than outward,—it would not be many days before the streams of grain and timber and coal and iron uniting there, on this heaven-made convergence of highways, would stimulate these strangers to seize their opportunity and exact the ordinary toll, put forth the required labor, and rise into wealth and power. Snow is found on the top of the mountain, flowers at its base, pearls in the oysters, and whales in the ocean; and cities, where alone so long as the world retains its present configuration they can be, and while the world abounds in men they must be, in the natural centres of industry and trade. To destroy a Babylon, the very people of the nation must perish. Art simply assists nature, and acts obediently to her laws.

In accordance with this theory, already buildings are arising on the burnt district by the thousand and by the mile, and it is to be hoped that, profiting by experience, there will be a better distribution and classification of the various kinds of industry than before. Painful as was the disaster, producing a shock both physical and mental that will prove fatal to many individuals, and beautiful as Chicago was, it is probable that five years hence the city will be, both as a place of residence and business, stronger and more pleasant than it would have been had the fire not occurred. And it is to be hoped that the public opinion of the city will exhibit in a larger degree the modesty that accompanies merit, and will waste no energy in boasting and no passion in useless sensitiveness to external criticism.

There is a large class of people in Chicago who are far more anxious about its intellectual and moral prospects than about its population or material resources. Great masses of humanity are not necessarily of much value to themselves or to the world. Babylon was not Athens; Constantinople is not Berlin. The cockneyism which leads an insignificant cipher of humanity to estimate his own value according to the long row of figures which the census of the state or nation employs where he lives, and in which he counts only one, is contemptible though common. A true man is of as much worth in a country village as in London, in Rhode Island as in New York, in Switzerland as in China. There have been cities which dying have left no sign, and whose influence when living was only that of dead weight. There have been country hamlets, single families, nay, individual men, worth more than a city full of trash. Intellectual and moral vitality, at least in the opinion of some, is of chief value. Chicago ought to be to the great North-west what Boston is to New England — a centre and fountain of intellectual and moral power. In its short history, this city has had a fair proportion of men and women who, have believed this doctrine and shown their faith by their works. Many of their enterprises have been arrested and destroyed by the fire.

The great rapidity with which the population here has been gathered, has rendered it impossible to provide means for the mind and heart commensurate with the demand, or equal to older cities of the same size. The public schools, admirable in their plan and actual character, yet left about a third of the children and youth without the means of public instruction. An inconsiderable proportion of the young men could withstand the temptations of the city and devote themselves to liberal study. Intemperance and vice destroyed thousands annually. The graduates of the high school were few compared with those of the same age sent

to houses of correction and the state prison. No city should boast of its schools so long as a single child is deprived of their privileges for want of ample public provision. Five large public school houses were destroyed. As dwellings arise — no matter what may be the expense — school houses should be built at once, adequate to accommodate all the children. Let them, if need be, be less costly, and let the experiment be tried, if necessary, of having two schools accommodated in the same room at different hours of the day; but let no children be doomed to ignorance for want of free tuition. The various private schools that perished will undoubtedly be speedily re-established, as the motives that created them abide, and will easily find means of organization.

The museums, galleries of art, and libraries, must start again from the bottom. They had really produced but little effect on the public mind. Churches and mission schools abounded in the burnt district, though not in so large numbers as in the older cities. The great London fire two hundred years ago, though spreading over less than a fourth as large a space, and destroying a smaller number of dwelling-houses, yet consumed about three times as many church edifices as the Chicago fire.

It would be uncharitable to undervalue what the advocates of education, sobriety and religion have done and are doing in Chicago. This would betray a cynicism based on ignorance or prejudice. The deficiencies result from the rapidity of its growth. In the rank crop which springs up in a single season, there is always a predominance of weeds. Careful and persevering culture alone matures the most valuable growths. Magnificent wholesale palaces, with their stone and iron fronts, spring out of the percentage of profits which the streams of wealth that roll through the city leave behind. They are not extraordinary monuments of the sagacity or courage of their builders,

any more than the tall corn of our prairies is an indication of extraordinary science and skill in our farmers. Why should not our capitalists build six or eight story stores and hotels of rock and iron? They are able, and obtain their reward in kind. But to found schools and museums and libraries and churches, and to use them according to the ideal of such institutions, implies patient thought and intellectual and moral culture, not necessarily engendered by a scramble for wealth or an ostentatious display of it. The Pilgrims built their meeting-house with their first dwellings. Chicago, if it has their spirit, while stores, hotels, breweries and saloons again arise, will give libraries, museums, schools and churches also a better resurrection.

The aggregate of the Roman Catholic

losses in churches and schools seems to have been a little short of \$1,500,000; and no mention is made of any insurance. The aggregate actual losses of the various Protestant denominations, after deducting all the insurance which will be received, is about \$1,500,000. The various denominations suffered not according to their relative strength in Chicago, but according to the property which they happened to have in the compact business part of the city and on the North Side. The Catholics lost their cathedral, several convents, and many of their best churches and schools. The Methodists also lost very heavily in their branch Book Concern, their Church Block—which was a business house embracing a free church building—and the property of Garrett Biblical Institute, and churches, in all amount-



UNITY AND NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES.

ing to not much less than half a million dollars. The Presbyterians also lost heavily in several elegant churches worth at least \$350,000. The Episcopalians lost about \$350,000, the Unitarians \$175,000, and the Universalists about \$80,000. The Baptists, fortunately, with their valuable University property and their best churches, escaped the fire, though their loss was not less than \$100,000. Others swell the aggregate to the sum above mentioned. Three millions of dollars devoted to religious uses swept out of existence in twenty-four hours! And this, too, contributed voluntarily by men and women now for the most part impoverished! Many of them now doubt whether they will ever again be able to make another donation for such a purpose.

Is not the church a solidarity? Is it not the mother of democracy and self government? Has not Christianity produced the marvellous sympathy and aid which came from all parts of the world before the flames had completed

their work, and continue to come in a steady stream? If not, it is somewhat marvellous that this aid comes only from Christendom, and that it makes such a liberal use of the pulpit and Christian press.

But shall Christians aid Chicago and not directly help the brotherhood to maintain the same cause which inspires them with charity? This might be deemed amiable; it could scarcely be called wise.

But we have no fear for the future of the schools and churches of Chicago. Even if left to themselves, with no aid from abroad, the half million of people that will soon fill these streets and dwell in this reconstructed metropolis will see to it that ample provision is made for intellectual and religious culture; but it will be accomplished slowly and with singular difficulties, and not without much serious loss, unless the community of Christendom proves in this emergency something more than an abstract theory or a vapid sentimentalism.

E. O. Haven.

INSTITUTIONS OF ART, SCIENCE, LITERATURE.

THE loss to Chicago in places of amusement, libraries, and art-galleries, both public and private, will be realized much more keenly in the future than at present. The public mind is just now too closely occupied with the computation and restoration of the material values of trade and commerce, to give much thought to æsthetic losses. These once regulated, the loss of the latter will make itself apparent. To make any computation of the number of books, pictures, statues, and articles of costly ornament destroyed, is simply impossible. It could only be accomplished by personal reports from every one of the thousands of sufferers who were driven from their homes in the South and North Divisions. An approximate idea, however,

may be formed, when it is considered that nearly 30,000 houses were burned, and that many of them, on the avenues of the South Division and on the lake front of the North Division, were among the most elegant in the city and occupied by citizens whose wealth and culture had combined in the accumulation of rare treasures of literature and art.

The chief places of amusement destroyed in the city were Crosby's Opera House, Hooley's Opera House, McVicker's Theatre, the Dearborn Theatre, and Wood's Museum. The last four had just been re-fitted and re-ornamented, and opened for the regular fall season; while Crosby's Opera House was to have been opened on Monday evening, October 9th, the second night

of the fire, by the well-known Theodore Thomas' Orchestral Combination. During the winter of 1870, Mr. Crosby had hesitated for some time whether to continue in the amusement business, and had even employed his architect to draw plans for changing the auditorium into commercial offices. The persuasion of friends, however, and the brilliant operatic and otherwise musical prospects for the season of 1871-'72, induced him to abandon the idea of change. Early in the summer the house was closed and the work of adornment commenced. Eighty thousand dollars were expended in seating, upholstery, frescoing, painting, and gilding, in luxurious carpets, superb bronzes, and costly mirrors. It was finished on Saturday, October 7th; and when, on Sunday evening, October 8th — only an hour or two before the fire commenced — the house was lit up that its effect might be seen under gas-light, not one of the few who were present but pronounced it to be the most gorgeous auditorium in America. A few hours after, when Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra arrived, a pile of smoking bricks, stones, and iron, strewn in wild confusion, was all that was left of this beautiful temple of art. It was formally dedicated to art in April, 1865; and during the six years of its existence had been the *locus in quo* of some of the most memorable seasons of English, French, German, and Italian opera, Chicago ever enjoyed. It were useless now to consider what we should have enjoyed in that brilliant auditorium, the nights of Nilsson and Parepa and Thomas and the long array of concerts during the coming winter; but the memories of the past will always be pleasant.

McVicker's Theatre had also been not only ornamented anew, but completely remodelled. Nothing remained of the old theatre but the outside walls, and these were raised an additional story by means of a lofty Mansard roof. The entire interior of the theatre was removed, and a new one sub-

stituted upon an entirely different model. There are other theatres in the country more brilliant, but in point of ventilation, acoustics, sight, and general convenience, and especially in the mechanical workings of the stage, it was superior to all. It had been in operation but a few weeks when the fire occurred, having opened to "stock business" in the most successful manner. Mr. Jefferson (Rip Van Winkle) was to have commenced a season on October 9th, and, like Mr. Thomas, arrived here just in time to witness the destruction of the theatre.

Hooley's Opera House, as our readers will remember, was constructed by remodelling the old Bryan Hall, which, prior to the erection of Farwell Hall, and after Metropolitan Hall had gone into disuse, was the *locale* of nearly all the concerts in the city — notably those of the Philharmonic Society, which for many years were the fashionable rage. The building was in no respect an opera house, although, like many others in the country, it had been dignified with this high-sounding name. Mr. Hooley, a gentleman of taste, and great wealth, much of which had been acquired in the business of Ethiopian minstrelsy, purchased the Bryan Hall property and converted it into a theatre, which, during the first year of its existence, was devoted to burnt-cork minstrelsy. Chicago, however, could not support two places of this kind; and during the summer, the house was refitted, the stage enlarged and thoroughly equipped with scenic and mechanical appliances, and in September it was regularly opened as a comedy theatre, under the management of Mr. Frank Aiken, who, a month or two later, associated with himself Mr. Frank Lawlor, and leased the building for five years. It had been in operation but a few weeks when the fire swept it away.

Unlike Hooley's Opera House, the Dearborn Theatre first opened as a dramatic house, under the management of Mr. Frank Aiken, who after a few

months took the management of Wood's Museum. The Dearborn then changed colors, and was, up to the time of its destruction, known as the home of the Dearborn Minstrels, under the management of Messrs. Brant & Van Fleet. It was the most elegant minstrel hall in the United States, and possessed what none other can boast—a thoroughly appointed theatrical stage, capable of bringing out the most elaborate scenic spectacles.

Wood's Museum—which combined the attractions of a theatrical stage and curiosity department—was one of the old established institutions of the city. During its long existence, it had met with many vicissitudes, and was rapidly going from worse to worse under different managers, when Colonel Wood, who for many years had been associated with Barnum, and was a master of the "outs and ins" of "show business," assumed the management, and for many years carried it on prosperously. Two or three years since, he retired to his large stock farm at Adrian, Michigan; and Mr. Aiken, to whom we have already alluded, took the management, under a lease from Judge Fuller. It did not succeed, however, under the new management, and Mr. Aiken retired. Once more Colonel Wood was induced to step in. He completely refitted it, enlarged the Curiosity Department, and had just opened with an entirely new theatrical company under the management of Mr. J. S. Langrishe, when it was burned. The Curiosity Department, although large, possessed little of real value. The paintings were, without exception, worthless daubs. The geological cabinet was small; also the cabinet of shells. The collection of birds and insects, however, which formerly belonged to the old St. Louis Museum, was a very choice one; and in addition to these the Museum was in possession of the monstrous saurian unearthed in Alabama some years ago by Dr. Koch.

In addition to these regularly organized places of amusement, three public

halls were burned in the South Division—Farwell, Metropolitan, and Crosby's Music Hall; and Uhlich's and North Market Halls, and the German House, in the North Division. Of these, Farwell Hall—the home of the Young Men's Christian Association—was the largest and much the most elaborate. Its seating capacity was for 3,200 persons; and its adornments were of the most elegant description. Metropolitan Hall, latterly known as Library Hall, was an old structure, and was mostly used for lectures and the meetings of the Young Men's Library Association. The Music Hall was on the State Street side of the Crosby Opera House property, and was a sort of tender to that house, taking the smaller concerts and now and then billiard and sparring matches, which were somewhat undignified for a full-blown temple of art. Uhlich's and North Market Halls were both small, and were the respective homes of the Germania and Concordia Mænnerchors, before these two organizations consolidated. The German House was known to but few Americans, but to the Germans it was specially dear as the home of the German drama. We had almost forgotten to mention the Turner Hall, the home of the North Side Turn-Vereins, and on Sabbath evenings devoted to Gambrinus and Polyhymnia in about equal parts.

To replace the opera houses, theatres, and halls, as they were before the fire, would probably involve an outlay of between two and three million dollars. Our managers, not a whit discouraged by their severe losses, are already preparing to build again. Mr. Crosby has decided to build an opera house again on the old site. Mr. Hooley will rebuild his theatre on Clark Street, commencing in the spring; and has also leased the Hadduck property on the northeast corner of Monroe Street and Wabash Avenue, where he will erect a grand opera house during another year. Mr. McVicker has also decided to rebuild his theatre on the old site. Col-

onel Wood has not yet decided upon anything definite. Messrs. Brant and Van Fleet will restore the Dearborn Theatre, although the site is not yet determined upon. As matters look at present, we shall have to skip one winter of amusements, contenting ourselves with our whist-packs and home pianos and social gatherings, and resume in the old places, in the winter of 1872-'73, with an appetite for amusements all the sharper for the long abstinence.

The principal public galleries of paintings were three in number, viz., the Opera House, Academy of Design, and Historical Society's collections. The paintings in the Opera House Gallery had remained without any important change as they were at the last annual reception in the winter of 1870. The most noted picture in the Gallery was Bierstadt's "Yo Semite Valley," the personal property of Mr. Albert Crosby, which had been in the Gallery many years and had become an old



THE TRIBUNE BUILDING.

familiar friend to every lover of art in the city. Nearly every picture in this collection was saved, through the energy of the Superintendent, Mr. Aitken; and they are now in Boston on exhibition as "relics" of the fire. The managers of the Academy of Design were not so fortunate. The Gallery was a large one, containing some two

hundred and fifty or three hundred pictures, nearly all of which were choice. Rothermel's large historical painting of the Battle of Gettysburg was on exhibition at the time of the fire, and was saved; also some pictures by Bierstadt and the Harts, and a large family group—painted by Mr. Pine, the Chicago artist. But a consid-

erable number were lost, as the artists had no means of carrying them away. The Academy included within its province not only the exhibition of works of art, but also the teaching of its principles and practice; and one of its schools, the Antique, had been most liberally provided, by the munificent liberality of Hon. J. Y. Scammon, with a superb collection of casts from the most celebrated antiques, selected in Rome, by Volk, the Sculptor. All of these were destroyed. The larger number of the artists of the city had studios in this building. Two or three of them succeeded in saving a few pictures, but the most of them were involved in the common ruin. The collection at the rooms of the Historical Society was known as the Healey Collection, and was composed, with the exception of Couture's masterly picture, "The Prodigal Son," of that eminent artist's works. It consisted mainly of portraits and groups, among them "Webster before the Senate replying to Hayne," "Franklin before the Court of France," portraits of Clay, Webster, Louis Phillippe, Marshal Soult, Miss Sneyd the English belle, Calhoun, and several portraits of the founders and officers of the Society.

Of the private galleries in the city, it is impossible to speak in any detail. Messrs. Scammon, Johnson, Arnold, Sheldon, McCagg, and others, had valuable collections which were irrecoverably lost. Among other works of art lost by Mr. McCagg, were Powers's fine Statue of Pocahontas and Healey's historical picture of the Hampton Roads Conference.

The principal scientific institution of Chicago was the Academy of Sciences, situated on the South Side, and enclosed in walls supposed to be fire-proof. Within were contained the results of many expeditions in distant seas and distant lands. The large collection of Invertebrates, comprised in ten thousand alcoholic jars, each

jar containing from eight to ten specimens, made by Wilkes, Ringold, and other navigators, originally consigned to the custody of the Smithsonian Institution, but transferred here for study and elucidation by Dr. Stimpson; his own MSS., prepared for publication, and illustrated by numerous drawings and engravings, descriptive of the fauna of the Japan Expedition; the Cooper collection of shells, one of the best in the country, and purchased by Mr. George Walker; the library of conchology, embracing the best works on that science, also secured by the munificence of the same individual; the collection of the game birds of America, made by the Audubon Club, together with a copy of Audubon's magnificently illustrated work; an almost complete collection of the mammals and birds of the continent and the most characteristic foreign specimens; two skeletons of the mastodon, besides the crania of many other extinct forms; a cabinet of minerals peculiarly rich in crystalline specimens, secured through the exertions of Mr. Chesbrough; a magnificent collection of Mexican antiquities, the gift of Mr. Scammon; a large collection of the implements of the mound-builders, together with an elaborate MS. by Colonel Foster, descriptive of the same; the collections of Robert Kennicott in the Arctic Regions, which served as the foundation of the Museum; the botanical collections of Dr. Scammon, made during his life-time, embracing many specimens of plants which now have nearly disappeared from their former habitats; the collections of Dr. Veille on the plains and in the mountains, embracing years of toil and active exploration;—these are among the treasures offered up in the great holocaust of fire

Chicago had no great public libraries, as compared with the libraries of New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities. The energies of her citizens, as in all young places, have been devoted to

the establishment of trade and commerce, the organization and equipment of railroad and steamboat lines, and the devising of means to conduct the exchanges of the vast Northwest with the seaboard. Material growth always comes first; and the luxuries of literature and art only follow after the accumulation of wealth, and result from culture, which in its turn results from the leisure which wealth gives.

And yet Chicago was not without libraries prior to the fire, which were accumulated for the public benefit. The Young Men's Library numbered 20,000 volumes, of a rather heterogeneous character, and principally noticeable for a complete set of the British Patent-Office Reports—which, by-the-bye, have proved, notwithstanding their importance to the mechanical classes, both a literary and financial elephant of the most unmanageable description. The only striking result of this rather costly gift from the English Government was the entail of a debt, which hung upon the Association like an incubus, and was tenderly handed down from one administration to another, constantly growing with the handling. But very few of the books were saved, and the salvage is scattered far and wide.

The library of the Historical Society was one of great historical value, and embraced 17,500 bound volumes, 145,000 pamphlets, a large collection of manuscripts, and several complete newspaper files. Incidentally we may state that the Society also possessed the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. The importance of this library cannot be too highly estimated. Its volumes represented the documentary history, not only of Chicago, but also of the Northwest; and what adds to the weight of the disaster is the fact that the largest part of this loss is total. It will be next to impossible to duplicate any considerable portion of it. Since the fire, the members of the Society have met and elected Rev. Wm. Barry,

who was its founder, their Secretary. His untiring skill and patient industry will undoubtedly do much towards the formation of another library, but it must be from small beginnings. It seems to us that it would be eminently proper, as soon as the Society has once more secured rooms, to seek first to restore as far as possible the history of Chicago. This may be accomplished in part by correspondence with similar institutions in other States, many of which may have duplicate copies of works pertaining to Chicago; by manuscript donations from our older settlers, covering their personal reminiscences; and by an urgent appeal to the public at large to donate whatever pamphlets, documents and books they may have, concerned with our history as a city. Above all, this one plan should be kept steadily in view for the present: viz., the restoration of the history of Chicago. To attempt the history of the Northwest or of the United States would only involve the members in useless expense and the library in chaotic confusion. The fire, by consuming a good deal of chaff, has given the Society a golden opportunity to establish a systematic library of reference.

The library of the Academy of Sciences numbered 5,000 volumes, devoted to the specialties of that association. The Young Men's Christian Association during the past two or three years had accumulated 10,000 volumes, mostly of a theological character. The Union Catholic Library, although commenced quite recently, numbered 5,000 volumes, mostly of a sectarian character. The Franklin Library, which pertained to the "Art preservative of arts," was organized two or three years since by a printer, and had already reached the handsome number of 3,000 volumes, many of which were exceedingly old and rare. Cobb's Library, on Washington Street near State, was a circulating library numbering about 5,000 volumes. Placing the libraries of smaller associations at 10,000 vol-

umes, we have in all a loss of over 100,000 volumes in our public libraries.

It is impossible to speak with any certainty of the loss of private libraries or the number of works destroyed. Horace White, Esq., the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, lost a valuable political library; likewise Hon. I. N. Arnold. Perry Smith, Geo. L. Dunlap, Obadiah Jackson, and numerous other residents of the North Division, lost large and valuable miscellaneous libraries. E. B. McCagg lost one of the finest philological libraries in the United States, and J. Y. Scammon one of the most extensive collections of Swedenborgian works in the country. When we consider that there is not a house in the city, whose occupants make any pretensions to taste, which did not have its library, large or small, and not a hovel so poor but that some book could be found in it, we can form some slight idea of the wide-spread destruction of literature in our homes alone. Fifteen or twenty clergymen were burned out, and their libraries in most cases were a total loss. The sanitary department has a list of nearly two hundred physicians who were burned out. Many, if not most, of these, lost their offices, instruments, and books; and Judge J. M. Wilson reckons the number of lawyers whose libraries were burned, at five hundred. It is probably a fair estimate to set the loss of theological, medical and law libraries alone at half a million dollars; while the accumulations in the bookstores would swell this amount into the millions.

It may be considered absurd to attempt to form any estimate of the number of books destroyed by the fire, but estimating moderately we should be inclined to think that it would reach between two and three millions—a literary holocaust compared with which the destruction of the Alexandrian and Strasburg libraries seems insignificant.

Readers of THE LAKESIDE will hardly need to be reminded of the number or the character of the great bookstores

of Chicago. The English press, in commenting upon the buildings, invariably speak of the stores of Booksellers' Row, on State Street, as the finest in the world. In convenience of arrangement, elegance of finish, and variety of stock, they were unrivalled. Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co., in addition to a full stock of the books of the day and educational works, had given much attention to books of a higher class; and their stock included many of the richly illustrated foreign works. Their loss in stock and fixtures was about \$225,000; of which about one-half is insured. The Western News Company dealt largely in newspapers and periodicals, and yet always kept on hand a large stock of the current books of the market. Their loss on stock was about \$200,000, on which there is an insurance of \$160,000. W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co., in addition to their large stock of books, always kept a full line of stationery. Their loss was about \$175,000; insured for \$130,000. Cobb, Andrews & Co. lost \$80,000, insurance \$66,000; Woodworth, Ainsworth & Co., \$8,000, insurance \$6,000; the agency of A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, \$40,000, insurance \$39,000; Hadley Brothers, \$75,000, insurance in full; and Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., \$15,000, fully insured.

The list of newspapers and magazine offices burned out is a formidable one. Not having a reference at hand, we append the list from memory:

DAILY PAPERS IN ENGLISH.—*Tribune*, *Times*, *Republican*, *Journal*, *Post*, and *Mail*.—6.

DAILIES AND WEEKLIES (foreign).—*Augustana*, *Union*, *Die Freie Presse*, *Fremad*, *Gamla och Nya*, *Staats Zeitung*, *Volks' Zeitung*, *Amerikanische Farmer*, *Missionaren*, *Nya Verden*, *Landwerth*, *Haus Freund*, *Die Deutsche Arbeiter*, *Catholische Wochenblatt*, *Svenska Amerikanaren*, *Tuxbruder*, *Skandinavien*, and *Westliche Unterhaltungs Blaater*.—19.

JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.—*Little Men*, *Young Pilot*, *Young Folks' Rural*, *Young Messenger*, *Bright Side*, *Our Boys*, *Little Corporal*, *Child's Paper*, *Child's World*, *Young Reaper*, *Amateur's Guide*, *Youth's Cabinet*, *Young Hero*, *Scholar*, and *Little Folks*.—15.

AGRICULTURAL.—*Western Rural and Prairie Farmer*.—2.

RELIGIOUS WEEKLIES.—Western Catholic, Sunday-School Helper, New Covenant, Interior, Catholic Weekly, Present Age, Choir, Northwestern Christian Advocate, Song Festival, Sunday-School Teacher, Lyceum Banner, Heavenly Tidings, Standard, Progress, Advance, Restitution, Religious-Philosophical Journal, and Bethel Banner.—18.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.—LAKESIDE MONTHLY, Arts, American Builder, Examiner, Bureau, Manford's Magazine, Chicago Magazine of Fashion, Congregational Review, Homeopathic Magazine, Medical Times, Journal of Microscopy, Lens, Art Review, Bench and Bar, Pharmacist, Medical Examiner, Mystic Star, and School Master.—18.

BUSINESS PERIODICALS.—Chicago Advertiser, Board of Trade Report, Chicago Collector, Commercial Bulletin, Commercial Express, Dry Goods Price List, Journal of Commerce, Railway Review, Railroad Gazette, Commercial Report and Market

Review, Northwestern Review, Real Estate and Building Journal, Chicago Ledger, Chicago Mercantile Journal, Insurance Chronicle, Detector, Land Owner, Spectator, Western Railway Guide, Rand & McNally's Railway Guide, Bryant & Chase's Review, and Druggists' Price Current.—22.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Bouquet Programme, Balance, Lorgnette, Chicago Democrat, Home Journal, Happy Hours, Legal News, Chicago Cynosure, Evening Lamp, Everybody's Paper, Gem of the West, Soldiers' Friend, Home Circle and Temperance Oracle, Life Boat, National Prohibitionist, Chicago Weekly, Family Circle, Herald, Independent, Mechanic and Inventor, National, People's Weekly, Reporter, Workingman's Advocate, Daily Law Record, Inside Track, Western Odd Fellow, and Voice of Masonry.—28.

Total number of publications burned out, 128.

G. P. Lpton.

PART V.—THE FUTURE.

WHAT REMAINS.

THE sensations of that committee of intelligent gentlemen from Boston, on their recent visit to our city, may be taken as representative. They trailed through the long avenues of ruin, saw a desolation so complete that neither shrub nor roof, and scarcely an exceptional wall, remained—three thousand acres sown with ashes; and their impression was frankly given that Chicago was blotted out, that there was no nucleus around which to build, that if ever reconstructed only the outside demand for a city must be consulted, for there was absolutely nothing left inside to justify restoration. Our ruins challenge such a verdict. A gentleman of large interests in the city invited them to drive with him. He conveyed them to Lake View, beyond Lincoln Park, and swept them over the broad expanse of the West Side, whose thoroughfares are crammed as though for a holiday. Their eyes picked up the magnificent churches,

the miles of homes of every order, the great lumber yards stretching far south and west, the Stock Yards with their clatter of hoofs and jostle of horns, the business pushing south along the avenues, past Douglas Place to the Boulevards, and they exclaimed, "You have no need of rebuilding. You have now standing one of the busiest, most populous cities of the nation." These counter impressions are inevitable. Desolation unprecedented, thrift unprecedented, destruction and useful power, lie side by side. The black patch is the blackest and the bright patch the brightest. Between live Chicago and dead Chicago there is no purgatorial mediation, no twilight of convalescence.

These sensations represent the feelings of the people. On Tuesday morning after the fire, all was lost. Today, to the sanguine, the opportunities afforded for improvement in reconstruction have made a gain of the loss. It

has been estimated that \$400,000,000 of property and 200,000 people were undisturbed in their residences. The vast lumber interest, on which we are to depend so largely for material, was unharmed. The packing houses, representatives of Chicago commerce, were not singed. The Stock Yards, marvels in extent and perfection, were left to serve the world's provision market. Only five of the grain elevators out of the seventeen which the city contained were destroyed.

Though more miles of sidewalk have been burned than would reach from the Lake to the Mississippi, yet twice that amount remains. The three tunnels, which mark an era in engineering skill, giving us connection with fresh water under the lake, and roadways that are fire-proof, uniting our three-sectioned city, are all intact. Highways, so long a desiderata of our rapid growth, with their accompanying sewerage, water, and gas, are without serious damage. The railways still point their unintermitting tide to this focus. The business which energy and capital have catered for throughout the West and Northwest, with hardly an exception remained true to its habit. The rivers are very few whose source and mouth you can transpose as our engineers did the Chicago River. It is a poor satisfaction that we have our ruins left, without ivy or owl or bat, as vieing with the curiosities of the world.

Fire chiefly destroyed material things, not character—though there were a few mental and moral shaving piles that burned up. That night, when the social and the civil framework were shattered, bloody riot and chaotic law-breaking did not seize our masses. Calmness, earnest resignation and heroism stood out to dignify destruction. Even fire is better than some emasculating corruption which saps the integrity of the inhabitants.

It is the champion fire. That stands in history. The best time upon record that fire ever made—

four and a half miles in eighteen hours. Chicago has not remaining the pusillanimity of having been slain by an insignificant catastrophe, but by a conflagration that would have prostrated London or New York. She has been reminded by a benevolence which is the most majestic feature of the age, that her commercial and social relations with the whole world still stand.

Like the bed of some mighty river suddenly licked dry, the fountain and the streamlets and the clouds remain. The channel is clear. All agencies are busy filling its banks again. The men remain—those selected for forty years, out of all the nations on the earth, as best fitted for this mercurial life. Compared with the laws that work to assort such an army, and the expense of pain and purse to root them here, the burned buildings are but rubbish and twopence. The only cities that are built of marble and mortar are cemeteries and mausoleums. A city means men and women.

How much folly and selfishness we have left, will be displayed in the scramble to locate official and business centres. It has been supposed that the government and municipal buildings were on wheels, and that the strongest team of selfish influence would determine their unloading. We trust that all greed so monstrous perished in the fire without insurance. Aside from one hypochondriac maiden whom the sudden fright restored, we have heard of no credits entered up to the fire of diseases cured. Our friend with the crutches did not lose his rheumatism with his supports, and the cough of our consumptive neighbor was better protected than were greenbacks in the safes. Fires would be useful if they would burn up only nuisances, diseases, weaknesses and wood. If that enemy of childhood could have caught the *fever* heat and *scarlet* color from the occasion, and made it a cremation, all infancy would have paid the insurance with a smile. The man who

dug down to find whether the mortgage was burned off with the buildings, discovered that mortgages are the only fire-proof structures you can place upon a lot.

All the bores and scolds, most of the drunkards and thieves, are slightly disarranged, but are eddying to their centres. It is singular that when society takes to itself wings and flies away, it will fly back and alight, like a migratory bird, in its old locality.

There remains as the delicate and permanent crystal precipitated by this

disaster, an exquisite and lustrous gratitude in every Chicago heart. Such a remnant is like a mountain clarified and chemicalized to a diamond. It shall be the jewel in the casket of the New Chicago. We confidently believe that in the records of the work of the "Relief and Aid Society" and of tributary and supplementary charities, a monument of system, judicious expenditure and integrity will be built, which will be a credit to the city and a model for the world.

William Alvin Bartlett.

NEW CHICAGO.

IN the opening paper of this number we have shown how forbidding was the aspect of the original site of Chicago, and what a series of public works were executed to make it one of the most attractive cities in the Union. So overpowering was the commercial necessity that here should be a great *entrepot*, that one would have been constructed, even if the ground had had to be reclaimed from Lake Michigan. The same causes which led to this wonderful development, still exist in full force. The resources of Chicago are but slightly impaired. Her geographical position is on the water-shed between two great systems of inland navigation, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, by which she can communicate with the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. The navigable waters of these river systems exceed 12,000 miles, and they afford a transportation which for cheapness can never be superceded by any artificial mode of conveyance. The differences of climate, soil, and products along the line of these two river systems, lie at the foundation of the extensive exchanges which must for all time be maintained between regions thus widely separated. Chicago is also

the centre of a network of railways which have cost not less than \$300,000,000. Not a mile of track will be abandoned in consequence of the fire; nor will their transporting capacity be in the least diminished. The proprietors of the great pineries of the North will continue to make use of this port for the sale and transfer of their immense cargoes of lumber so extensively used in the Mississippi Valley, and the beef and pork and breadstuffs of the West will still continue to accumulate here, preparatory to their distribution throughout the markets of the world. Some of our business men who wielded these vast interests, may be compelled to succumb to their misfortunes; but other men with other means will come in to take their places. Capital instinctively flows to the most profitable channels; it requires no legislation to direct it. When a vessel founders at sea, the waves close over her and the surface almost instantly assumes its wonted aspect. So the void created by this calamity will soon be filled by capital flowing in from other cities the world over. The great volume of commerce will continue to move in its accustomed channels. There will be found men

enough and means enough for all its requirements.

It is a singular fact in political economy, that a nation whose government is stable and whose laws are judicious and well administered, rapidly recovers from apparently overwhelming misfortune. The Northern States are far richer to-day than before the Rebellion. England rapidly recovered from the immense drain upon her resources during her continental wars, and for half a century has been the richest kingdom in Christendom; and France bears up wonderfully under the terrible defeats inflicted upon her by Prussia. Ten years, it is estimated, is sufficient for a nation to recuperate from the effects of the most desolating war; and five years, we predict, will be sufficient to obliterate from Chicago all traces of the Great Conflagration. Taught by this terrible example, her people will realize the necessity, for the first time in her history, of discarding inflammable materials in the construction of external walls. Without the enforcement of such a policy, insurance will demand exorbitant rates, capital will seek safer investments, and business men will live in constant dread of wide-spread con-

flagrations. It will be found that no policy could be adopted more fatal to the permanent prosperity of the city, than to allow the burnt district to be rebuilt in the same reckless and improvident manner as before the fire. If the greed of speculators, in this respect, overmasters the judicious public sentiment, let the authority of the Legislature be invoked. We have yet two considerable cities left—one on the South Side and one on the West; but both of them are liable to the same visitation which reduced to ashes the central portion and the Northern Division.

We believe, then, that in this contest—for it has already assumed that position—the judicious public sentiment will triumph; and instead of long streets of shanties, we shall have substantial tenements of brick and stone.

As the burnt districts of London, Moscow, and New York rose from their ashes more substantially built, more beautifully adorned, and better adapted to the wants of commerce, so will it be with the burnt district of Chicago. Already from out the depths of her desolation she proclaims as her motto—“RESURGAM.”

J. W. Foster.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

THE FIRES OF HISTORY.

VIEWED from the standpoint of the Chicago fire, the great fires of history are few and far between. The magnitude of the present calamity, in respect of area, value of property destroyed, number of people rendered homeless, and consequent extent of suffering entailed, is such that most of those conflagrations of the past which are deemed of sufficient importance to find a place upon the page of history are dwarfed by comparison. The situation of Chicago, its commercial importance, and intimate connection with all the great interests, not only of the West, but of the New World itself, render its destruction probably more noticeable and startling, and its results more widely felt, than those of any other similar calamity on record. Chicago was, and is, one of the wonders of the world. The unparalleled rapidity of its growth—springing in the brief space of thirty years from a mere hamlet to an immense commercial metropolis the third in size of the Union—has awakened the wonder and admiration of the world; spreading its fame to the remotest corner of civilized life, not only as the proudest manifestation of the concentration of all Anglo-Saxon energy and enterprise, but also as the shining type of the progress of the Nineteenth century. Hence its loss has aroused the sympathy of mankind to an extent unequalled in the annals of profane history, and rendered this awful 8th and 9th of October memorable for all time. Not even the Franco-German war has so marked this year of 1871 as the great Chicago fire, which henceforth creates a new starting point for the memories of the rising generation.

But, however the magnitude of this calamity may have dwarfed out of sight many of those which were heretofore considered among the great fires of the past, there are still left many ineffaceable spots upon the

tablets of history, where this most destructive of the elements has scorched its record upon the ages, here and there, at long intervals, marking in flame the story of human suffering wrought by man's destructiveness, Divine vengeance, or the inevitable accident common to all human affairs.

The earliest recorded fire is the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, the "cities of the plain," now slumbering eternally beneath the Dead Sea waters, a mark to all earthly generations of the wrath of an offended Deity. The burning of these cities, recorded only in Holy Writ, took place about the year 1897, B.C., and is only known as a great fact of the world's history, all the details being forever lost.

Sardis, the once famous capital of Lydia in Asia Minor, the residence of Crœsus of fabled wealth, the "Hyde" of Homer, and seat of one of the seven churches mentioned in the Book of Revelations, was burned by the Ionians and Athenians in the year 504, B. C., its destruction resulting in the famous wars of the Greeks and Persians, which culminated some twenty-four years later in the defeat of Xerxes the Great, whose chief motive for his Greek campaign is said to have been his indignation at the wanton destruction of this wealthy and beautiful city.

The next great flame of history which startled the ancient world, was the burning of the magnificent temple of Diana at Ephesus, in the year 356, B. C. This temple was one of the "Seven Wonders of the World." It was 425 feet in length and 220 feet high—its roof of cedar resting upon a marble entablature and supported by 128 columns, 60 feet in height, each the gift of a king. It contained an ivory statue of Diana, the master-pieces of the most eminent artists, and enormous wealth of ornamentation, chiefly of the precious metals. It was

fired by one Erostratus, otherwise unknown to fame, whose only motive for the act was expressed in his dying words, "A yearning for immortality"; an immortality of infamy which the deed secured in spite of Grecian enactments by which his countrymen strove to bury even his name in oblivion. As the flames of the temple ascended to heaven, a flaming scourge of humanity descended upon earth in the person of Alexander the Great, whose birth on that same night was heralded by the triumph of the fiery element, as the death of Napoleon was, in later years, by the war of the elements of the air.

Twenty-eight years later, in the year 328, B. C., this same Alexander, in a drunken frolic, and at the behest of a courtesan, fired the palace of Persepolis, which was consumed, with a large portion of the city, startling the world with horror at the results of the twin vices of drunkenness and sensuality.

Thus Divine vengeance destroyed the cities of the plain — human wrath and vengeance the piled wealth of Sardis — a foolish yearning for notoriety Diana's gorgeous temple, and wine and women the beautiful palace and city of Persepolis.

But none of these conflagrations so shook the world and so deeply burned their memory upon the pages of history, as did that of Rome in the year 69. This act has generally been attributed to Nero, in the tenth year of whose reign it occurred. By some historians, however, it was attributed to the Christians, and by others to a sect of so-called Galilaeans, followers of Judas the Gaulonite. The story of Nero's guilt, and of his "fiddling while Rome was burning," is now generally considered a myth, so unreliable and conflicting are the statements of historians; and the question of the authorship of the calamity is involved in doubt which can never be cleared away. The conflagration raged for eight days, totally destroying three of the fourteen districts of the city, and leaving only a few half-ruined houses standing in seven others, only four districts remaining unharmed. In this destruction perished an immense treasure of Greek and Roman art — trophies of their wars — and temples and costly palaces innumerable. Rome was then

but little past the zenith of her power and glory. The city must have contained a population of 2,000,000, and was crowded with the captured and imported wealth of all nations. She was then the metropolis of the world, and the total destruction of five-sevenths of her entire area must have involved incalculable loss and untold misery to her teeming population, though of the details of loss and suffering history preserves no record. The result of the fire, however, was in the end advantageous to the city itself, since it was immediately rebuilt in far better style, of more durable materials, and upon a more regular plan. Heeding the lesson of the conflagration, the Emperor prohibited the use of wood in its reconstruction.

The next year after the burning of Rome — in the year 70 — occurred the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in which the magnificent temple of the Jews, together with a large portion of the city, was given to the flames, in spite of the frantic efforts of Titus himself to stay the wanton destruction. The wealth of the city was enormous, and its size may be appreciated from the fact that, according to Josephus, 1,100,000 people perished in its siege and destruction. As almost the entire Jewish race was assembled in the city to celebrate the feast of unleavened bread when all egress was cut off by the besieging army, it may well be believed that the loss of life from the conflagration itself, aside from the slaughter by the Romans, must have been such as the world never saw before or since. Indeed the historian relates that 6,000 people, men, women, and children, were burned in a single building in which they had sought refuge.

In the year 642 was burned, by order of the Caliph Omar, the Alexandrian Library, the most enormous collection of books the world has ever seen, containing at one time, according to some writers 400,000, according to others 700,000 volumes. The Caliph's reason for its destruction was curious enough. "If," said he, "these Greek books agree with the Koran, they are useless; if not, they should be destroyed," — and accordingly, without stopping to settle the question, the torch was applied, and the stored wealth of classic lore, the work of

men's brains for ages, and which had consumed centuries in their collection, went up to heaven in smoke and flame, and in their destruction were forever lost the works of some of the world's greatest minds; and many an author of once towering fame, was by a single fire consigned to oblivion.

Descending to more modern times, we find the first really great fire on record to be that of London, in the year 1666. Like most large cities, London has had more than one contest with the fire fiend. In the year 61, it was burned by the Britons; in the years 893, 1077, 1086, 1132, and 1136, it was nearly consumed. At these times, however, it was but an inconsiderable city, its population in 1141 being only 40,000. The fire of 1666 broke out on September 3d, in a baker's shop, and owing to the narrow streets, wooden buildings, an extremely dry season, and a violent east wind blowing at the time, spread so rapidly that it resisted all efforts to extinguish it. Four days and nights it raged incessantly, and was only checked at last by the free use of gunpowder, blowing up whole blocks in the line of its path. Five-sixths of the entire city within the walls was destroyed, the conflagration extending over an area of more than 400 acres, and destroying 400 streets and 13,000 houses. King Charles II. and his brother the Duke of York—afterwards James II.—were on the scene in person, directing the efforts of the firemen, and doing yeoman's service in fighting the flames. In its incidents and results, this fire was more similar to that of Chicago than any other on record. The frightened people were driven in crowds from street to street, and from one refuge to another, families being separated, parents and children, husbands and wives, seeking each other in vain, and finally the whole panic-stricken multitude were driven to sleep in the fields beyond the city, in the midst of a shower of rain. The misery and suffering of rich and poor alike were immense. The public storehouses were thrown open, and thousands were fed by charity. Parliament immediately voted a levy of £1,800,000 to relieve the necessities of the suffering. And as in the present case, one of the first great questions which agitated the public mind was that of the titles to real estate, and Par-

liament was forced to appoint commissioners to decide all questions arising from the loss of deeds and records.

The results, however, as is generally the case in such calamities, was in the end beneficial. The city was, within four years, rebuilt in far better style. Wooden material, which before had been almost universally used in building, was now absolutely prohibited; the streets were made wider and more regular, and the whole plan of the city improved; and, best of all, the plague, which for centuries before had periodically ravaged the city, was thereafter unknown.

Constantinople, from its faulty construction and inflammable material, has so frequently been the victim of fire that a conflagration in that city rarely attracts the attention of the world. In 1778 and 1782 large portions of this city were consumed. In 1852, in a single night, seven fires destroyed 3,500 houses; and no longer ago than 1870 a great fire swept away 7,000 of its houses, entailing a loss of £25,000,000 or \$125,000,000 of our money; a loss which in magnitude approaches that of Chicago.

Next to the Great Fire of London, the most shining mark of flame upon the tablets of history was the burning of Moscow, startling as well by its own magnitude and extent of loss and suffering, as by its indirect consequence in the immense privation and loss of human life which it entailed upon the French army. Moscow was nearly consumed by fire in 1536, 1547, and again in 1571, when it was fired in the suburbs by the Tartars, and a large portion of the population perished in the flames. In 1611 it was again partly burnt by the Poles. Some idea of the magnitude of its last conflagration in 1812 may be obtained from the facts that it was then a city as large as Chicago, containing 4,000 stone and 8,000 wooden buildings, with a population of 300,000, and covering an area at that time larger than the city of London, being eight miles in diameter and twenty-four miles in circumference. It was built in four concentric circles, each surrounded by a strong wall. It was the capital and metropolis of the Russian Empire, crowded with the wealth, luxury, and refinement of the great Empire of the North. Prior to its evacua-

tion by the Russian army, its inhabitants were ruthlessly driven out, 100,000 of them to perish in the barren and inhospitable fields, in the most frightful suffering and privation. A long drought had prevailed. A tempest of wind sprang up the day before the fire, as if on purpose to aid in its destruction. The fire engines had been destroyed, and all means of extinguishing the flames cut off. The city was fired in five hundred places, and soon, in spite of the frantic efforts of the French soldiery, became an "ocean of flame." The scenes that transpired in its streets were too horrible for pen to depict. Thirty thousand of the Russian sick and wounded were burned to death, and Napoleon himself almost miraculously escaped. When at last the flame fiend departed, but 200 stone and 500 wooden buildings remained standing. The French army, which left the smoking ruins over 100,000 strong, was nearly annihilated in its retreat. Directly and indirectly, 200,000 human lives were sacrificed by this barbarous act of Rostopchin.

On May 5th, 1842, a fire broke out in the city of Hamburg, which raged for four days, destroying one-third of the entire city. And with this we close the record of the Old World.

On our own continent, the first conflagration of note, and the greatest before that of Chicago, was that of New York city in 1835, which swept the first ward east of Broadway and below Wall Street, destroying 648 stores, the Merchant's Exchange South Dutch Church, and property valued at over \$18,000,000.

On July 19th, 1845, New York was again visited by fire, which raged between Broadway, Exchange Place, Broad and Stone Streets, destroying \$5,000,000 worth of property.

In Charleston, S. C., on April 27th, 1838, 1,158 buildings were destroyed by fire, over an area of 145 acres.

Pittsburg was visited by flames on April 10th, 1845, her entire business quarter, to the extent of sixty acres and 1,000 buildings, being consumed, at a loss of \$5,000,000.

The same year two terrible fires occurred

in Quebec, at a month's interval, destroying in all 3,000 buildings and over \$8,000,000 worth of property, making a loss in that disastrous year of some \$18,000,000 in four conflagrations.

In September, 1848, some twenty-four acres of the city of Albany, containing over 300 buildings, were burned over, the loss being over \$3,000,000.

St. Louis, in July, 1849, lost 350 buildings, and property valued at \$3,000,000.

San Francisco, from its crowded construction and combustible materials, has been peculiarly subject to fires. Her greatest losses from this cause have been — on December 24th, 1849, \$1,000,000; May 4th, 1850, \$3,000,000; June 14th, 1850, \$3,000,000; May 2d, 1851, \$7,000,000, including 2,500 buildings; June 22d, 1851, \$2,000,000; making within eighteen months a total loss by fire of \$16,000,000, in a city of 30,000 inhabitants, or over \$500 for every living soul within her limits.

The greatest single calamity by fire, between the great fire of New York and that of Chicago, was the burning of Portland, Maine, on July 4th, 1866. This conflagration arose from so simple a matter as a fire-cracker in the hands of a careless boy. A gale of wind was blowing from the south, which carried the flames in spite of every effort, sweeping as with the besom of destruction a space a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in width, and destroying nearly one-half the city, including the business portions. Even gunpowder failed to check the flames, over fifty buildings being blown up in vain. The loss was estimated at over \$10,000,000. More than a quarter of the entire population of the city was rendered homeless, and thousands of them lived for weeks in tents and huts, supported by the contributions of money, food, and clothing which poured in from the other cities of the Union, to the value of half a million dollars. It may well be said that the Portland youngster's fire cracker was the costliest one ever fired in America. "Ten cents a bunch," is the usual price; but this one cracker cost Portland \$10,000,000.

Egbert Phelps.

SCIENCE OF THE NORTHWESTERN FIRES.

THE comprehensive plan of the "Fire proof" number of THE LAKESIDE would be scarcely complete without some reference to the effects of the great conflagration upon the general conditions of the Earth's surface, and the vegetable and animal forms that exist upon it. Of course such a topic could not be treated exhaustively within the limits of a magazine article; we simply propose to take a brief glance at the subject, and to close with an attempt to show the primary causes of the terrible phenomenon.

It will be necessary, however, in this discussion, to take in with the mind's eye a much larger area than that of the burned district in Chicago. The wholesale devastation of our fair city was but an item in the wide-spread ravages of the fire fiend during the first half of October, 1871. At the time the fairest portion of our city was being laid in ashes, the devouring flames were making havoc almost all over the United States of America. On that fatal night the fires were sweeping over the lumbering regions of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, laying bare many thousands of acres of timber land, and burning up every organic substance on a vast range of improved land in those States. And about the same time, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, California, Nevada, and the Rocky Mountain regions, were alike visited by destructive conflagrations. Many scores of thousands of people were rendered homeless, hundreds were killed, and the property accumulations of several years were ruthlessly swept out of existence.

In the chemical and meteorological changes evolved by these fires, the Chicago conflagration really acted but a subordinate part; though immense in itself, it was but small in proportion to the whole.

It is yet too early to make an accurate estimate of the area traversed by the fire in the forests of the Northwestern States. That can only be done after the whole ground has been re-surveyed. But the very lowest estimate we can make places

the amount of timbered land actually burned over, at not less than 480,000 acres, of which 200,000 acres are in Michigan. This is equal to 750 square miles of territory, containing the material that would yield a product of 1,800,000,000 feet of lumber for the market, or very nearly as much as Chicago has received during the past two years.

At least an equal extent of other than timbered land was burned over — including what are technically called "clearings," where the trees have been cut down, leaving vast quantities of combustible material, and many hundreds of farms, some of them a long way removed from the lumber regions. The total area of country burned over, wooded and open, cannot be less than one thousand square miles, and is probably very much more than that amount.

And this vast tract of country was completely denuded. The ordinary fire in the woods only burns up the brush, and the boughs of trees, leaving the trunks standing, with a mere char on the outside; they can still be utilized for lumber, provided they are cut down and thrown into the water before the well-known borer has a chance to attack them. But in the fires of last October a large proportion of the trees were burned through to the core, and fell to the ground, little better than attenuated sticks of charcoal. It was a *destroying* fire, that literally burned up, "root and branch," while the fences, hay, buildings, etc., on the farming lands were so completely licked up that not even the ashes were left to indicate the places where they had formerly existed.

It is manifestly impossible to tell exactly the quantities of wood, hay, straw, and other combustibles burned up in those fires. Could we do so, it would be easy to calculate the precise number of pounds of carbon set free in the process; because the science of Chemistry enables us to say, to an ounce, how much of each of the elements enters into the composition of a ton of any named material. Thus, we know that straw and dry pine wood each contain

thirty-eight per cent. of carbon, and hay nearly forty-one (40.73) per cent. But we can make a sufficiently close approximation to answer our present purpose. Taking the *minima* of estimated area of country as a basis, the writer has made a careful calculation from averages of the quantities of material destroyed on those areas, and has computed, in a similar way, the products of the combustion in the city of Chicago, with the following conclusions:

As a chemical result of this immense burning, we have not less than three million tons of carbon from the country, and three hundred thousand tons from the city, liberated from its union with other elements, and carried up into the air. Every three pounds of this would take up eight pounds of oxygen, forming eleven pounds of carbonic acid gas. Here we have an addition of twelve million tons of free carbonic acid gas to the quantity already existing in the atmosphere. Knowing as we do how much the conditions of animal and vegetable existence depend upon the constitution of the aerial envelope of our globe, it becomes important to ascertain the extent of disturbance from the normal state, produced by this phenomenon.

The quantity of carbonic acid gas normal to the atmosphere at the present day is estimated to be about one part in two thousand; the weight will, therefore, be a little less than twenty thousand million tons. Hence its proportion in the atmosphere has been increased by about one part in sixteen hundred. The total weight of atmospheric oxygen being a little over nine million million tons, its proportion has been decreased to the extent of nearly one part in a million. Accepting Liebig's estimate that the annual consumption of oxygen by the lower animals and by combustion is double the quantity consumed by human beings in breathing, we arrive at the astounding result that the oxygen taken up by the Northwestern fires was equal to the amount required to supply the consumption of ten months all over the globe.

So far as we are able to judge, the vegetable kingdom was intended by the Creator to act as an exact counterpoise to the animal world, the former returning to the atmosphere just as much oxygen as is taken by

the latter. This does not seem to be the case with carbon, the atmospheric proportion of which appears to have slowly decreased ever since the Carboniferous era. At that time the quantity of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere was probably three hundred times greater than now, holding in combination one-half of the oxygen, and forming fifteen to twenty per cent. of the total weight of the air (Brogniart estimates seven or eight per cent.). The amount of free carbonic acid gas has diminished, approximately, at the rate of about one part in five thousand each century since then. In this respect, therefore, the Northwestern fires have restored the atmospheric conditions of three hundred years ago.

A glance at the characteristics of the Carboniferous era will enable us to appreciate the importance of this fact. We know that if we replace eight per cent. of the oxygen in the atmosphere of the present day with an equal volume of carbonic acid gas, the mixture is alike fatal to animal life and to combustion. Even the lower orders of animal life could only exist when the atmosphere had been partially cleared of its superabundant carbon. And this was accomplished by the vegetable kingdom, which then flourished with a luxuriance of which we can form but a faint conception, though the immense coal deposits unearthed in the present century tell the tale of primeval vegetable growth proportionate in its exuberance to the abundant presence of the acid that formed its food. Further along the stream of time, many scores of thousands of years nearer to the commencement of our written history, when these gigantic ferns had done their work and fixed a large proportion of that carbon into the shape in which it is now utilized, animal existence became possible, and the same conditions that had previously ministered to immense vegetable forms now made possible the elimination of a mammoth bony framework to support the muscular tissues of animals, giant-like even as compared with the elephant of our own day. There is no doubt that the human race appeared upon the earth just as soon as human respiration became possible, neither can there be any doubt that the "first families" lived in what was a genuine "Garden of Eden" when

compared with the more sparse vegetation of the present epoch, or that the peculiar facility afforded to the formation of carbonate of lime justified the assertion of Holy Writ, that "There were giants in those days."

The abstraction of carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere is still progressing, though not so rapidly as in the days of yore. Its appropriation by the vitalized forms that exist upon the land surface is not a permanent loss, as all thus taken away from the general fund by the one, is restored by the compensating activities of another, or yielded up in the disintegration that follows the death of organic forms. But it is not so with life in the sea. The immense quantities of carbonic acid taken up in the secretion of the bony coverings of shell fish, mostly sink to the bottom of the ocean, where they lie forever undisturbed, except when upheaved by a *hypothalassic* volcano. At the immense depths to which they sink there is no wind, no current, but eternal stillness reigns, and not even the play of organic affinities finds room to operate; it is even more than the stillness of death, for there no disintegration follows the departure of the vital principle from its material encasement. The lower coral formations are subject to but little more disturbance.

These fishy processes diminish the amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere at the rate of about four million tons per century. The process is, however, counteracted to some extent by the tremendous activity of manufacturing fires within the past few years. Indeed, it is not improbable that the last named process will yet attain to such a magnitude as to form an effectual counterbalance to the secretory powers in the restoration of carbonic acid, though the compensation may not be effected without a decrease in the relative proportion of free oxygen in the atmosphere.

We see, then, that the Northwestern conflagrations have carried us back to nearly the same atmospheric conditions as those which existed three centuries ago. And this brings out another important thought. We see that in the history of the past, the elimination of carbonic acid from the atmosphere has been accompanied by a gradual development of animal life, and an

equally gradual retrocession of vegetable abundance. While the vegetable kingdom is less royal in its proportions than in the Carboniferous era, the immense interval between then and now has witnessed the upgrowth of all the animal orders above the reptilian, and the successive development of the highest order — man — from a state of savage ignorance to one of high intellectual culture and moral accountability. Knowing, as we do, the intimate physiological connection of the mental with the physical, in man's nature, and the almost abject dependence of that physical nature upon its surrounding conditions — except those of temperature — we can scarcely resist the thought that the progress of the race towards the highest limit of perfection attainable by humanity, has been retarded not less than three centuries, while we estimate that the commercial status of the city of Chicago has been set back barely four years, by the Great Conflagration.

Still another and even more startling idea suggests itself in this connection. What if these fires should be but one of a series of events, designed by the Great Ruler of the Universe, to prevent man from progressing too fast, or too far, in his forward march towards the perfection of knowledge, and of that power which knowledge confers upon its possessor? Our study of the history of the past teaches us nothing more forcibly than this one fact: that all the nations whose records grace prominently the historical page down to a few centuries ago, have reached an *ultimus* beyond which they could not pass, and have relapsed from that point into insignificance as powers and barbarism as peoples. Whether it were the red hand of war, the plague-spot, a change in the beaten track of commerce, or the upgrowth of a luxurious indolence that gnawed out the vitals of the nation, some cause has always operated to break down the power and even the intelligence of peoples. And the records of history show that this grand reversal has occurred at least twice all over the civilized world, while the analogies of reasoning tend to the same conclusion, with geological deductions, that the world as a whole is not exempt from the providential visitation which sweeps out of existence the accumulated

learning as well as the treasures of the past, and leaves the race to begin again at the foot of the ladder up which it had toiled so painfully before. If we may be allowed to represent absolute perfection by the rectilinear asymptote of the hyperbola, then the curve may be assumed as the path of humanity towards that perfection. If undisturbed the motion along the curve would never meet the line. But even this motion is not permitted to poor humanity, which, like the comet that attempts to describe the hyperbolic course, is ever and anon subject to perturbations that destroy the old orbit and force the wanderer to seek out a new path in the regions of space.

And, so, it is not impossible, that while the occurrence of the Northwestern fires has furnished to the atmosphere a superabundance of carbonic acid that will stimulate the vegetable world to increased activity to supply the place of that destroyed, the animal creation will retrogress, and man may fall back into the mental conditions of the Reformation period and reproduce the then exceptional intellectual splendors of Bacon and Shakespeare.

A recollection of the fact that large quantities of carbonic acid gas were generated by the fire, will enable us to understand how very many individuals dropped down dead near the scenes of the conflagration, and were afterwards found without the least trace of fire upon the clothing or person. We have already stated that eight per cent. of this gas in the atmosphere is fatal to life. It would be generated in fully this proportion in the neighborhood of the flames, and would thence spread slowly through the air over the whole surface of the earth. The amount of carbonic acid gas evolved by these fires would suffice to saturate the air in the locality to the height of nearly fifty yards from the ground.

But other and very important chemical changes were involved in these wide-spread conflagrations. Everyone has read, if he did not himself pass through the horrible experience, how the very air itself seemed full of fire, how the flames seemed to take giant leaps of many hundreds of yards, breaking out in points far away from the scenes of the general disaster, and how huge balloon masses of flame swept through

the sky, to descend and break like a burning (water) spout, licking up every vestige of human life and labor from open clearings to which many had fled as to a haven of safety. These undoubted facts have been ascribed to "electricity"—the agent to which every mystery is generally referred when we fail to assign any other cause. It is true that electric forces were vividly at work during that terrible turmoil of the elements; for we know that no chemical change can occur without the evolution of electrical energy. But the electricity, itself, was only a phenomenon, resulting from the formation of other chemical compounds than the one above referred to.

Immense quantities of water were licked up by the flames, both in city and country, and converted into superheated vapor. At this point the chemical affinities of its constituent gases for each other were overcome by the omnipresent carbon, three pounds of which combined with every pound weight of hydrogen to form what is known as light carburetted hydrogen, while the released oxygen combined with other portions of carbon to form carbonic acid. This carburetted hydrogen is the terror of the coal miner, forming explosive mixtures with the ordinary air of the coal pit. It is also known as marsh gas, being produced by the putrefaction of vegetable matter under water and mud. The volume of this gas was largely supplemented in the city by the coal gas that escaped from the retorts and the supply pipes. This was the material that, mingling with the ordinary air, changed it into a perfect atmosphere of fire, through which the intangible flames could leap, like the lightning flash, from one point to another far distant. Here was the substance of those mysterious balloon masses; they were aggregations of this gas which could not burn where they originated, owing to a lack of oxygen, which had been already sucked out from the air by the incandescent carbon. These masses swept along till they met with a sufficient quantity of fresh oxygen to satisfy their inanimate craving to be reduced back to carbonic acid and water. That condition fulfilled, the change was at once effected, and in the process the devastating flames were kindled afresh in hundreds of places so

far removed from the previous locality of the fire that it seemed as if the havoc could only have been wrought by the torch of the destroying angel.

And this hydrogenated atmosphere ministered to the further spread of the devouring element in still another way. The millions of blazing fire-brands that were borne mechanically on the wings of the gale would have died out in an ordinary condition of the atmosphere, before they fell. But after the fire had divorced large quantities of hydrogen from its aqueous matrimony, these brands met with fresh fuel in every yard of their course, and set on fire the hydrogen through which they passed, giving rise to lurid lines of light that resembled the path of a mammoth aerolite. Hence they bore the death warrant to thousands of structures that would have escaped if they had been evolved by a fire of ordinary magnitude. The burning missiles that fell thick and fast on the crib, two miles out in the lake, proved that they had come through an atmosphere highly charged with carburetted hydrogen.

Space will not permit a notice of all the chemical derangements produced by these fires. Among the more important of those not already mentioned is the formation of considerable quantities of ammonia, by the union of portions of this liberated hydrogen with the highly heated nitrogen of the atmosphere. Much of this ammonia will return to the soil to stimulate the growth of vegetable matter, and repair the waste. But no inconsiderable percentage of the whole united with carbon, to form the carbonates of ammonia, or became oxygenated, more slowly, evolving an abundance of nitric acid. The latter gave rise to the peculiar odor experienced after the fire, which was remarked by many as identical with that noticed after a severe thunder storm, and is now known to be due to the formation of nitric acid in the air.

The relative powers of the atomic and molecular affinities vary with a change in temperature—a fact which the writer discussed, two years ago, at considerable length, as revealing to us a glimpse of the constitution of matter. The chemist takes advantage of this, and fire has always been his most efficient aid in working out his

transformations of material substantives. Here we have the same agent operating on a gigantic scale, in the great laboratory of Nature, and working out results, the magnitude of which are almost too vast for contemplation. But this power acted equally in obedience to natural law when raging over hundreds of miles, as when manipulated in the chemist's furnace, and assumed the function of teacher even while laughing to scorn the puny efforts of man to control it. The fire has really taught us many valuable lessons, and not the least useful of these to our future welfare, is that conveying a knowledge of wonderful chemical changes, which when in progress perchance excited to wonder the far off inhabitants of the planets Venus and Mars.

We may refer briefly to the more local, but still extensive, effects of the fire, upon the meteorological conditions of the country devastated. It has long been regarded as axiomatic that the destruction of timber and the cultivation of the soil diminish the annual rain supply, and also produce changes in the temperature. This is not wholly true. The ploughing of the ground undoubtedly lessens the amount of water that drains into the rivers, but it is only because the loosening of the soil permits a greater proportion of the rainfall to soak in, instead of running off to feed the water courses. There is, however, the best of reason to believe that the presence or absence of trees has a great deal to do with the quantity of water that falls from the clouds, and so much that we may expect the denudation of so much timber land to be marked by a diminution of not less than two inches, or seven per cent. of the annual rainfall over a large section of the Northwest, while the yearly range of temperature will be widened fully five degrees, the thermometer registering two or three degrees higher in summer and lower in winter than heretofore.

We have already referred to the probability that these fires were part of a section in the Providential plan of earth government. While we cannot accept the doctrine that they were sent either as a punishment to the people of one section, or as a benefit to those of another, we must recognize them as links in the great chain of events, each of which is an effect of some

cause, and a producing cause of some subsequent effect. And the same philosophy teaches us that no effect can be greater than its cause, or combined causes. Hence it is absurd to look to the mere upsetting of a kerosene lamp in the city, or the emptying of burning tobacco from a laborer's pipe in the woods, as the efficient causes of these wide-spread disasters. These were the mere incitements — like the knocking of a chip from the shoulders of a man who is spoiling for a fight.

That Chicago was "favorably" situated and constructed for just such a fire, none will deny who remember that she presented a four-mile line of wooden buildings directly along the path of the southwest gale so common in this region. But the forests *per se*, presented no more unfavorable conditions than in years past; yet they, too, were licked up by the all-devouring flames.

The proximate cause of the conflagrations is found in the fact that the country was unusually dry. One and a half inches of rain fell in Chicago on the 3d of July, but from that date to the time of the fire, on the 9th of October, only two and a half inches fell, whereas the quantity falling in that time had averaged eight and three quarter inches in former years. The rainfall of the summer season was only twenty-eight and one-half per cent. of the average in Chicago; while in the lumber districts it was fully twenty per cent. less than even this parsimonious allowance from the clouds. Meanwhile a hot summer's sun had dried out every particle of the "water of crystallization," as the chemists will perhaps pardon us for calling it, and left the whole as dry as so much tinder. All that it wanted was an *opportunity* to burn, and that want was soon supplied. Thenceforward the fire and the gale had free course, "with none to let or hinder."

But this was evidently only a proximate cause. There was some other cause antecedent to this; we are long past the day when storms of wind or rain are regarded as mere accidents.

If the reader preserves an unburned copy of this magazine for August, 1870, he (or she) will find the cause set forth in an article headed "Sun Spots, and their Lessons." In that article we gave the following as the

consequences of the obscuration of a large part of the sun's visible surface by dark spots, which have been fully as numerous in 1871 as at the time that sketch was written:

First — A reduction of two degrees in the amount of heat supplied to the earth by the sun (to the whole globe of atmosphere, water, and land,) corresponding to the lessened area of calorifying sun surface. Second — A diminution in the amount of water taken up by the sun from ocean and land (principally from the sea), owing to the diminished evaporating power of the sun; and a decrease of fully four inches in the annual rainfall. Third — Greater sensible heat at many points on the land surface, and a very irregular register of temperature; because a large proportion of the heat supplied by the sun is rendered latent by the evaporation of the water that falls as rain upon the earth's surface. Fourth — An increase in the amount of chemical activity, both in combination and decomposition, a greater display of electric and magnetic phenomena (hence unusual irregularities in temperature); a more rapid growth of vegetation (but) partial crop failures, etc.

These articles were widely copied into the journals of the United States and of Europe, and received marked attention from the scientific men of the day. That every one of the deductions then made was accurately verified, not only in Chicago but all over the world, is now matter of history. Of course, local peculiarities of position, etc., caused many variations from the average; but, as applied to the whole globe, the theory has precisely agreed with the facts. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the very strongly marked deviations from the average rainfall, both the general deficiency and the excessive floods in some localities, have their general cause in the fact that a greater portion of the sun's disk has been obscured by black spots during 1870 and a part of 1871, than at any other time for a hundred years past.

The black patches on the face of the sun, too remote to be visible without the aid of a telescope, though sometimes covering several millions of square miles of its surface, have for some years been recognized by meteorologists as potential in pro-

ducing magnetic storms and auroral displays on the earth. It is but a step further in the same reasoning process to arrive at a point where we can look upon them as causes of greater change in the meteor-

ological conditions of our earth, and as influencing materially those circumstances on which its inhabitants depend for the conservation of the order of things under which they live and move.

Elias Colbert.

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE FIRE.

WE have space for only one set of economic considerations, that of the distribution of losses; and over this narrow field we must pass rapidly.

It is desirable to have some accurate estimate of the amount of loss in property burned up; but we must content ourselves for the present with an approximate estimate—perhaps we shall never have severely accurate tables; and for the purposes of this paper no figures are required. We omit our own calculations, remarking that the tables already published are a new proof that hyperbole is the favorite figure in the rhetoric of this great people.

The loss sustained by the destruction of houses, stores, machinery, goods, etc., is a *dead* loss; that is to say, it is labor consumed which must be replaced by other labor. In other words, this property must be restored by labor which would have been devoted to the production of new property. All the kinds of property enumerated were surplus earnings of industry, and other surplus earnings of industry must fill the place made empty.

The truth of this statement is disguised by the fact that there are losses not yet mentioned, which are in fact compensated by the beneficence of natural laws; such as rental values of houses burned, and other losses which are mere transfers of property. The burning of a bank-note is of the last character. The bank is so much richer, and the last holder of the note is so much poorer. Society at large is not a loser to the amount of one cent. Treasury notes burned in the Custom House are not even a loss of this personal character; for there is no transfer. The fire did for the Government what a prudent man does for himself when his notes come into his possession.

There are still other losses which are something worse than a dead loss; such as the public records, the scientific collections, the choice books, pictures, and heirlooms.

We confine our view, for obvious reasons, to that part of our losses, the smaller part probably, which has direct and plain relations with production, which can be replaced only by labor subtracted from advancing accumulation.

How else can it be replaced? Were the mechanics who rebuild our houses unemployed? Were there no uses for the lumber, iron, stone, brick, which compose the new city? It is believed that the proportion of unemployed labor and of unused materials is too small to be seriously considered. The apparent gain at these points is greater in appearance because we easily forget all the loss of activity in building in other cities and villages. Such labor as enters into houses has not been a drag in this country for a long time, and there was no reason to apprehend a glut of it when this calamity came. The rebuilding of Chicago will partially arrest building over a wide area, and the labor expended here to repair this loss will be subtracted from other production all over the nation.

Some minds, incapable of general observation, are struck by the concentration of industry upon one point; by the impetus given to those kinds of production which go to fill this fire-made void. But if there be no real loss, if the concentration be really new energy set going by the calamity, the matter ought to be capable of practical illustration. Burn down Mr. Smith's mill, and you will see, if Mr. Smith be enterprising, the same new activity about the ruins of the mill. But Mr. Smith knows perfectly well that he loses whatever it costs

him to restore his mill to its former condition. He really loses more; that is, the net earnings of his mill during the time occupied in rebuilding. In Chicago, I have supposed that *this* loss may be compensated in various ways; but it is a piece of mental weakness to deny that what is true in detail is true in general, that what belongs to each of the parts belongs to the whole.

The fire creates a vacuum which is filled by the inflow of surplus earnings of labor from other portions of the country, and the general level of wealth is by just so much reduced.

This loss is very cunningly distributed by natural laws, or their resultant, the machinery of civilization. In such a society as ours, no man's dead losses can be altogether his own. Taxes of many sorts will be shifted from him to others, and in most cases his neighbors will suffer even more directly.

In so far as a fire loss is covered by insurance, it has been distributed in advance by a very fine piece of social machinery. Fire insurance is one of the best implements of a thrifful civilization. It diminishes the shock of a great loss by diffusing it through a large body; it makes individual losses public ones by applying to their cure a cunning system of taxation. Fire insurance is not yet so perfected that *all* its obvious utilities are realized in such a case as the Chicago fire presents. It shares with other beneficent institutions in defects caused by the moral disorders of the world and the imperfect enlightenment of man kind.

In our case, too, especially humiliating defects of system and detail have been developed by our calamity. But it is no light thing that nearly one-fifth of our dead loss is taken up and distributed by the instrument called insurance. No other human contrivance does so much for us; and none performs its labor with so little strain upon the general welfare. Accumulations set apart for this very purpose furnish in most cases the sums paid to policy-holders, and large sums are drawn from England, so widely does insurance distribution range over the field of production. In a good system of insurance, a loss, however large, would draw upon accumulations. Dis-

tribution of losses by drafts upon current industry robs insurance of its chief value to society, and discounts its value to the sufferers by fire. For, to whatever extent such distribution disorders trade and industry, or puts strain upon them, he who receives the compensation receives less than his contract calls for—is involved in a general distress produced by the effort to relieve him and others. The large losses of a large fire—in so far as they can be provided for by a good system of insurance—ought to be covered by the sale of public evidences of indebtedness which have a steady value in the markets of the world, wherein the unexpected sale of a few millions of this kind of property involves no general confusion.

Some excuse for current failures is found in the indorsement given by public opinion to other and less safe systems; but it ought not to be possible to plead again that a *great* fire is very unusual. Insurance may just as well be sound, safe, and faithful to its engagements; nothing but a sprinkling of good sense is needed in the premises.

A much less pleasant form of distribution of such a loss as that caused by the Chicago fire is effected by *credit*. The ruined men are those who were in debt, and their creditors, scattered over a wide area, become victims of the catastrophe in Chicago. It is hoped that the catalogue of ruined men is a short one; but a good many will probably escape ruin by compounding with alarmed creditors. It would be a strange phenomenon if there were few men easy enough of conscience to maintain themselves in their old places by drafts upon the fears of their creditors. Instances of this artifice have become so common in some branches of trade as to discredit the trade itself.

In these cases the settlements are made so privately—secrecy being on one side a necessary part of the contract—that the nearest neighbors of the defaulting merchant never hear of the failure. Many a dry goods merchant pursues his trade for years, living in the best style of his town, leading in his church and in local benevolence, whose flowing phylacteries are kept in ample spread by periodical settlements, of a most private character, at New York

or Chicago, of accumulated debts for goods, at rates varying from twenty-five to fifty cents upon the dollar. It is probable that Chicago business morality—good according to the standards of the time—has not been found free from the stain of these shameful proceedings.

In other cases, creditors suffer losses with no diminution of honor to the debtor. He cannot pay, he has business ability and is a capitally good customer. Delays of payment enable him to proceed, and the creditor professes in all good form and all sincerity not to lose because he hopes to be paid; but he in reality parts with a portion of his capital to another man upon whose success in a new business the hope of repayment rests. It is a loan, and therefore honorable; it is a forced loan, compelled by certain business amenities, made at a direct and certain disadvantage, and therefore a loss borne, however cheerfully, by the creditor. All unexpected credits for new goods come under the same rule. The Eastern merchants impair their own facilities and means in order to maintain some of their Chicago customers. All points considered, this incident is creditable to trade in general; it refutes some theories of the hardening effects of commercial life upon human nature.

There are other forms of credit distribution which might, in a longer article, deserve special mention. The foregoing may render probably approximate our conjecture that ten millions of the Chicago losses are through credit shifted from the shoulders of direct sufferers by the fire.

It is in place to observe that in so far as capital is brought from abroad into Chicago, either in the form of goods or money, this *transfer* of capital is a means not only of distributing certain per cents of dead loss, but also for putting off for the time being the perception or realizing of loss at this point. This is of very great importance, because it is likely to disguise to ourselves the share which remains for us to bear. By new profits and savings we shall gradually extinguish these new debts, and by distributing our payments lose consciousness of our losses. The men who borrow and pay will not be deceived; but the delightful being who revels in "general aspects"

will duly report his impression that there has been no loss whatever, because the brave shows of prosperity go on—upon borrowed capital. Now it is no light thing, no small credit to civilization, that it is possible to distribute in this mode the losses of Chicago, those which remain for Chicago to pay. It is well too that Chicago has such munificence of opportunity and such energy of character, that she can pay large interests and principal too. "*We want only time*," on the lips of our business men, means much in its personal sense, more still in the deeper and wider significance which makes us believe it. An immense capital lies in the opportunities which open before us and the experience which we bring to our new work.

Still, it cannot come to good that we in any way disguise from ourselves that when all deductions are made a large per cent. of our loss falls on ourselves. Happy for us that we can pay it gradually; that credit tides us over the shoals and provides us with means to use our great advantages.

Charity has also proved in this instance a great distributor of losses. Its field is mainly that area of loss upon which we do not now venture: the rental values and the wages or profits of suspended industry. But Charity has turned political economist in this instance, and to some extent acts upon the area of dead loss.

The comfort of her laborers has been a just pride of Chicago. It was to be expected that the large hearts and clear heads of the Relief Committee should instinctively recur to that condition of health, independence, and hopefulness, which had been so marked a feature of humble life among us.

It seemed an inspiration of genius to seize the occasion to make Charity extend her healing offices in the direction of this same independent condition of labor. It was at once the cheapest charity and the wisest public economy, to aid the poor to rebuild some of those humble homes which in Chicago stand in the place of the tenement barracks of older cities. And to such extent as these restorations are promoted by the Relief Committee, Charity distributes the dead loss of this calamity over the world. Among the millions, this item will seem small in arithmetic; but is very large

in its relations to future production. A million of dollars so invested would be the banner million in a record of profits made up ten years from now. It will save families from pauperism and crime, and make them producers and consumers. It saves taxation, reduces claims upon benevolence, recreates workmen, makes markets for goods, and maintains a system of artisan life which is the most hopeful in the world.

We believe that the Relief Committee has never advocated any of the patent nostrums for curing labor of poverty and other wrongs; but it has in this movement done the one only scientific thing to be done in the premises. The laborer's best hold on good wages is in *habits of comfortable living*. To promote that, is worth more than a volume of eight-hour statutes, or a prairie full of international-labor-reform conventions.

It is too much forgotten that cost of production enters into the labor problem in an imperial form. The cost of maintaining laborers, as well as of growing them, is altogether a question of the modes and habits of living prevailing among the humble classes of a country. Wherever laborers are "raised" and subsist upon potatoes and cold water, labor will receive low wages; wages will certainly be higher whenever beef and coffee are substituted for potatoes. A laborer who grew in a straw-covered hovel, or one corner of a basement, and is growing a family in the same style, cannot be well paid. Nor can he be ill paid if he live in his own house and have a fair appreciation of the decencies of life. It works in two ways. The laborer can endure loss of a day now and then — perhaps has a bit of garden upon which he can lay out such a day — and such a laborer cannot be put upon any labor market for less money than good wages. It costs, to produce him, the capital for a high rate of wages, and it would cost that to supply his place.

Absentee ownership is also to some extent a distributor of these losses. The resident of another city who owned property burned in Chicago is in a position somewhat similar to that of a foreign insurance company. The entanglements and all other incidents of his loss fall upon other communities.

The railway companies and all other

corporations having non-resident stockholders also distribute losses which fall upon such corporations.

That form of distribution which is called *taxation* ought not to be overlooked. It is operative over the whole nation, in the Custom-House and other public property of the nation; over the State to a less extent, falling with most force upon the county, which is scarcely distinguishable from the city for this purpose. But benefits of an unexpected character result from city and county distribution of loss by taxation. Many suffer no loss and some gain by the fire. Taxation should be so modified as to throw all such losses as are repaired by local taxation upon those who *have* in place of those who *had* property.

These are by no means all the ways in which the loss by our fire is distributed. In the language of "The Nation," "it was not the savings of the people of Chicago only which were destroyed, but the savings of at least as many more, who never come within a thousand miles of it, and with their savings nearly everything that made life sweet. . . . The fortunes of the whole race are being so closely linked together by science that there is nobody, from the hod-carrier up to the millionaire, who may not, any morning, read in the paper news from the uttermost ends of the earth, depriving him of his fortune or his daily bread."

The political economist finds in such facts new reasons for hopefulness and also for apprehension. He is stimulated to increased confidence in the wholesomeness of the natural laws of society, to new fear of the consequences of their disobedience. We cannot forget that bad men, and careless good men, are not restrained from careless handling of great social concerns by the magnitude and range of the perils they thus invite; and when fools abound it is not cheerful to feel that any one of them may put us all to grief by one careless action or one piece of negligence.

The effect of the sudden destruction of a great mart of wealth upon human energy, in increasing or lessening its quantity, or determining its direction, cannot be omitted from our survey. In one point of view, it seems probable that loss and gain are in

equilibrium. On one side we see men of some years disheartened and retired from productive exertion. On the other, we see places opened for younger men. Assuming that this energy must have taken the same direction, we have only personal and moral reasons for regret. But if we consider that the young men are forced by this event into trade, who would else have been forced into letters, art, science, one perceives in the persistency of the old direction of force an absolute loss and a new danger. For, whatever retards the natural movement to higher forms of energy, whatever arrests the progress of a society to a higher life, gives to the lower order of activities facility for crystallization and lessens the probability of a better life. If in a town composed of huts, an annual fire made it necessary to annually rebuild, the people could only be hut builders and hut-dwellers. If young men are demanded to produce grain and build houses, they cannot frequent colleges, libraries, or art studios. If all the income of Mr. Smith is required to furnish shelter and bread for his family, his daughters will be inadequately educated.

That general condition of social comfort which has been the general aim of our young civilization is in itself a good never to be despised or undervalued. That this fire subtracts in thousands of homes, not in Chicago alone, from this comfortable *status*, is by itself an evil not covered up because patiently borne. But it is a greater evil that, mixed up with these means of comfortable home life, there were accumulations intended for the education of young men and women. On a smaller scale the fire repeats the greatest of the burdens of the war by subtracting from the education of a generation.

It is not well for us to be taught in the school of pain, until it is true that we cannot learn in a better school. And therefore one may distrust the social effects of shocks given by this calamity to brave and noble men among us who are silent sufferers at home. One hears every day in soft accents of sympathetic friends, of this and that silver-haired merchant, public servant, or saint, on whose bounty the poor have fed,

by whose hands churches have risen out of the ground, through whose wisdom the city has been established on some of its permanent supports, from whom the fire took away not merely goods but all the forces whereby goods grew. Many a prop is gone from under the civilizing institutions that rose somewhat too slowly in Chicago.

It is not merely that these forces are gone, that some of the best of our hands are nerveless, and some of the warmest friends of charitable causes rendered helpless; the very mode of their paralysis is an evil, because sudden and undistributed as by ordinary death or failure in business, and because it has destroyed some of the procreant force of charity. Some celestial color will be missed from our life at the very time when—after the charity of our neighbors has ceased to flow this way—the greatest demand for public spirit will exist with the smallest supply.

It is painful to follow the lines of distribution over which this loss travels out over the land, and to mark everywhere the disproportionate burden thrown upon the nobler uses of life. Whatever educates, as books, newspapers, magazines, higher schools, and churches, suffer out of proportion because material wants are imperious. Just because we can hide here such a large proportion of our loss, we shall the sooner recover the shows of our prosperity; but it is a loss—this of education—which has no compensation, and torments the thoughtful spirit with painful apprehensions. The vast army of counter-jumpers, bartenders, and political bummers, is recruited from among the imperfectly educated young men—the young men who have neither book learning nor trades, and want all forms of discipline and culture.

To know a danger is to avoid it. The press and the pulpit have it in their power to greatly decrease the impending evils of diminished benevolence and education. These great lights and forces may, by giving special attention to this danger, prevent the excessive taxation of culture and charity to repair our loss. Of these we must lose much. Let our lamp-bearers see to it that we lose no more than we must.

D. H. Wheeler.

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TWENTY YEARS AGO;
A STORY OF REAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of Nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

CHAPTER I.

TREATS OF BUNTINGVILLE.

THERE is, or was, in the year 185—, a little village on a prairie west of the Father of Waters. We speak guardedly as to its actual existence to-day: for a Western town is subject to the law of mortality; and there are prairie Troys overgrown with prairie grass and dog-fennel, though no poet has sung the story of their fall. We say actual existence; for our town is down on the latest and best maps: but so, too, are three rival towns situated within a radius of three miles around it,—towns that long since died of inanition. Historian they had not, or poet, to invest their transit into forgetfulness with the charms of romance, the loves of Helens, or the valor of heroes. But they perished at the hands of valiant land and lot speculators, on the general commercial principles which blotted Carthage and Troy from the maps of Greece and Rome.

The village whereof we speak was a young and promising fact in 185—. It was young—just born you might say—and was sprawled out carelessly over

an eminence rising from the general level of the prairie. This elevation was of so peculiar a character, especially viewed from the south, that the passing traveller could think of nothing whereunto to liken it but a hog's back; and by this title the spot was known before its baptism with the name which stands at the head of this chapter. At what would be known in common speech as the "rump" of this back, there was a dirty stream, bordered on the other side by a dirty marsh. The traveller who entered the town on that side—and all who saw it for the first time came that way—crossed this brook by a corduroy bridge, and mounted the steep ascent into the town. If the traveller were at all fanciful, as he approached the bridge he would have before him the figure of a lusty porker rising out of the brook where he had been bathing, elevated upon his fore-paws, the other pair being concealed under his body. And a very imaginative traveller might almost expect the animal to lift himself from his half-recumbent posture and toss the traveller and his "accidents" back into the stream.

Having mounted the steep ascent — so steep that empty carriages could scarcely be dragged up it — on a narrow and rough road lying between two deep ditches dug in the soft soil by the summer rains, our traveller would enter a narrow street running along the crest of the hill and lined on either side with a row of houses. His first impression here would be that the street found it very difficult to avoid falling off the crest, and that it sustained a perpetual war for its very existence with the houses on either side. You saw fresh battle-grounds at nearly every building. Here was a log cabin holding its ground against the invader, a fortress unsubdued and impregnable. Here again was a pine or linn* shanty which meekly retreated to the greatest possible distance, and hung trembling on the verge of the abrupt descent.

We have unconsciously adopted the language of the town itself in the word "houses." In point of exact literalness, these buildings were shanties and log cabins; but it would not have been quite safe to call them such in the presence of their inhabitants. For, as will more fully appear hereafter in the progress of this story, public opinion was powerful, and held that self-preservation is the first law of nature. To have called their tenements shanties and log cabins would have been suicidal in the people, and why should they allow others a liberty of speech which they did not use for themselves? Certain that our town is now either numbered among the dead, or sufficiently advanced in years to have put away childish things, we venture to tell the exact truth.

These shanties and log cabins were remarkably thick, huddled together upon the very brow of the hill, like a flock of frightened sheep that, having reached a precipice in a retreat from some invisible foe, had turned to face the intruder in the courage of necessity.

* This corruption of linden — name of a plant of the genus *Tilia* — is in common use in many parts of the West. See names of groves, towns, and counties on any complete map of Missouri, Iowa, and Kansas.

Not that they were very numerous; a generous estimate would give forty tenements in this part of the town. An advance of fifty rods brought you to a cross-road, or more strictly to a main road crossing the one you were pursuing. This crossing of two principal lines of highway gave you the theory of the town's location on this sharp point of an ugly hill. It was a grand junction of two United States roads which had been laid out some years before, and which in theory ran straight over the crest at right-angles to each other. But no sensible Western teamster drives over a hill when he can as well go around it; and dog-fennel reigned supreme over that part of each road which passed directly through the town.

Only two years before, the man who owned this precious spot of ground had discovered his goodly heritage in having the junction on his premises. The town was "laid out," and people who had a sublime faith in the future grading of the hill, and the immense advantages of a town situated at the imaginary junction of two important stage lines, had bought the lots and built the houses.

A man reasoning without the bias of a desire to sell the lots, or, having bought, to save himself by persuading others to buy too, would probably have calculated the possibility of grading down the hill to the condition of a road, without undermining the houses, and pitching them all pell-mell to the bottom. This sagacious reflection was prevented in our village by the brotherly practice which prevailed of relieving the newly-arrived settler of the trouble of doing any thinking for himself during the first week of his stay. In that time he had purchased, or, to use the phrase of the town itself, "invested," and he could think as he pleased after that. No danger that he should now blab unpleasant reflections. He "had his foot in it"; and it was a case in which the only method of self-extrication seemed to be the getting as many

other feet as possible into the same trap.

If many a man found the "old settlers" more brotherly, hospitable, communicative, and good-natured generally, the first week than afterwards, it should not be a reproach to the village. A man with a lot to sell is naturally more obliging than the same man after he has sold it, just as a man with a few yards of calico may be sweet as an angel behind his counter, and crusty as a bachelor of sixty when his stock is sold out. It is the old story of before and after election; and must be referred to the general principle that there is a good deal of human nature in folks.

However, the neglect of this thinking for themselves before perching on the crest of the hill, had already cost some of them dearly, and that, too, without the corresponding advantages. It came about on this wise:

It is the practice in all new counties, indeed in some pretty old ones, in the United States, to "work the roads" on the "bec" system. The farmers and mechanics were turned out in our village on this free and easy principle. There was annually elected by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens an officer whose business it was to supervise the road building and repairing. These persons seldom possessed as much knowledge of the science of engineering as a military graduate, and their efforts were not always marked by beneficent results. The "supervisor" in this case had rationally concluded that the steep ascent was the worst portion of the road, and he gave it his exclusive attention. For three days, from ten to two o'clock—for road-working is understood to be on the four-hours rule—he ploughed and scraped up and down it with commendable energy. He lowered the crest by at least two feet, and proudly calculated that ten years of such progress would make the hill passable even for the stage. The next day it rained, as it is in the habit of raining

on the prairies, like mad, and when the inhabitants looked out of their cabins after the storm they found a deep ditch yawning beneath them. The water, rushing down the soft surface of the new road, had carried several feet of it into the stream. The hole in the bank was deeper; but the track was gone, and the ascent not a whit less abrupt than before the first levelling.

The supervisor now found it necessary to fill up in the centre of the ditch, and to make a track having two little furrows on each side to carry off the water. The next rain gave him two ditches instead of one, and successive rains enlarged them until two or three of the houses were undermined in front, and were propped up with long poles reaching to the bottom of the ditches.

The hill-side now assumed importance. Two battles raged over it. The first was the battle of the supervisor with the elements. He was in constant conflict with the water which persisted in encroaching on the road-way between the ditches. In his efforts to win the victory here, he forgot himself so far as to crowd the ditches into the bank on each side; and in these praiseworthy exertions to save his road at all hazards, he provoked the second battle, which was a lawsuit. One of the proprietors sued him for undermining his lot. The case was only cheated out of fame by popular indignation, which, at the next election, stripped the supervisor of his honors, and put them on the back of a man who concluded to retain them by the most approved method in politics—a masterly inactivity.

This policy would have succeeded capitally, if the elements had also adopted it. Unfortunately it continued to rain; the ditches grew wider, the lots of the freeholders shorter, and the roadway became entirely impassable.

The politic supervisor found himself in litigation for doing nothing, as his predecessor had for doing something. He made haste to resign, and com-

promised the suit, which sat badly on his stomach and disturbed his sleep o' nights.

After that a miraculous state of things supervened. Nobody wanted to be supervisor. It was not a magnanimous surrender of the honors of office — that self-abnegation most meritorious in a spread-eagle citizen, because it is rarest — but a wholesome fear of lawsuits. It was now clear that the water would have its own way in spite of supervisors, and that the unlucky citizen who wore that title was equally in jeopardy whether he labored or was idle.

For two years the office remained vacant, except for four or five days after the annual election. The most unpopular citizen had the honor thrust upon him at the town meetings, and regularly relieved himself by resigning and paying a prescribed fine.

The road remained a ditch, enlarging with every violent rain or spring thaw.

At the epoch of this story, a new citizen had accepted the office; and, by introducing some ideas in engineering quite novel in that region, and which involved a rather free use of stone and timber, he had rendered the roadway passable; but nobody travelled it unless on horseback or with an empty buggy.

At the highway junction to which the town owed its being, there was a hotel on one corner, a blacksmith's shop on another, and a "store" on each of the remaining two. The hotel had also a store in the front side, and over a very small door displayed in very large letters — WESTERN EMPORIUM.

Still ascending the hill, you passed a cooper's shop and two log cabins on one side of the street, faced by empty lots on the other side, and found yourself no longer cooped up in a street, but at liberty to range "at your own sweet will" wherever you would.

Looking around, you discovered that the back had broadened out of all resemblance to that domestic animal

whose image confronted you at the bridge; expanded indeed into a plateau gently ascending till it ended in a beautiful grove bounding it "on the sides of the North."

"Why did you not build your town up here?"

"Well, you see, Stranger, the roads cross down there, and the roads make the town. But you see, sir, the town is travelling that way now. We call that the new town up there."

And in fact the young town — so young that if it had been a baby the most discriminating of wet-nurses could not have discovered a resemblance to its father — was disporting itself over the beautiful plateau, in those agricultural freaks and architectural fancies which young prairie towns do most affect.

These juvenile feats were so diffused over the plateau and its sides, and such magnificent spaces intervened between the "residences of the citizens," that you thought of a figure then common in the West, and compared the patches of village to the patches of down on the chin of some stripling just blossoming for the razor.

Whoever took a practical view of this phenomenon would have reasoned that as land was plenty and cheap on this far frontier, there was small need to crowd its people, and that some large-hearted proprietor had generously ordained large homesteads and broad avenues. To one having some acquaintance with Western town proprietors, such a theory would have been impossible; but very verdant people travel West, and are "taken in" by worse mistakes than I have supposed above. Whoever had looked rather carefully at the vacant portions of the plateau, would have discovered small, dark objects rising here and there above the grass that covered the surface. These, on careful examination, were found to be stakes marking the metes and bounds of future freeholds. These guardians of *meum et tuum* were frightfully close together; one stumbled over

them incessantly. A minute inspection revealed that they bounded parallelograms of uniform size, which by exact measurement proved to be four rods wide and eight rods deep, beginning always from the centre of the street. This was the space allowed for a home on this vast prairie.

If it be true—as we partly believe—that the broad landscapes of the West expand the souls of its dwellers, it is very certain that its town proprietors do not illustrate it.

The reason for thus stinting the citizens in their supply of land, related wholly to the breeches' pocket of the proprietors. The expected settler would not be wealthy; would probably be poor. He could not be expected to pay an average of more than one hundred dollars per lot, and this he would pay irrespective of its size; for he must have a place to erect his home. The problem was to get the *maximum* of money for the *minimum* of land. If an acre was allotted to each settler, the acre yielded but one hundred dollars; if each man got but a fourth of the acre, each acre produced four hundred dollars. So much of arithmetic was possessed by the most illiterate proprietor, and hence his solution: Four rods by eight, streets and alleys included.

This fact being of universal application, no reader shall guess from this account what youthful city sat for our picture.

It is time the name of our village got place in this history. It gloried in the title of Buntingville. The appellation will not be ambiguous to any reader of elevated sentiments, but lest some of the other class might peruse these pages and fall into an error, and, in legislative phrase, "for other purposes," the author feels bound, as the town-proprietor often did, to explain the origin and meaning of Buntingville, and how it came to have a double import.

We are a patriotic people. The names of our towns proclaim it; our baptismal registers, college catalogues, and hotel journals confirm it; the tax-lists, poll-

books, and the ever-building monument to the Father of his Country, cumulate the evidence. Nearly every State and Territory has its cities, Washington, Jefferson, Mt. Vernon, and Jackson. We pass by the thousand, towns and counties that perpetuate the memory of less famous heroes. All honor to the public officer who called a county in Iowa BUNCOMBE.

Ten thousand citizens call themselves George Washington—Smith or Jones figuring as an appendage to the name, Christian and personal. In fact, when a president is born, or a general wins a battle or do n't win it, straightway all the innocent babies born into the world are condemned to stand as finger-boards of chronology, by taking the name of the reigning citizen or dominant military humbug. The ages of Smith's boys are computable from the presidential calendar; and the calendar can *vice versa* be constructed from the ages of Smith's boys.

The proprietor of Buntingville was no exception in his patriotism; rather he was a shining example of it. His family register counted four presidents, two generals, and two unsuccessful candidates for the presidency. This last fact originated in his overweening confidence in the success of his party, and his religious scruples about delaying the christening until after the election.

When fate thrust on him the onerous responsibility of christening a town which his interests and hopes agreed in representing as destined to a glorious future, he felt the importance of his position, and did his duty like a man. He must have a patriotic name, one in fact odorous with patriotism.

He canvassed the list of those usually employed, without satisfaction. A strange idea to be in the head of a town speculator was floundering about in his brain. He had a faint glimmer of light as to the cause of this cerebral disturbance, and insisted to the self-elected board of advisers, who were pressing the claims of the appellations

of the towns from which they had emigrated, that this child of the travail of his soul must not make its entry into society in old clothes; it should have a spick-and-span new dress.

A happy recollection came to him. He had heard 'Squire Windham, who had flourished in the town farther east, from which he had emigrated, toast the national ensign, on a fourth of July, as a glorious piece of bunting! and Buntingville was born of the remembrance. The appellation was given to the original plat of the town before its virgin soil had been darkened by a shanty. In some parts of our country it requires a four corners, two houses, and a blacksmith's shop to make a town; but on the prairies the "plat" is the essential point. Our proprietor had the plat in his pocket. On a fine May morning his own shanty "rose like an exhalation" on one of the parallelograms, and — *Buntingville was.*

When, afterwards, the inhabitants arrived and set up their cabins; when, later, houses began to dot the green-sward among the stakes, the name was often a puzzle to some of the illiterate denizens. They had all crossed the little stream on the corduroy bridge, climbed up the hill, and travelled along the crest till it lost itself in the prairie at the north end. The notion of the well-known domestic animal whose flesh makes "bacon" had become the alpha of their notions of Buntingville. Now one domestic animal readily suggests another domestic animal, especially when the association is assisted by a word of doubtful import. It came about, therefore, that the people who had not sat under the oily eloquence of 'Squire Windham, and who had very imperfect notions about the proper materials for a national banner, and had probably never heard of bunting as a species of the class cloth often put by metonymy for flag, inferred vaguely that the name of the town was historical, and referred to the favorite pastime of some ancient ram who had, by persevering use of his head and horns,

bunted himself into fame. In spite of the protests of the proprietor, the people hugged the delusion — standing at the corduroy bridges it was irresistible — all the people, from the boy who drove home his cows, to the citizen who wore broadcloth and kept a store, had confused notions of a hog rising out of the mud at the south end, to be butted victoriously by a ram rushing down from the north end of the town.

It is perhaps a little remarkable that this shadowy traditional hostility found its counterpart at a later period in the attitude of the two ends of the town toward each other.

When Buntingville grew to have two hundred inhabitants, it acquired its "west end." That is to say, the north end of the town was gratuitously dubbed by the other end "aristocratic and fashionable." This partly arose from the fact that an enterprising schoolmaster from Connecticut had opened an "Academy for boys and girls" in the said north end. Perhaps the very idea of an academy, as being something quite beyond a school, and altogether out of the range of poor country people, had a tendency to create distrust. However, the tangible proof of North End aristocracy was furnished in the fact that the wife and daughter of the schoolmaster wore fashionable bonnets and silk dresses. Now, the original inhabitants of Buntingville, who were the proper and rightful leaders of politics and fashions, held and believed that sun-bonnets and calico dresses were the only modest and religious thing, and that fashionable hats, delaine and silk dresses indicated total depravity.

When flowers blossomed on the hats of the innovators, and later still, when crinoline came in, the patience and piety of the south end were severely tried.

In the last case a prayer-meeting was held to invoke intervention and the expulsion of that abominable style of dress which obstructed the aisles of the log church and insulted the piety of the old settlers. The powers above not

coming to the rescue, and the youthful and sinful portion of Buntingville having adopted the impious fashions, open war was declared, and the "hooped" portion of the village was set off by itself as the fashionable aristocracy.

Thereafter the Buntingville Satan had his seat in the Academy, and was supposed to devote himself specially to the manufacture of "hoops." All this was to be sure a feminine war; but it was not on that account the less hotly waged, or the less fruitful of consequences. In time there were two churches in the village, both situated in the south end, and the North Enders, being unable to build a new church, were constrained to worship with the enemy. Hence, factions in the churches, and the split universal from the top to the bottom in Buntingville society into aristocracy and people. In matters of religion the contest was peculiarly lamentable. One party worshipped an anti-crinoline God, and the other a Deity sublimely indifferent to the subject.

An enthusiastic member of the former party, a zealous young man, was heard to pray quite fervently that the Lord would denude the women of the hoops without unnecessary delay. So bloody was the strife.

Even politics, which is said to make strange bedfellows, did not succeed in getting Northendians and Southendians into the same sleeping accommodations. The elections for constables and justices of the peace several times turned on the momentous question whether the wife of a candidate wore flowers in her bonnet, and had second plates at dinner, or conformed to the time-honored and unchangeable fashions of Buntingville. A noticeable feature of this strife was that the aggressive party prided themselves on being the old settlers. Their arrival in Buntingville was of an older date by from eighteen to thirty-six months than that of their neighbors at the North End; and this was deemed to give them a prescriptive right to rule Buntingville. We have had a style

of national politics resting on the same broad foundation, and cannot afford to sneer at these Western villagers. Be the principle right or wrong, the people lost nothing for lack of its vigorous assertion.

No occasion was suffered to pass—except the occasion of a new-comer's purchase of a lot—without a vindication of the rights of the old settlers against the meddlesome interference of these foreigners who had entered into the labors of the venerable town fathers.

CHAPTER II.

THE PEOPLE'S HOTEL.

This popular, and, as will hereafter appear, populous hotel, was located at the four corners, and constituted the commercial, hospitable, political, and social centre of Buntingville. The edifice was a frame building, covered without by linn clapboards which were unpainted and already rotting off, from two years exposure to sun and rain. Its shape was the ugliest possible variation of an irregular square. The height was two low stories, and its relation to the ground measurements was as is the height of an Ohio cheese to its periphery. Within, it was only partially plastered, and the not numerous windows did not glory in excess of light.

In the first story, the corner facing both streets was used for a "family store," as the inscription over one door indicated, and "Western Emporium," as the other declared. As the terms were apparently synonyms, it was popularly believed that emporium meant family store. Entering, you found the little room so cluttered and crowded with merchandise that you could with difficulty get a standing place. This state of things was not absolutely a necessity, but rather a manifestation of sagacity in the merchant. Country dealers are sometimes forced, by that gentle and seduc-

tive form of compulsion which woos them to "make money," to adopt little arts not known to more prosperous members of the commercial family. One of these consists in creating the impression that the dealer has an immense quantity of goods. In the case of the proprietor of the 'People's Hotel, having the goods was an impossibility for two good and sufficient reasons. In the first place, it would have been impossible to sell a large stock in Buntingville. In the second place, his credit was not large enough to cover the purchase. Still it was needful—and the necessity has some general relation to human nature—to create the impression that he kept an extensive assortment. This was not very difficult; for it is surprising how few articles dexterously bestowed may fill a Western country store. A natural aptitude for carelessness—a fortunate want of the bump of order—with a little art, did the business for our merchant landlord.

These goods were purchased "on time," who did a very extensive business with the prairies. They had originally been sold by a New York merchant to a Chicago house of doubtful solidity at a profit of one hundred per cent. with twelve months credit. Between Buntingville and Chicago, two other hundred per cent. profits had attached themselves to the goods, and all adhered with a tenacity which admits of no illustration, there being nothing so adhesive in the natural world. We can only suggest through allusions. A learned judge in endeavoring to illustrate the sticking qualities of a seaman's claim to his wages, says, "The sailor's wages are nailed to the last plank of the ship, and the last fragment of cargo."

In Buntingville, hundred per cent.'s were sewed into the threads of cotton cloth, and mixed into the substance of New Orleans sugar. Mrs. Smith put them on with her calico dress, and Mr. Smith stirred them into his coffee. The unpretending bale of goods which left

New York worth some tens of dollars, rose in importance as it moved westward, and it reached its final destination with a value of some hundreds securely pinned to its back.

This is an illustration of the rapid rise of property in the West which has been overlooked in most discourses on the subject. Such an irrefragable proof of the greatness of the country should no longer be passed over in silence.

Time was the great usurer in this instance, aided by credit, or rather by the absence of credit. The goods were sold in Buntingville also under the patronage of Time. The maturing of the accounts varied from six months to doomsday. In fact, all business in and about Buntingville was done on the "credit system." The approved method of settling claims and paying debts was that adopted by Micawber when he proudly passed his I. O. U. across the table to his young creditor. The Buntingville people improved on Micawber's plan by providing on the face of the note that it should draw ten per cent. interest per annum. The notes were paid at or after maturity by other notes which also drew ten per cent. interest. Nobody thought of paying debts in legal tender of the United States. Ten per cent. notes were the people's currency. We cannot pretend to say that the success of the scheme suggested greenbacks, but there are many points of resemblance.

The rest of the first floor of the People's Hotel was distributed between a parlor, a bar-room, a dining-room, and a kitchen. The parlor was a long, narrow, low room, uncarpeted, warmed by a square box-stove. In the bar-room, only cold water was served out to the thirsty. If, however, one were very thirsty, it was necessary to make a journey into the cellar, the people of Buntingville being temperance people with an extraordinary emphasis. The dining-room and kitchen watched over the production and consumption of very frugal meals, rendered wholesome by the tonic properties of prairie air.

The second story was devoted to sundry sleeping rooms provided with from two to six beds each. The rooms were otherwise scantily furnished, and were never redolent of that virtue which is next to godliness. Besides, truth forces me to the confession, these dormitories were always occupied. The innocent traveller who ventured on an effort to sleep in one of them found the ground pre-empted and stoutly defended against his attempt to "jump the claim." It was not altogether strange, then, that most travellers resting for the night departed betimes in the morning.

Mine host of the People's was a short, round, small-eyed, aldermanic personage. His little gray eyes were set in a broad expanse of fat face, light hair, and a non-committal nose. Like most other men who combine adipose tissue and hospitable functions, he was full of good humor, and a profound believer in the doctrines advanced by his guest. This last quality eminently fitted him for a politician, and he improved his talent with remarkable success.

At the epoch of our story he added to his titles of landlord and merchant, those of justice of the peace and representative to the legislature of his State. He was therefore a person of consequence in his town, and seldom forgot it or suffered his neighbors to relapse into obliviousness. We had almost forgotten his name — the Honorable Cornelius A. Fence. There are some titles in use in the West, the metes and bounds of whose proprieties are not very definitely settled. It is supposed that a man who has a wife and one *fac simile* is entitled to be called "Squire." But since the domestic felicities of a wayside acquaintance or a business correspondent may not be known to you, it is never safe to omit the title, and this necessity, or at least utility, of being on the safe side, has obliterated to a considerable degree the proper boundary of the application of the title. "Honorable" is generally

assumed with entering upon legislative or judicial functions. The "Honorable Judge" and the "Honorable Member" are sonorous and flattering, and they tend greatly to smooth the rugged asperities of conflicting interests in court, and conflicting opinions in the "halls of our country." Whether this title can be enjoyed by a "justice of the peace," or a member of a county board of supervisors, is a question of grave moment which was not definitely settled in Buntingville; and as our landlord had been the one, and was the other, his blushing honors crowded thickly upon him from all three of these offices. This affluence of honors proved the scarcity of men eminent for ability and self-sacrificing devotion to the public good in our prairie village. It is another evidence, too, that whether you be in honor or contempt "it never rains but it pours." Our landlord's case would be useful, too, for illustrating how for the approbation of a certain style of public opinion, negative virtues are a better endowment than positive: — it is of more importance not to offend, than successfully to serve.

Nearly every man has an outer integument of prejudices which it is dangerous to chafe. But sometimes in an Eastern country village, whole masses have the same moral *epidermis*. It is comparatively easy to shun contact with these common and almost universal prejudices. But a community made up by immigrations from nearly every State in the Union, each settler bringing the results of his peculiar education, is much more difficult to please and serve. If, then, in any community, a public man is likely to be unpopular in proportion to the amount of positive character he possesses, it is easy to see that in our prairie Buntingville any character whatever would sooner or later prove fatal to all aspirations after public position.

There was in our hotel a Madam Fence and a numerous crop of juvenile Fences. The latter, from incessant mobility, and similarity of age, per-

sonal appearance and dress, defied all attempt at numeration. Had you seen them profusely scattered through the house, barnyard, and street, you must have supposed that several families of emigrants were boarding with the landlord. They were everywhere, clambering over the boxes in the store, over the chairs in the parlor, over the beds up-stairs. They played on the platform before the door, on the woodpile in the back yard, on the hay-mow in the barn.

When you came to know that they were of "one blood"—Fences all—you involuntary thought that the far-seeing Squire had surmised that fences would be scarce on the timberless waste of prairie, and had amply provided for his personal needs; and chuckled over your wit.

Mrs. Fence was evidently a woman of great vigor; the number of her offspring, and the multitude of hospitable duties which she discharged, conclusively proved it. But from always having at least two babies—one *in transitu* and the other at the breast—and an indefinite number of "young ones" to provide for, she had no time for what ladies of infinite leisure call the toilet. In the morning she generally put on a loose calico robe, made to fit at all seasons, at least she always had it on when visible; but perhaps she never put it off at night. Certainly it was always the same, until that tendency to decay which is inherent in all human things, developed itself in so decided a form as to make a new dress necessary. She wasted no precious moments on her intensely auburn hair—in Buntingville it was called red, but auburn being the polite synonym, we conform to the proprieties. Her feet were generally clothed with virgin simplicity, on the principle that "when least adorned" they were supposed to be "adorned the most." As her husband dealt in stockings and shoes, and was not poor, this style of pedal ornamentation was either pure choice or the consequence of being

condemned to more labors than Hercules. A confirmation of this last supposition was afforded by the fact that on the Fourth of July, when Buntingville Hotel gave a grand dinner, Mrs. Fence concealed this portion of her charms in stockings and shoes.

A description of the People's Hotel would be incomplete without mention of "Dandy Jim," a negro who held the title of hostler, or, as he was usually called, "horseler"; but performed a great variety of labors. In fact, he was only excelled in industry by his mistress. In addition to the functions indicated by his title, he assisted Mrs. Fence in the capacity of a dry nurse, on occasion cooked in the kitchen, and always served at the table. As Buntingville had not yet reached the "barber-shop" period of advancement, Dandy Jim trimmed the locks and sometimes scraped the shaggy chins of the villagers.

In the winter, when customers were rare at the hotel, he cut and drew wood from the "timber" five miles away, and fed the swine and cattle of his master. His name had been given to him—I refer to the descriptive part of it—on the rule of contraries which prevails in slang speech all over the world. A more slouching, ill-favored, and shabby negro never was seen than Dandy Jim. He boasted that his blood was pure black—wine without water in it—and his features had all the exaggerations of the type. He was of medium height, stout, and slouched in his gait. Most children ran from his presence at the first interview, and delicate women could not, they averred, endure the sight of him. The world had gone hard with him, as with most of his race; and he had two years before left his "kind master" in Missouri with his back indelibly stamped with the tokens of patriarchal affection. Since his escape from that form of tenderness he had loved nobody and nobody had loved him. He slept in the barn of the hotel like the dogs of his new master, and ostensibly for the

same purpose—the safety of the horses. In a community of free citizens he was the only person whom it was safe to kick, and on him fell all this class of exercises, which are, by the way, as natural, to say the least, as the love of dancing. That he was sullen, silent, and apparently utterly stupid, was not, therefore, in the least remarkable.

The Squire had picked him up at the State capital, during a winter session of the Legislature, and he kept him on political principles. Dandy Jim in his house was a convenient political platform, from which he readily jumped, when it seemed desirable to do so, by alleging motives of humanity, and by asserting what was perfectly true, that for the same money it was impossible to get so good and faithful a white "hand."

Travelled Americans sometimes express regret that the *café* system does not prevail in the United States; but one of the functions of the *café* is filled very well among us by the village tavern or store. In these public resorts the newspapers are read, politics discussed, and scandal disseminated as effectually and profitably as in a French *café*.

The People's Hotel was the Buntingville bulletin-board. All news and all scandal could be heard there in the evening. The bar-room, from the absence of any exhilarating influences, was not a popular resort, and the store usurped its proper place. The citizens

dropped in one by one after making their suppers, spread themselves out on the boxes and counters, lit their pipes, and went at the business of the evening.

All local affairs were settled in these free assemblies. There were caucus, election, court, and vestry meeting. Elsewhere their decisions were ratified; but the formal meetings were exclusively formal, from having merely registry powers. In the virgin days of Buntingville, but one variation had occurred from the uniform rule of abiding by the decision of the popular meeting at the store, and this exception had founded the rule in adamant. This event related to the election of the village schoolmaster, the school trustees who were present at the formal meeting having attempted a revolution by disregarding the decisions of the assembly.

Such a storm grew out of it, the interpolated pedagogue was thrust down the hill with so many indignities, and the hotel became so much too hot for the offending members of the board, that they were fain to do works meet for repentance in order to reinstate themselves on the dry goods boxes in the evening meetings.

This particular session of the school board became the Hartford Convention of Buntingville politics, and its spectral ghost long frightened the silent majorities into acquiescence in the will of the noisy minorities.

D. H. Wheeler.

UP THE NILE WITH COOK'S TOURISTS.

WE thought to make the trip by "private boat" would take too long. We found that to charter a small steamer would be impracticable. Cook and his tourists came along from London, and wished "us Americans"—sixteen in number—to join them in hiring the large steamer "Behera," of His Obesity, the Viceroy. In an evil hour we yielded, and behold us "in for it" and afloat upon the Nile, a most uncongenial crowd—forty-seven strong—in a big, bloated, blustering steamer, all to be dined and wined, walked on shore and mounted on donkey-back, by wholesale; marshalled by an odious green-jacketed dragoman, an insignificant Polish interpreter, who murders nine different languages, and important Thomas Cook, "Tourist Manager," whenever an Arab village, a ruined temple or a tomb, old when Joseph was governor of Egypt, is to be "done."

Ah me! In those dear, departed "days of veal," concerning which the Country Parson discourses naughtily, I had fed my foolish fancies upon Eliot Warburton's story of *his* Nile voyage. I had leaned upon his Persian carpets, sipped the little cup of Mocha that his paragon "Mahommed" placed before me, and even indulged a fragrant whiff of his *chibouque* as the silent boat sailed on beside a landscape plumed with palm trees, where, beyond a belt of emerald, the desert's tremulous gold stretched endlessly away, beneath a sky that distilled poetry and with a breeze fanning my cheek, laden with lotus perfume and spices from Araby the blest.

Well, a sorry day it was in the which that same Warburton, with all the hash-eesh and "Howaji" fraternity, even down to "Miriam's" "Prime," sang their deceitful strains in my credulous ears. The Real is a triumphant old dragon, under whose scaly feet the airy and exceedingly unmuscular Ideal is trampled almost always, in my cheerful history.

Instead of Persian carpets, we have each a paralytic camp stool; instead of fragrant Mocha, huge cups of chicory "settlings;" vile two-penny cigars displace the "bubbling narghileh;" veritable "leeks and garlies of Egypt" saturate the air, where aromatic Araby ought to have reigned supreme. The landscape would pass muster very well if we could get what Archimedes wanted that he might move the world, but the eligible "places" were pre-empted by "the original party" (*Cook's*) before we left the Pyramids behind, and it do n't pay to sit bolt upright on a precarious camp stool, and get into a chill upon the "hurricane deck," even for the sake of seeing sand and palm trees in unequal parts.

So we resign ourselves to fate, after the fashion of other Orientals, Semiramis and I, seek out No. 15—in our unalterable conviction the most execrable state-room that our wheezy steamer boasts; enter, one at a time, for the passage between our berths is but twelve inches wide; recline on our luxurious cotton mattresses; whose extreme breadth is not greater than the palms of one's hands, and solace ourselves by reading Bulwer!

Not many people enjoy the distinction of having crossed two oceans and three continents, that they might revel in the pages of "Eugene Aram" on the bosom of that stream among whose bulrushes Moses was hidden!

Finally, in the extremity of her disgust and climax of her woe, Semiramis dissolves in tears. At this, I grow *moqueuse* and quote her the first verse of a poem containing several hundred, all precisely alike, with whose repetition my mother used to amuse her children:

"When I was on the banks of the Nile
I was there all the while, all the while
That I was on the banks of the Nile."

We mutually agree that this effusion

could never have been written save by one who had actually "been there." It is thoroughly permeated by the spirit of the scene!

I never so envied *men* their blunt nerves, boundless capacity of sleep and of digestion, and freedom from *impedimenta*, as when contemplating these hearty Englishmen, encased in muscles deduced from rare roast beef, as they hop, skip, and jump, everywhere and anywhere—even poking their blunt noses into our state-room by the purest mistake, of course,—and grinning broadly as they draw out their endless "Beg youah pahdon."

Well, have I scolded enough? Have I fully relieved my mind? Have I honestly depicted the state of mind of a middle-aged American woman, not of vixenish temper, nor very hard to please, during the opening days of that voyage to which she had long and expectantly looked forward, upon the King of Rivers?

I hereby make affidavit that it has been my aim to "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

From all of which it would appear that to ascend the Nile by steamer—and particularly in a party of forty-three, the majority of them English and under the auspices of Manager Cook—is not in any sense romantic; does not feed the shy and airy fancy that some people take delight in coaxing down to terra firma, and cannot be conscientiously recommended to that docile individual "the intending tourist."

So let us dismiss the dream, as we have many another, dearer by far than this, and turning the clear, intellectual gaze that never falters nor deceives, upon this dubious Opportunity, let us get knowledge—the solid food—and variety—the spice of life, out of our long, laborious Nile trip.

February 2, the steamer drew up to the shore for the first time and we made our first "Excursion" to the wretched village of Beni Soof—seventy-six miles south of Cairo. The

"Cook Brigade" took the town, but the "Paine Quartette" (as Semiramis and I have named ourselves and the amiable pair with whom our lot is cast,) strolling at leisure in their rear, did not have time to penetrate beyond the outskirts.

What walkers these English are, and what rare pleasure they must find in pacing off, two by two, thirty of them, like a boarding-school procession, and staring vacantly upon such objects as "The Manager" elects!

I never conceived how low humanity might sink until I fell to studying the Egyptians. As they pass by us in the sandy paths that lead along the shore to their abominable villages, we are obliged to hold our noses, so redolent of filth is the atmosphere they carry with them. An English farmer of the party identifies it with that of his own pig-sty when badly taken care of.

To-day we saw a woman nursing her child, which was at least eighteen months old. Though it sat upon her shoulder, her frightful, upturned breast reached to its lips. It was one of the most disgusting sights I ever saw. But the poor mother, her sore eyes fringed with flies, and her tattered garment flying in the breeze, was humming a low song to her little one, and I comforted myself with the thought that life's sweetest, most enduring tie still binds the human heart, even in its lowest degradation.

A stout young fellow with a brutal face and a glittering display of ivory, drew from the bag upon his breast a handful of writhing snakes; held them toward us as we passed, and put the head of one between his teeth, where it wriggled and coiled, and when released bit his bronzed cheek with apparent fury, while he grinned complacently, and in horrid pantomime offered to bite the snake in two for five piastres.

Upon the shaven head of this itinerant exhibitor was one long lock of hair, for the convenience of the resurrection angel, when he comes to pull him from his grave in the last day!

Feb. 3. Another marshalling of forces, and we post off on foot to reconnoitre the town of Minyeh, while our steamer takes on coal.

The guide-books set this down as "the prettiest village on the Nile," but I would fain think otherwise. Clusters of palm trees and green fields are a pleasant combination, truly, but what have these to do with the village they embosom? which, in this instance, as doubtless in all along the river, is built of mud bricks, has narrow, sandy streets, reeking with offal, and no hint of a redeeming feature, save a sheik's tomb under a sycamore tree.

We dutifully visit the great sugar-mill and see the different operations of converting juicy cane-stalks into lumps of coarse white sugar. All the men employed are conscripts, forced into his service by the Pacha, and paid two or three cents a day at such intervals as he appoints, and as much more, in the produce of the mill.

They are wretched looking creatures, many of them nearly or quite naked, and almost all, as usual, having but one eye, or if two, both badly diseased. Poor things! I do not believe John Howard's pitiful heart could have survived the sight of them. I do not wonder that Archbishop Whately's daughter, smitten with the scenes that her Nile trip revealed, resolved to give her life-work as a testimony of her pity for this abject race.

These poor laborers are good-humored, very obliging, and to all appearance, uncomplaining. Our green-trousered dragoman Hassan, and "Dymcha Zebenitzcha," our nine-tongued Pole, strike them across the face—these bearded men, these women who are mothers—if, in their curiosity, they press too near us, and they draw back, as a dog would, beneath the blow. It is something very new and very grievous to see a human creature treated thus! I thought of Isaiah's prophecy, which I read the other evening, that the Egyptians should be a people "scattered and peeled." Assuredly I can

speak from observation concerning the fulfilment of the "peeling" part!

We walked through the bazaar—a long, sandy street, covered over the top, where the bearded and turbaned merchants sit upon rugs, accompanied by the eternal solace of their pipes—their ample forms filling up the small shop's front so that one can hardly divine their branch of trade. They offered us, with pleasant tone and graceful gesture, their shabby wares of nuts, grain, fruit, and slippers, permitting our unchecked inspection of all they had; letting us handle their curious ink-horns, reed-pens, and mysterious Arabic ledgers. Large numbers followed us from street to street and were not clamorous or annoying, though they often asked for "backsheesh" in a mechanical way that seemed to me as much intended for salutation—being the single word that we were sure to understand—as to solicit alms.

We next made an excursion on donkeys to the celebrated tombs of Beni Hassan. We had no saddles, and our first experience of clinging to a donkey's unameliorated back was not particularly edifying. Indeed, I walked almost every step of the way out and back, making an aggregate of about six miles, of which achievement I incautiously boasted in the hearing of a buxom English lass, who reduced me to my normal place upon the scale of being by the remark, "What would you say to twenty miles before breakfast, among Swiss mountains, Miss?"

These tombs of Beni Hassan were old in Joseph's time, and that his goodly form has passed beneath their ponderous doorways hardly admits of doubt.

Somehow, antiquity piled up at this rate leaves me in the condition of the Queen of Sheba, who, when Solomon had exhibited his temple, "had no more spirit in her."

These multitudinous chambers are hewn in solid rock, after the thorough-going style of the Egyptians, and their "word-pictures" are a most interesting study of the manners and customs of "ye

olden time." They are rather dim, to be sure, more so than enthusiastic travellers are wont to own, and we are whisked through their mysterious panorama too rapidly to elicit any other meaning than such as he who runs may read. But having "studied them up" quite carefully beforehand, in such books as are made and provided for like emergencies, we deduce the refreshing conclusion that, in the days of the mummies, even as now, there was a tremendous amount of "human nature in folks."

Men went hunting and women staid at home and played on instruments of music (I am sorry to give such a blow to the Woman Question as this fact involves, but facts are stubborn things). Both sexes, however, were impartially *basinadoed* in those days (which is a point upon the other side); brick-makers, glass-blowers, potters, goldsmiths, and barbers, here ply their time-honored avocations, and even prestidigitateurs attest the undying love of Eve's descendants for something new under the sun. Another confirmation of the "human nature" theory is, the object of all this decoration, which was the post-mortem gratification of no less a personage than some pre-pyramid-al governor of a province hereabouts.

At his awakening, this worthy was to have beheld around him representations of life as he had left it, and memorials of his prowess, long departed; in short, a place fit for his royal eyes to open in after his strange *siesta* of uncounted centuries. But how ruthless has been the upsetting of these pleasant little arrangements, by Champollion, Belzoni, and the rest! The decorations just described have been almost smoked out by fires, kindled for the convenience of those who have sought shelter here during the last three thousand years; an Arab school was kept in the cool shadows of these tombs, and over pictures old as Abraham the Greek alphabet was scrawled, with a metal pencil, in the soft rock, by some learned pedagogue before the Goths poured down on Rome.

Then, to crown all, the potentate who was here buried, with his attendant mummies, has in these later times, been dragged forth with irreverent hands and stands, bolt upright, ghastly and grinning, in a prominent museum of Europe!

Siout was the next stronghold of the Egyptians that surrendered to our advancing horde of Johns and Jonathans. It is the largest town in Upper Egypt, and decidedly the most commercial. We spend a very pleasant morning in its markets and bazaars.

The apparition of forty pale faces, wearing hats with brims like a full moon, from which hung banners of Swiss muslin, all mounted upon donkeys and ambling along in serpentine procession, must have created a marked sensation in the minds of the Siout-ers. For, whatever we were not, one thing we certainly were — the largest "party" that ever "did" the Nile.

As we trotted quietly along, mounted upon donkeys the easiest I ever saw, gentle and trusty and broken in spirit, I quite felt the East as well as saw it, and this for the first time.

We passed along a huge embankment, raised for defence from Father Nile when his exuberance becomes excessive, climbed a steep, rocky path and paused before some tombs, cut in the hillside that overhangs the town.

These cave-like excavations, dating back to the mythologic era of Egyptian history, have a warm, human interest for us, because in almost all of them some Christian hermit of the early Church has lived and done good deeds, and died. Here, during fifty years, lived John of Lycopolis, so famed for divination that the Emperor of Rome sent to consult him as to the issue of an impending war.

What a strange, uncomprehended life was that, in an age when thoughtful men had grown distrustful of their fellows, and so weary of the sin and misery on every side, that the quiet of

a living tomb in a lone hillside had attractions for them of which we, in this kindly era, cannot conceive! St. Anthony, St. Paul of Egypt, and St. Mary — these names have a new and potent meaning for me now that from the entrance to these cool and silent caverns I have looked out, as they did, upon this changeless landscape, mild and tranquil, through which the Nile's sweet waters flow. It is well for us to think about them — those solemn brethren of a sadder world; to learn a little of their matchless resignation, to "calm our souls, O God, in Thee," even as their simpler souls were calmed.

Quite different was our mood, half an hour later, as we worked our way through the crowded market places of Siout, where cattle, not unlike those on Illinois prairies, and little donkeys like our own were being sold; where grain and fruit, nuts and vegetables, were spread out on pieces of cloth stretched on the ground, while their owners sat beside them smoking their long-stemmed yellow pipes and looking at us, like so many sphinxes, as we jostled past, having no small ado to avoid upsetting them or trampling on their wares. They clearly saw the danger, but as clearly took no pains whatever to avoid it, considering that if we capsize them or their belongings it was plainly "our affair." After much precarious ambling, we arrived at the Bazaars, quite similar to those of Cairo, as the Guide Book — sum of all veracity — had promised they should be.

Fancy a narrow, unpaved street in which the dust is ankle-deep and fine as flour. Fancy that a rude board roof is flung across the street, and that the sides of the dirty brown houses lining it are honey-combed with shops whose general resemblance to a New England "pantry" only renders their startling differences more palpable; for they are dirty, dark, and cob-webbed, and their diminutive proportions seem better suited to the play of children than the sober work of men. There are rows

of tiny shelves, from which the miscellaneous merchandise seems ready to fall; dry-goods boxes set on one side and lined with slippers and pipes, coffee-cups and jewelry, daggers and turbans, gaily-colored cloths and sanguinary "pictorial illustrations." On a broad shelf in front of this crazy-looking closet, squats the merchant, the incarnation of mild dignity, his scales beside him, his measuring-rod in hand, his curious writing apparatus at his belt, and around him pots, pans, and kettles, filled with every grain and fruit that Egypt yields: — this is a meagre inventory of one of the most "fashionable establishments" in Assiout.

Next door to this there is a barber's shop, where a man is being sheared of all but the lock set aside for the resurrection angel. He looks up and grins a broadside at you as you pass, and if you linger curiously, the barber's *aid-de-camp* — an unkempt lad in extremely abbreviated costume — will bring forth for your edification the entire and decidedly unique outfit of the establishment — its pretty mirror, set in ivory; its scythe-like razor, or the small brass basin cut out, like a bib-apron, to fit the chin, which the *rasee* ruefully holds in position to receive the sudsy deluge and the hirsute crop resulting from the barber's necromancy.

Next, is a little box of a place, where the pipes for whose manufacture Siout is famed, with tiny cups and vases of the same material — a bright-red clay found on the river bank — are temptingly exposed for sale.

These wares particularly attracted us, and our half-hundred tourists on their donkeys blocked up the whole bazaar, as we bargained from our saddles for what we liked the best, freely naming our own "fixed price" — about one-half less than the lowest on their rapidly-sliding scale; but which never failed to be accepted, after the usual amount of wincing and of pitiful grimace on the crafty dealer's part.

It was really one of the most amus-

ing scenes I ever witnessed — the slashing about of Dragoman Hassan; the shouting of our donkey-drivers; the perfect *sang froid* of ourselves, wedged in as we were among hundreds of dark-faced natives, who stared broadly at us, held out their grimy hands for backsheesh, displaying a maimed limb or an extra case of ophthalmia to move our sympathies; offered their various wares persistently but not offensively, and pressed around us like a crowd of children, as they were. Now and then a camel would stride through the throng, and our watchful drivers would snatch the bridle and guide us beyond reach of their ponderous feet. On one of these emergencies my driver whisked my donkey's head into a cutler's shop without at all disturbing either the turban or the dignity of the white-haired proprietor. And the beauty of the scene was, that with all the pulling and pushing, the crowding and cross-pur-

poses, everybody was perfectly good-natured and seemed extremely to enjoy "the situation." Indeed, which displayed the most teeth, Europeans or Egyptians, I cannot tell but that the latter exhibition was of a brilliancy vastly superior, was most evident. If only they were cleaner and less naked; not so fly-blown, and of less purblind vision, these poor things, one could contemplate them with some enjoyment, after all! And even now, paradoxical as it may seem, they are a cheerful-looking people. They lie stretched out along the street, asleep in the sun, covered with rags and flies; or they play games or smoke or drink coffee — all this in the street, and generally squatting in the dustiest places like so many pigs. Nature at least is a cherishing mother to them all, and the noble old Nile a father of almost human tenderness.

Frances E. Willard.

WHEN DID THE HUMAN RACE BEGIN?—I.

IN Devonshire, overhanging the little harbor of Brixham where the Prince of Orange first stepped upon British soil, a limestone hill lifts its head a hundred feet above the level of the sea. From the very earliest historic times it has thus been standing alone in the midst of fertile valleys, and not a single vague tradition has floated down to us from forgotten centuries to tell of any essential change in the features of the landscape. But in 1858 the hand of some accident broke through the crust of one of its steep cliffs, near its summit, and laid bare what afterwards proved a suite of long narrow caverns. Their contents, before they were disturbed by unskilled fingers, were systematically explored by a committee of geologists appointed by the Royal Society, and every detail of their wonderful revelations carefully noted. After clearing away the loose *débris* that

choked the passages, they came first upon a firm flooring of stalagmite, then a deposit of reddish loam, and last a bed of clear gravel. Pebbles of hematite with worn surfaces were scattered through the gravel, with their long axes in every instance parallel with the sides of the caverns, and on a line with north and south outlets, discovered as the work progressed. The loam abounded in bones of mammoth, rhinoceri, cave-bears, hyenas, lions, reindeer, and other extinct mammalia, occupying positions similar to the oblong pebbles beneath them. Here and there in the same deposit, generally more deeply embedded than the bones, nearly a score of flint knives were found lying. One of these almost touched the hind leg of a cave-bear. The stalagmite above held the humerus of a bear and the entire antler of a reindeer, without a bone of the latter wanting or mis-

placed. Across the valleys hematite and limestone were found in quarry. The elements had decomposed the surfaces of the lime into the same kind of reddish loam that had been deposited in the hollows of the hill.

These subterranean passages, now ninety feet above the sea and over sixty above adjacent plains, the nature of whose contents has been placed by the precautions of science beyond the reach of controversy, we may safely affirm were once the bed of a powerful and turbid river, whose waters, checked in their flow by their tortuous windings among the clefts in the rock, were forced to throw down the plunder with which they had laden themselves in their marauding course through the country. The rounded condition of the north and south entrances, the worn sides of the pebbles, and the direction in which they and the bones were alike lying, together with the fact that stalagmite crusted the bone-earth of none but those galleries that were in a measure removed from the main channel, and not subject to inundation except in times of freshet, are, every one of them, unmistakable foot-prints of running water. That the animals and the men whose bones and whose flint knives were indiscriminately distributed through the caves must have been contemporaries, that these their remains were not the heterogeneous washings of sundry deposits of widely differing dates, the leg of the bear and the antler of the reindeer, it is claimed, furnish convincing proof.

During the last hundred years, five boats, one of them containing marine shells, have been dug out of the estuarine silt below the soil on which Glasgow stands, and within its very precincts. They were evidently shipwrecked at a time when the site of the city was part of the bed of the sea. Under the streets of London, whose authentic history dates back full nineteen centuries, there lies a deposit of gravel of broken flints, through which have been found, widely distributed,

the bones of elephants and of hippopotami together with the rude stone implements of men. Geologists are satisfied that this is a river-drift; yet the valley washed by the Thames to-day sinks full forty feet below. Two miles from Bedford, flint tools, elephant teeth, and fresh water shells were found resting on solid beds of oolitic limestone, covered by thirteen feet of undisturbed stratified gravel and sand.

The continent has also yielded to the industrious researches of science a plentiful harvest of human relics of great antiquity. The Danish peat-mosses rest on northern drift and vary from ten to thirty feet in thickness. Trunks of Scotch fir lie prostrate in its lowest stratum; above them are specimens of the sessile variety of oak; higher still, the pedunculated; over all, the common beech, a tree which has been through the entire historic period, and is to-day the prevailing forest growth of these regions. There is no record of the firs ever having been indigenous, and when introduced it invariably languishes. As it was once king of the woods, radical changes must have taken place in the climate to have thus secured its permanent banishment. Since then at least two other classes of forests have successively skirted the borders of the bogs, and in their turn vacated the soil for a more powerful rival. Flint tools were buried far down in the peat under the firs, swords and shields of bronze lay among the oaks, while implements of iron rarely reached below embedded trunks of the modern beech. Fresh and salt water shells and the bones of mammalia were met with at all depths. None were of extinct species.

The Meuse and its tributaries are bordered by high bluffs of mountain limestone. The mouths of caverns here and there open on their almost perpendicular faces, often two hundred feet above the water level. Over forty of the chambers to which they lead have been entered by men of science. their hard crusts of stalagmite broken through, and the contents of the brec-

cia, or cemented masses, beneath thoroughly examined. The University of Liege has among the curiosities of its museum a human skull taken from one of them. It was embedded five feet deep in the same mass with the tooth of a rhinoceros, the bones of a reindeer and those of other mammalia. Near the tooth of a mammoth, almost within touching distance, the skull of a child was also found, but it proved too fragile to be removed. In another cave, in the same matrix, with the remains of a rhinoceros was a polished needle of bone with an eye pierced through it at the base. In still another, two feet below the stalagmite, three pieces of a human skull and two perfect lower jaws with teeth were intermingled with bones of bears, elephants, mammoths, and rhinoceri. Stone knives were also frequently met with in like positions. These explorations extended through many years, and brought to light a multitude of facts of similar bearing. Human and brute remains were so indiscriminately mingled in the same cemented masses under the floors of stalagmite that we can but reasonably conclude that they were introduced into the caves by the same agency and at substantially the same time. That the different classes of bones do not widely vary in their age, is indicated, some claim, by their bearing no marks about them of having been previously enveloped in any dissimilar matrix, and also by their close resemblance to each other in color and chemical condition. A most striking correspondence has been traced between many of the openings on opposite banks, rendering it highly probable that the old river channels, of which these caverns once formed a part, ran at right angles to the modern Meuse and its feeders, and have by them been sundered one by one, as through the centuries the waters cut their courses deeper in the rock. Similarly engulfed rivers still exist. In this very basin St. Hadalin and Vestre sink suddenly from sight, to reappear a mile away; while the torrent near Magnee never again

emerges, but gropes its way down to some sunless sea.

The valley of the Somme, between Amiens and Abbeville, is a mile wide and sinks nearly three hundred feet into an extensive table land of white chalk. It is covered with a growth of peat ten to thirty feet thick. Under the peat is a thin layer of clay; under the clay, gravel; under the gravel, chalk. The bones embedded in the peat are all of living species, and the shells principally of fresh water origin. The peat reaches to the coast, indeed, passes under the sand dunes and below the sea level. Frequently the waves of the English Channel, when lashed by the storm, will throw up compact masses of it, enclosing trunks of trees, showing an extensive sinking of the land since the coming of the peat. Ninety feet, more or less, above the surface of the Somme are gravel terraces. As these contain fluviatile shells and abruptly end in isolated patches, they must have been a part of the old river bed, and have covered the entire face of the valley before it had sunk to its present level. These terraces on examination proved to be repositories of hatchets and bones similar to those in the Brixham and other caves, and so placed as to corroborate their report, putting to rest objections urged to the latter, that they were simply deserted dens of wild beasts, used by savages as places of refuge or burial, perhaps thousands of years after they had been abandoned. These relics lay together under twenty feet of gravel in which there was not a single vertical rent, while the overlying strata of sand and loam were equally undisturbed. Near the bottom of one of the pits there was discovered the leg of a rhinoceros with every bone in place. An elephant's tooth and a flint tool lay within a foot of each other, the tool under the tooth. Tusks of hippopotami were in the same aged gravel with knives and hatchets. Remnants of mammoth and reindeer were also widely distributed. Along the valley of the Seine, in the suburbs of Paris, there have been like explorations, accompanied with like results.

In the Aurignac grotto, at the base of the Pyrenees, there were seventeen human skeletons, more or less complete, heaped together on a flooring of made earth, associated with bones often of entire limbs of cave-lions, wild boars, bears and rhinoceri, together with occasional works of ornament and use. A slab of rock closed the entrance. Outside, immediately in front, spread over quite an area, were eight inches of ashes and cinders, mixed with gnawed bones of nineteen extinct and recent species of mammalia, fragments of heat colored sandstone, and a large variety of flint knives, hatchets, and projectiles. Many of the bones, those of the rhinoceros among the number, had been split open, evidently by men to secure their marrow for food. There was the bone of a cave-bear picked up, on which the marks of fire were of such a character as to clearly indicate that the bone still possessed its animal matter when thrown upon the coals on the hearth. Loose *débris* from the mountain had completely hidden the relics. It is conjectured, and seemingly with reason, that this place had been chosen as a burial vault by some primitive people who were accustomed to inter mementos of the chase with the bodies of their dead, and to conclude their obsequies with a feast. After they had gone hyenas probably came and gnawed the refuse bones, scattered in the ashes.

In 1819, at a place called Sodertelje, a little south of Stockholm, the wooden frame of a rude hut was found under sixty feet of marine deposit. At the time of its discovery it stood above the sea level. A quantity of charcoal still lay upon a ring of hearth-stones on the floor. Dwarf varieties of brackish water shells, common to the Bothnian Gulf, were interspersed through the overlying strata.

The Delta of the Tinieri, laid bare by an extensive railroad cutting, was found to be composed in part of three layers of vegetable soil, the surface of each of which must at different periods have constituted the surface of the land.

In the first, five inches thick and lying four feet below the present level, were found Roman relics; in the second, six inches thick and ten feet below, unvarnished pottery and tools of bronze; in the third, seven inches thick and nineteen feet below, rude pottery, charcoal, and human bones. The regularity of this river accumulation is especially noteworthy, evincing a uniform action of forces. The Danish shell mounds show us that since men fished in the Baltic the sea water has been so freshened by the upheaval of the floor of the ocean as to dwarf oysters and other mollusks to half their former size.

Ninety-five shafts have been sunk in the mud of the Nile from which at all depths have been taken out works of human skill. Yet the entire lack of stratification and the prevailing custom of the inhabitants to surround their structures by high embankments supported by woodea walls which in time fall away through neglect, have together rendered it unsafe to base upon the discoveries there made any theories of human antiquity. It has been reported that in Mississippi and California bones of men have been found in company with those of the mastodon; that in New Orleans they lay beneath four buried cypress forests, and in Florida were deeply embedded in reefs of coral; yet these reports too greatly need scientific confirmation to entitle them to anything more than a passing notice.

Hundreds of earthworks, however, have been discovered lining the banks of the Ohio and its tributaries, which, their size, shape, and contents tell us were, some of them, temples; some, barricades; some, places of sepulchre. Many have been partially undermined by rivers whose present channels lie a full mile distant. None are found on the lower terraces. The first historic European settlers found these mounds, which when built undoubtedly occupied a clear country, covered with full-grown forests of that wide variety of trees peculiar to American soil, and to have been used as hunting grounds

from times immemorial by wild tribes of Indians, among whom not a single tradition existed of this ancient civilized people, who, in some forgotten era sowed fields, worked in metals, held commercial intercourse with foreign nations, built walled cities, and stately assembled in houses of worship. On some of these mounds, trees have been cut down whose trunks displayed eight hundred rings of annual growth.

These facts, every one of which has received the indorsement of writers of acknowledged authority in scientific circles, comprise the leading geological data on which rest the more considerate theories of to-day respecting the antiquity of our race. It is true there exist wide differences of opinion on this subject, but they are principally the outgrowths of differences in interpretation.

On the question of time-relative it hardly seems possible for more than one sentiment to prevail. Since man was first introduced upon the planet, radical changes have been effected in the configuration of continents, the system of natural drainage, the nature of climate, and the character of brute tribes. Rivers that were main arteries of life to extensive districts have disappeared with the herds of mammoth that browsed on their banks. Reindeer and musk-buffaloes have since then been forced out of the temperate zone into higher latitudes, while the only living near relatives of the lions, hyenas, elephants, and rhinoceri that men once hunted in European forests have, as far back as there is any record, made their beds in the tangled jungles of the tropics. The present site of Glasgow, understrewn with the boats of shipwrecked fishermen, has been lifted out of the arms of the sea. The Thames has shifted and deeply sunk its channel; hippopotami have perished out of the land, and over their old wallowing places for many a century have stood Westminster Abbey and the cathedral of St. Paul. The forces of hidden fires have thrown up

near the harbor of Brixham what were once parts of subterranean river channels, transforming them into the crests of isolated hills. Powerful streams on the Continent have become dry and their old courses cut in sunder by the more modern Meuse and its tributaries, which even in their day have worn their way down one and two hundred feet into mountain limestone. Since that rude hut near Stockholm sheltered its human inhabitants from storms and from the rigors of winter, it has been sunk and the sea suffered to flow over it a length of time sufficient for sixty feet of sediment to settle on its roof, and has then again lifted it above the water's level. All these and many other changes equally marked have transpired within the human period, yet in a past so remote that even tradition is silent concerning them. Nineteen centuries ago Denmark attracted the attention of Julius Cæsar by the magnificence of her beech forests. In this same source of wealth she stands peerless to-day. Through such a lengthened lapse of time neither the character of her trees nor their tropical luxuriance have noticeably changed, yet we possess convincing proofs that oaks preceded the beeches and were once as exclusive monopolists of the soil as they. How long they lasted, or what influences at first introduced or what at last banished them, are matters about which we may conjecture but can never know. Still farther back in the past than even the dynasty of the oaks, forests of firs rooted in the same soil and drank in the sunlight of perhaps as many centuries. And when we have reached the pine woods we have come only upon the close of the Stone Age in Europe, for not a single bone of those extinct species of mammalia that were the contemporaries of man has been found among the buried trunks of this remote vegetation. These relics in fact carry us no farther back than the thirty feet of peat on the Valley of the Somme; yet long before that, and still within the age of man,

this river of France had gathered with its current a deposit of twenty feet of gravel, and afterwards had cut its way down ninety feet into a bed of chalk.

When we attempt, however, to solve the problem of time - absolute, we encounter seemingly insuperable obstacles on the very threshold of the inquiry. It would be exceedingly hazardous for us in constructing our chronological tables to assume that any of these mentioned changes has been effected through some slow and uniform method, or that the different processes have been separated by long intervals of quiet. The intensity with which natural forces have worked in the past has evidently widely varied. Even if in some localities peat can be shown to have been a gradual accumulation of decayed grasses and leaves, there are also authentic instances of swamp bogs suddenly bursting and inundating large tracts of land with their black contents. On our own Western coast, mud volcanoes are seen to-day in full activity. But aside from all this, not only in different countries but in different ages in the same country, there may have existed decided differences, if not actual contrasts, in the humidity of the atmosphere, the length of the growing season, and the character of plant life. Yet without these data, which it seems quite impossible to obtain, our time-estimates can be little better than loose conjectures. So, too, the known period the beeches have occupied the Danish soil, really furnishes no reliable unit with which to measure the age of the oak and fir forests that preceded them; for the conditions of growth may have materially altered since then, and each burial for aught we know may have been the brief work of a single hour. We have the testimony of President Harrison that the great variety displayed in the trees growing above the Ohio mounds are a sure sign of great antiquity, but of how great, even he, with his extensive experience as a backwoodsman, thought it unwise to venture an opinion.

Again, rivers have not always been the tame currents we see them to-day. But should we so judge, and on their present wearing power estimate the centuries consumed by them in shifting their channels over such remarkable distances and sinking them, as they have, hundreds of feet into solid rock, two or three scores would scarce suffice, and they are but late successors to those other streams, broken fragments of whose abandoned beds we have seen to honeycomb isolated hill tops or to open far up on the faces of perpendicular cliffs. The "boulder clay," geologists unanimously agree is absolutely free of every relic, brute or human. In no deposit under the clay has the latter ever been found, yet both are abundant down to its very surface. If this fact has any significance, it teaches us that the glaciers had just left the valleys of Europe when man came upon the scene. Melted fields of ice must have recently been turned into turbid torrents sweeping to the sea with a resistless energy, for none less powerful ever could have left behind them beds and deltas of such character as the explorations of science have brought to light; and a change of climate radical enough to unloose the frost-fetters with which a continent had been bound through an unbroken winter of centuries, must necessarily have ushered in a scene to which the comparative quiet and order familiar to us were entire strangers. River washings can in consequence furnish no certain clue to the mystery that shrouds the birth-time of our race. Professor Guyot claims that he has ascertained from astronomical data that the last drift occurred nine or ten thousand years ago, but his figures yet wait proof.

Some have sought solution in those vast changes of level effected within the human period, changes that terminated the reign of ice, drove the firs and the oaks from Denmark, stunted the growth of shell-fish in the Baltic, converted ocean beds into eligible city

sites, gave a new water-shed to Europe, and utterly exterminated many of her animal species. But the same difficulties still meet us, for it would be idle to affirm that the thin crust formed over a restless central sea of fire has been lifted and sunk through all past periods with a motion measured as the swinging beats of a pendulum, notwithstanding we are assured that the coasts of Scotland have since the Roman Conquest risen twenty-seven feet with a steady slowness well nigh imperceptible, or that at this very hour the coasts of Nova Scotia are sinking just as gently into the arms of the sea. Earthquake and volcano stand grim witnesses against the soundness of any such conclusion.

Some have hoped for an answer in the fact that since the Stone Age an entire group of quadrupeds have become extinct. Etchings on ivory, found in river silt, of a hairy mammoth, the fur-coated carcasses of elephants and rhinoceri washed out of the frozen mud of Siberia within the last hundred years, and the presence of reindeer and musk-buffalo bones in the caves of Brixham and Liege and in the gravel-terraces of the Somme, suggest that these strange species were of an arctic nature and melted away with the glaciers and icebergs of the drift. But further definiteness it is folly to attempt. In New York in 1845 a mastodon's skeleton was found possessing a remarkably fresh appearance. Within it was a quantity of half-chewed twigs in a state of perfect preservation, the animal having evidently mired in the bog on which he was last feeding. Three feet of peat lay above him, a work of but three or four thousand years on the largest estimate.

Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, informs us that traditions of the mastodon still existed among North American Indians. When, in connection with these facts, we bear in mind that all of these extinct species, whose bones are scattered through the caves and outer river drifts of Europe, were post-pliocene and comprised but about a tenth of the entire number, we feel that we have here left us a very large liberty of belief. It is possible we may be looking into the sepulchre of a hundred centuries; it is also possible these relics carry us no farther back than fifty.

Lastly, if it could be as satisfactorily proved as it is confidently asserted in certain quarters, that human implements were first fashioned from stone, that bronze succeeded the stone, and iron the bronze, and that each advance in the arts was taken at substantially the same time the world over, it would then perhaps be within the reach of present geological knowledge to count at least the millenniums that the Earth has been the home of the human family. But even in this day of needle-guns and Henry rifles, the Australian lives on game killed with stone weapons strangely resembling those dug from the gravel-pits at Amiens and Abbeville; and a hundred years have scarcely passed away since powder and ball usurped the place of the Indian's flint hatchet and arrow-head. In the early ages as wide contrasts as these may have marked the condition of people separated simply by a lake, a wood, or a mountain range; for frequent and familiar intercourse among nations, a thing unthought of then, is the principal and almost only equalizer in the world's life.

W. W. Kinsley.

THE YARN OF A WEAVER.

IT was somewhere near the year eighteen hundred and fifty, that an event occurred in the life of Johann Bierslinger which quite broke up the monotony of his existence. I am particular about the date, not because the event in question was of any importance to you or me or anybody except the two or three immediately interested therein, but in order to fix some definite starting-point for my story. This having been established, we may proceed very comfortably and methodically — which is only following out the principle of our friend Johann, who was as methodical a young man as there was in Golgau. Ever since he had commenced to learn the trade of his father in the little back room on the *König strasse*, Johann had been the same prudent youth; and the united economic virtues of father and son had caused the little back room to grow into a large and prosperous establishment. Time, flying, had dropped the old man behind when he became weak and burdensome, and the young weaver was left to carry on the business alone. He had wrought so assiduously during these first years of his life, that he had quite neglected the pleasures and pursuits to which young men are generally addicted. I believe I can state positively that Johann was not considered a “fast” young man. To be sure, he had his little circle of male friends, to whom he imparted such ideas as occurred to him (and they were very few), and with whom he drank sour wine and beer. As far as I am informed, he did have a weakness for beer, as well as for a very long-stemmed pipe which he smoked of nights with great industry. Yet, for all this, he was very moderate in his habits, and would listen with astonishment to the tales of young men boasting of their exploits with the fairer sex. Having always lived alone with his father (his mother had died before his

faculty of recollection had developed), and his acquaintance with the sex having been limited to a rusty old aunt or two, it is natural to suppose that his ideas of females were rather vague. He was so diffident that for the life of him he could not breathe freely in passing one on the street.

What must have been his bewilderment, then, when all at once he found himself in love with the prettiest girl in Golgau! Little Kathrina was the only child of an army officer's relict, and lived with her mother in a cottage between two high brick mansions on the *König strasse*. It happened that Johann went to the *Kirche* once — he had never contracted the habit of church-going, for which perhaps the elder Bierslinger was partly to blame — and there he saw Kathrina, and fell hopelessly in love with her.

You may imagine with what surprise the villagers heard that Kathrina and Johann were to be married! That, of course, was some time after the *coup d'amour* in the *Kirche*; I shall not attempt to explain the steps that led to their engagement. Indeed, I know nothing about it, except that it was all finally settled; and somewhere near the year eighteen hundred and fifty the event of their marriage, as I said in the outset, broke up the monotony of Johann's existence: and this fetches us just as far along in the story as we were when we commenced.

Poor, simple Johann! How he adored the parcel of flesh and blood and clothing which he bashfully but fervently promised in the *Kirche* to love and protect! And Kate looked so lovely and so modest that he felt disposed to pity the bystanders at the wedding, who were forever debarred from sharing his happy lot. Yet there were those who said that she married him for his pecuniary rather than his personal attractions. Perhaps these ex-

pressions were not unheard by Kate; for shortly after the marriage she began to suggest that Golgau was too small a place for them. The plan of emigrating to America was set forth by her in glowing colors; and Johann, having no thought but for her, willingly assented. So, after some delay, he sold out his shop, and they set their faces toward the United States.

Johann's available property amounted to about ten thousand dollars. All the fortune of his bride was comprised in the house where she had dwelt with her mother, and a small pension, which she must forfeit on leaving the country. The house sold for four hundred dollars, which amount was generously donated to the common stock. Before starting on their journey, Johann procured an insurance on his life to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, which he settled on Kate; so that in case of any accident to himself she would be provided for.

The voyage passed pleasantly enough, and, as they had already determined to try their fortunes in the West, their stay in New York was short. Arrived in Chicago, a family council was held, the result of which led to their settlement in that city. Johann immediately set at work at his old trade. Having invested their joint funds in a shop, he resumed his old life of hard work, and was soon doing a prosperous business. Their lives for the next few years partook of nothing of the romantic. They — at least Johann — lived as happily as the average of frail mortals are supposed to be capable of living. Johann it is true, did not entirely fail to discover faults in the character of his wife; yet such was his love for her that he overlooked them all, and continued the same fond and foolish lover that he was on their wedding day.

But at length there came to him a crisis sudden and overwhelming. His shop, or rather factory now, took fire. Johann's house was on a retired street, some distance off, and had been selected on account of its resemblance to the

dear little cottage on the *König strasse*. Together with Kate and the old lady, he was enjoying a late supper after a hard day's labor. Johann had fallen to talking of the old times at home (with him a well-worn subject), and was comparing his present location to Golgau, with reference to business, much to the discredit of the latter place. Just as he was descanting, for the fiftieth time, on the beauties of some new machinery which he had been purchasing, the alarm of fire broke in upon the conversation. Johann, counting the strokes, knew that it was somewhere near his factory; but, not wishing to disturb his wife, laughingly said that he would take a walk down to the fire — adding that he would be back in half an hour. As he neared the scene of action, his fears were confirmed; for the flames, which had consumed a building adjoining, were already making swift destruction of his property. There was evidently no possible salvation for the factory. For a moment Johann was stupefied. What was to be done? In his office on the second floor were valuable papers, which, if saved, would secure to him at least a portion of his property. With the courage, or rather madness, of desperation, he rushed forward and entered the building. The crowd shouted to him to return, but he leaped blindly on until he reached the stair-case leading to his office. It was only on reaching this point that he perceived the uselessness of his attempt, for the smoke rolled down in heavy volumes, rendering an ascent utterly impossible. Returning to the door, he found his passage impeded by falling timbers. He ran to the back of the building, and, crawling out of an aperture through which some pipes had formerly been laid, reached the open air. His exit had not been observed, and as he mingled in the crowd he heard the people crying out that there was a man in the building. He stood for some minutes, watching the flames remorselessly eat up the factory. All the money that he had originally in-

vested, and all that he had since accumulated, was lost — gone, almost in a moment. How many weary years of toil had it taken to earn this property, whose ashes were now scattered to the winds! How he had scraped and pinched and calculated with his father to save a penny here and a groschen there during his early years! And now, what had it all amounted to? The factory was destroyed, and he was utterly penniless. If only he had insured it! If he had only been as careful in insuring his property as in insuring his life! Ah! that was it. His life was insured for twenty thousand dollars, which would revert to Kate in case of his death, and support her in comfort all her days. He was supposed to have perished in the flames. Why not creep away unnoticed, and let his beloved wife have the benefit of the insurance? She at least would be preserved from the mortifications of poverty. But could he thus rudely separate himself from her, and sacrifice all his happiness for her sake? My dear Mr. Honeycomb, what do you think you would have done in this case?

"What!" you exclaim. "The man surely would not think of cheating the insurance companies!"

Sir, let me inform you that such an issue as that never once presented itself to our unfortunate Johann. The question with him was: Shall I sacrifice my happiness for Kathrina's comfort? A tumult of thoughts seemed to throng his brain all at once; then, with a powerful effort, he made his decision, and slunk away out of the crowd into the darkness,—no longer the prosperous Johann Bierslinger, but a strange and unknown being, homeless and nameless. Early in the morning, a dark train bore out of the city, in its darkest corner, a man who stammered when the conductor asked his destination, as if the subject had never occurred to him before.

While the current of one life was shifting so completely, they whom it most concerned were sitting at the

supper-table waiting for Johann's return. Kate read the newspaper (she had learned to read English quite readily), and the old lady brought out her knitting-work and wondered occasionally at the prolonged absence of her son-in-law. As it grew later, the servant cleared away the table. Kate, having finished reading the news, began on the advertisements. Her mother finally retired, grumbling at Johann for his late hours—hours destined to be later than her latest thought. Years are but the expansion of hours, and years grow strangely late.

Kathrina was still reading the newspaper, when a neighbor came in and acquainted her with the loss of the factory. If this had been such a blow to her husband, what must have been the feelings of Kate, whose every thought was bound up in the acquisition of wealth! And she had married below her station in society for this! To be reduced to poverty, and be cut by all her acquaintances (as she knew she would be), was too much for her to bear. She determined to faint away, so that when Johann came home he should be duly apprised of the enormity of his guilt towards her. Accordingly, before the neighbor (who was trying to find some way of gently breaking the whole news to her) could say another word, Kathrina swooned gracefully away.

It would, of course, be wrong in me to say that the death of her husband did not affect Mrs. Kate. If she ever loved him, it was at the moment when told that she should see him no more. She went into deepest mourning for many months. If outward calmness is a symptom of internal grief, she was the victim of the most violent emotion. If she ever wept, it was in the privacy of her own chamber, where we will not intrude. Her's was no common loss. Some husbands love their wives, their children, their parents their horses, their money,—in fact, everything about them. They seem to have an unlimited

capacity for loving. Johann loved Kathrina — Kathrina alone. And this husband, who loved her, had been snatched away in a terrible manner, and without even a chance of saying "Good-bye!" or "God bless you!" Not to mourn the loss of such a husband, would prove her an ingrate of the lowest type.

Of course, the idea of thinking about her husband's property was at first intolerable. When she came to look into matters, however, she found that while there were no outstanding debts, yet all the business property had been destroyed in the fire, and she and her mother left with only the cottage which they could call their own. She indignantly refused to touch the life-insurance money. It seemed to her, she declared, like a sacrilege. But after a while she felt that, as it had been her husband's intention to provide for her, she should accept it.

Twenty thousand dollars in cash was no small sum at that time, and Kathrina had little difficulty in investing it safely. Much of it she caused to be put in real estate. This increased greatly in value, and in due course of time Mrs. Kate Bierslinger attained the reputation of being a rich young widow. The little cottage was rented, and its former mistress purchased a fine house on a fashionable avenue. She kept a splendid carriage, with driver and footman in livery. Her business was all transacted by her agents, and she was apparently in want of nothing to add to a life of ease. Friends, of whom she had many as she grew wealthier, advised her to marry; but she kept her own counsel. She had reared a stately monument to Johann, and this she visited often. After a while she began to figure on the charity-lists, and her name was a synonym for benevolence. She founded a hospital, and visited the poorer districts of the city on errands of mercy.

One day while riding in her carriage, accompanied by several of her lady friends, they passed a party of laborers

who were at work mending the pavement. Kathrina was in the midst of an animated conversation, but happened to catch the eye of one of the men, dressed in a ragged blouse and smoking a short pipe, who looked so like her deceased husband that she fainted outright and in good earnest for once in her life. She was taken to the house of one of her friends, and on recovering demanded to be driven back immediately to the group of laborers. Her second thought must have convinced her that she had been the victim of a silly illusion; for, before reaching the spot, she ordered the coachman to return to the house. She did not even consider it necessary to obtain certain proof of her weakness by again facing the cause of her agitation. Having recovered her spirits, she proceeded with her friends on their original errand; and they soon forgot the incident. Kate, however, for a long time thereafter, scanned half-fearfully the faces of all the laborers she met, probably with the vain hope of again seeing the one that had gazed up at her out of her dead husband's countenance.

Ten years drag along very slowly, even with the rich, who have every convenience for killing time. Mrs. Kate Bierslinger felt very lonely after her mother's death, which occurred one night, not altogether unexpectedly, for she had long been a confirmed invalid. Kate was young (hardly thirty yet), and better looking than when as a girl she won the affections of the simple weaver in Golgau. She moved in a very high circle of society, and was admired at Newport and Saratoga. Among her numerous lovers was Mr. ———, a wealthy Chicago merchant. To him she finally yielded her hand and heart, at his urgent solicitation. Who can blame her? Had she not sorrowed long enough in satin and *rouge* for her dead husband?

The time of the wedding was set. It was to be celebrated with great splendor, and for many weeks Kate kept

several millinery and dress-making shops desperately at work. At length the eventful morning dawned. The preparations were all complete; the bridegroom was already at church; the carriage was at the door waiting to bear her thither; and she was about to descend from her room, when a note was brought her by a servant, addressed to "Mrs. Kate Bierslinger." It was not a very formidable note, being written with a pencil on the back of an old envelope, and tied round with a string; but, for all that, Mrs. Kate turned as pale as the marble mantle-piece on which she leaned for support. The following is a true copy of the epistle:

"MEINE LIEBCHEN: Dies ist tu mach the kno das Ich bin nicht burnd als thow hast immer tought. Ich wohne in dieser Stadt. Thow are a Man to mari welch unrecht wud be. Ich bin nicht fitt for the to se, so das Ich wud the nicht mir out to finden ask.
"JOHANN."

Mrs. Kate Bierslinger read this over several times, though evidently not so much to arrive at the sense of the letter as to reflect upon it. Perhaps Mrs. Kate concluded that the note was a cruel imposition, or, perhaps, only a practical joke (so opportune a moment for a practical joke!) played upon her by a friend. The idea of her former husband having been alive these past ten years, without presenting himself to her, was too ridiculous to imagine. And even if living, how, in his present condition, could he identify — but this is touching on the wrong train of thought. Perhaps, I say, such thoughts as these, and a hundred more, flashed through her mind in that moment. If there ever came a crisis in the life of Mrs. Kate, it was then. Whether or no, it did not take her long to decide her course; for, saying that she was ready, she descended to her carriage and was driven to the church.

A few days after the marriage of the wealthy Mr. ——— to the beautiful

Mrs. Bierslinger, there was brought to the hospital founded by the latter, a prematurely old man, in a state of complete physical exhaustion. It soon appeared that he was steadily declining, and all hope of his restoration was abandoned by the physician. The man would answer no questions, and his vocabulary was limited to one word, "Kate." He murmured "Kate" in his sleep; "Kate" was his first word on waking; and "Kate" apparently formed the staple of his delicious fancies. "Kate" seemed to be the most original remark that he was capable of.

It chanced one day that the late Mrs. Bierslinger, accompanied by her new husband, visited the hospital on one of her customary errands of mercy. What a happy couple they looked! And how the sick raised themselves in their cots, and called down blessings upon their benefactors! This was all very pleasant to Mrs. Kate, who smiled graciously around, and looked a perfect picture of youth, beauty, and goodness. While conversing with the attending physician on the condition of the various patients, there came from one of the beds a low moan of "Kate!" The wife of the wealthy Mr. ———, and the angel of mercy to the afflicted, gave a sudden start, which, being noticed by the physician, he hastened to explain the cause.

"Would n't you like to see the poor creature, Kate?" said her husband, jocularly. "Perhaps he is some old adorer of yours."

"No, thank you; I do not care to see him," she rejoined, carelessly; and during her ride back to the city she was unusually taciturn.

But why drag out this story longer? The yarn of the weaver was spun, and laid away for a final examination. I have no desire to follow the fortunes of Mrs. Kate. Her conduct will also be adjudged at the proper time. She may have been sincerely honest in her course of action. How could she have known that Johann, who had sacrificed

his prospects in life for her, and would willingly sacrifice his life as well, was living for more than ten years in most abject poverty within sight of her avenue mansion? How could she have guessed that, escaping from the flames, he had drifted about, without ambition or even power to work at his old trade? — that, friendless, moneyless, and almost mindless, he had crept back to the city, that he might at least be near the woman he loved? If, looking from her cheerful window, on cold wintry nights, she had seen a solitary figure passing and repassing, and had known this to be her own husband, would she not have flown to him and never again let him depart from her? I do not know. I only know that there was soon a new-made mound in the little graveyard not far from the hospital, and that no one knew who it was

that was buried there, except that it was the strange man who had died in the hospital in his delirium. And if it was remorse or an uneasy conscience that caused Kathrina to come so often and sit so long beside the nameless grave, and to deck it with wild flowers such as years before she had worn in her bosom when a maiden among the youth of Golgau, it came all too late: too late at least to be of any service to him who had at last found refuge from the cold and pain and hunger which he had borne willingly for her sake; — let us hope not too late to have its influence upon her own better nature.

“And I think in the lives of most women and men
There’s a moment when all might go smooth
and even:
— If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven!”

G. E. Wright.

IN THE CALIFORNIA REDWOODS.

JOHN RUSKIN fancifully calls the pines “the builders of the sword.” There is little likelihood that the redwoods of California will ever furnish any large or especially warlike contingent to her defensive forces, in case her coast should be assailed, for it does not now seem probable that they will ever be inhabited except by the lumbermen themselves, if indeed it is desirable that they should be. Hardly on earth can be found such another perfect desert as among the redwoods. The traveller in them feels oppressed and awed by the simple and unmitigated desolation, the utter failing of vegetable or animal life. Through the columnar and funereal gloom of these mighty trees he wanders on and on, beholding nothing, almost absolutely nothing else but these vast trunks — leather-colored and buttressed with enormous pilasters of bark — and the reddish carpet furnished by the

falling of the wiry foliage. In the wide pineries of Mississippi, men grow tall, reaching up toward the sun like colorless potato-stalks in a cellar, for in them there is some possibility of seeing him, or at least of hewing an auger-hole clearing through which the man may gaze into the face of heaven; but here the sun is obscured forever, and it seems as if those majestic crowns, slowly rocking against an azure heaven, had swept that luminary clean out of it. Now and then, perhaps, at long intervals, his light gleams down in a feeble shaft through some casual chink, and, either by some substance adhering to the foliage, or by the mugginess of the atmosphere, that speck of his disc which the eye can steadily behold without blinking becomes transformed into a star-shaped halo, in which are visible all the colors of the solar spectrum, glancing and glinting among the slow-

moving foliage. Far, far above, the enormous trunks begin at last to shoot out some feeble branches, and to breathe themselves about with their thin, splint-like foliage. In his "Animated Nature," Goldsmith relates, in his simple way, how the traveller as he penetrates into the unbroken solitudes of primeval forests, hears no longer the cheerful song of birds, those little songsters being driven by the ravenous falcon to seek the protecting abodes of man. In all other forests I ever traversed there was some compensation for the missing bird music in "the forms and hues of vegetable beauty"; but here there is nothing whatever but the bleak and barren covering of straw, and these gigantic columns which heave their majestic crests in the face of heaven, turning the noonday into darkness. The wind passes so far overhead that the plaintive sighing of the pines, or their cold, lonesome roaring in a tempest, is scarcely heard on the ground among the redwoods. Silence, awful and sepulchral, reigns here forever. Nor summer nor winter is known among the redwoods; the same dark, pitiless, funereal season prevails through all the year. "No daintie flowre or herbe that grows on grownd" in spring-time; no light and fleecy flakes of snow drift down to cover the naked earth in pitying tenderness; no leaves of golden and crimson tint, in the sad and pensive glory of autumn, float down here, with many a melancholy and lingering flutter, to the ground. The dweller in the redwoods only knows that at some undetermined season, from some hidden source, the rain begins to trickle dismally down through the gloom; and that at another season it ceases as it began. With no other trees among them, no rival near the throne, alone and unapproachable amid the desolation that their overshadowing vastness has created, the redwoods slowly grow through the centuries, unscathed by the fire that rages about their bases, unharmed by storm or flood or earthquake. In the presence of these mon-

archs of earth, standing in their grim silence, one feels an inexpressible emotion of the infinite, and the mind finds itself struggling in that useless grapple with the thoughts of eternity which overpowers it, and brings into the eyes the tears of human helplessness and littleness. What a place of inspiration had this been for Bryant! How he would have felt his heart moved more than by a trumpet! and how his noble organ-tones would have been deepened here!

The intelligent reader is aware that the redwood (I will not give the learned botanic name, for I don't know what it is,) grows along the Coast Range of California, from Klamath County down to San Luis Obispo, in a narrow and disconnected belt on the slope next the Pacific. It is a tree which flourishes only in a humid atmosphere, and 'heretofore is not found in locations beyond the influence of the dense, cold ocean fogs, extending only ten or twelve miles up the rivers and creeks, seeking the darkest and dankest coves in their banks, and seldom growing at an elevation of over a thousand feet on the mountains. The redwoods are not the "Big Trees," which grow only on the Sierra Nevada, though they are quite similar to them, being of the same botanic family, and sometimes fall little short of attaining the girth of those renowned giants. The lumber resembles cedar very much, being reddish and slightly odorous; and for all uses to which soft lumber can be put, it is probably the most admirable material on the continent. It is the one capital source of supply for building purposes in California, and every year sees at least eighty million feet of it consumed in this State alone, besides probably an equal amount (the redwood cannot be separated from other kinds in the official tables) exported to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, Mexico, and South America. It is great cause of thankfulness in this sparsely wooded State, that the redwood grows only on the Coast Range, and

not on the Sierra Nevada, thus escaping the frightful ravages of the miners.

I have said above that there is small probability that the redwoods will be inhabited, except by the lumbermen themselves, at least within a century. There is one fact that should be somewhat reassuring and satisfactory to those who are concerned for the future lumber supply of California — the hardy pioneer cannot ruthlessly destroy and reduce to ashes the redwood forests, as the manner of Eastern settlers is in the backwoods. They heave themselves up in their majestic strength and greatness, and they dishearten and appal any one man and his wife and children, or any two men, for that matter, by their vast dimensions. Even if one man can, single-handed, somehow succeed in bringing one down at last, he cannot destroy the enormous trunk with fire, according to the backwoodsman's fashion in the East. "Logging" here becomes a hopeless and ridiculous failure; and if he waits until it rots before he attempts to cultivate a crop — and the redwoods cover nearly all the ground where they are fallen — he will be like the Horatian peasant, *Rusticus expectat dum defuait amnis*, so wonderful is the durability of this wood. He will go down into his grave, and his children after him will be gray-haired, before the mighty butt-cut crumbles and returns to its original element. The redwoods are safe, therefore, against that sporadic and vandalic slashing of the independent American backwoodsman, who regards the public forests as possessing no other utility but to be reduced to ashes, that he may enrich his corn and his turnips with their ruins. No one man can do anything against the ancient and solemn peace of these forests; only an organized company, strong with capital and with big engineering, can accomplish any matter effectually. It is an amusing and almost a pathetic spectacle to see the bachelor pioneer squatting in the edge of the redwoods — always, if possible, hard by the river-side, else he would despair of

ever hewing a hole up through, that he might behold the firmament and the goodly light of the sun — and working one whole day and a half of another, perchance, to fell a single tree, which, when prostrate at last, lifts its enormous back as high as his roof-comb. For days and weeks he beats out rails and "shakes" (long undressed shingles) from the upper lengths of the monster; and in the lower end, which is hollow, he constructs a hen-house, capacious enough to house his whole hennery, with a spare chamber or two for the suspension of his bacon therein. What a sarcasm is that big butt-cut — lying there in its fallen greatness — upon the pigmy cabin our bachelor has constructed for himself!

Stumptown! There is a rude descriptive significance in this name peculiarly Californian, just as there is, perhaps, in Hangtown or Helltown. It is in Sonoma County, on Russian River, about ten miles from the Pacific; and a funny-looking place it is, with a little shanty and a mighty stump alternately — the latter nearly as large as the former, and about twice as numerous. The streets of it dodge about in a most accommodating spirit, for the respect shown to the stumps by the engineers and graders is conspicuously manifest. The problem of finding a given shanty by its street and number is more discouraging than a Chinese puzzle, and it is a highly inconvenient place for an individual who is slightly "screwed" on the mellow product of Sonoma vineyards to attempt to journey about in after nightfall.

After you go down below Green Valley, famous for its grapes, the prairie land along Russian River gradually disappears, and is replaced, as you come within the influence of the ocean's damp breath, by the moisture-loving redwood; and finally the "bottom land" — to use a bit of Western phrasing — ceases altogether, and the river winds down very crookedly, between low redwood-covered mountains, to the Pacific. After coming from the

utterly bleak and naked-looking villages of the great treeless plains of the Sacramento Valley, the traveller is surprised to find that California, ever true to its character of extremes, in this little hamlet of Stumptown, surpasses anything ever seen in Eastern frontier towns in the gigantic ruggedness and roughness of its stumps.

There are four sawmills in and about this village. That in the village gives employment to fifty men, in cutting, hauling to the mill, and sawing; and there is about an equal number employed at each of the other three mills, many of them having their families about them, so that they are the nuclei respectively of very considerable colonies. This mill has turned out three million feet of lumber during the last year, and the others have about an equal capacity. Let us estimate a wagon-load of lumber at three thousand feet, (and this is a large load even for a California wagon,) and suppose that each wagon is four days in reaching its destination and returning, and we shall have seventy-five loads as the yearly capacity of each wagon. At this rate, it would take sixteen wagons to a mill; and each one, therefore, gives direct employment to sixty-six men, sixty-four horses, and about a dozen oxen. For the purpose of getting out the lumber, they have succeeded in forcing wagon-roads through the forest, but in most cases where it is necessary to travel through the redwoods, even Californians are content to transport everything on pack-mules. And it is a curious spectacle to see a long train of them traversing one of these gloomy and silent wastes, where even the owl is appalled, winding about with infinite sinuosities around one tree and another.

Most of the trees have such an enormous bulb upon the ground that it is necessary to cut them off at an elevation of eight or ten feet. First, the woodman cuts niches in the tree about as high up as his head, and then constructs a scaffold whereon to stand while chopping. A skilful chopper has

two axes, one with which to cut through the great ribs of bark, which is gritty and would spoil his best axe, and another for the main business of felling the tree. It takes a very long pair of arms and a long-handled axe to reach across; and happy is that woodman who is ambidextrous, and can make a "scarf" as smooth as a saw-cut with either hand foremost, for he is certain of the best wages, and he alone can cut down, without an assistant, the largest trees, by swinging his axe first in one hand, then in the other. After a half a day or so the monster begins to quiver a little, away up somewhere about the region of the sun, and at last he bows his head for the fall, and then there is a mighty scampering off the scaffold, a long and mournful creak when the old fellow breaks his great heart, a swift and whizzing rush through mid-heaven, a crash and splintering of his pigmy neighbors, and then a stupendous and awful thud upon the ground, which quivers for a mile around, while the surrounding forest smokes with the dust, and the trees rock to and fro with violence, as if there had been an earthquake. The great old monarch lies prostrate and humbled, but it may be some small consolation to him to see how his puny destroyers have fled at the thunder of his falling.

It is no small labor, one may well believe, even to saw the monster in two after he is fallen, and scaffolding has to be erected again. In the case of ordinary-sized trees, there is in use in many mills in California an improved drag-tooth saw, one-handed, which is a great advance over the old-time cross-cut, inasmuch as it enables one man to cut through a five-foot log about as quickly as by the ancient method, and much more easily. When the logs are cut, an enormous pair of truck-wheels, about ten feet in diameter, are brought upon the ground, and one end of the log is suspended beneath the arched axle, so that with four or five yoke of big, crooked-kneed oxen tugging at it, it can be

dragged a short distance to the mill. For the largest ones, a causeway is generally prepared by laying down green, peeled skids, like railroad ties. For the smaller-sized ones, wooden tracks are laid, on which low flat-cars are run, with the logs laid wholly upon them. At this mill there is a little creek running a short distance up among the redwoods, and by damming this at the mouth, and keeping it full by means of a steam-pump running day and night, pumping water into it from Russian River, a water-way is procured, whereon the logs are floated a few hundred yards to the mill. There is a mill at the mouth of the river which is supplied wholly from above; and during the dry season thousands of valuable sawlogs accumulate on the sandbars, and shoot out into the ocean on the Christmas freshet, where they are lost beyond recovery. Such is the California wastefulness of this invaluable lumber.

Taking considerable interest myself in farming, I had no little curiosity to see what availability these redwood lands possess for agricultural purposes. On Russian River I saw a clearing of a few acres, on which there was harvested this year a crop of wheat; and a curious-looking place it was, with the huge, fire-blackened stumps protruding up all over it, so that the field looked somewhat, perhaps, like the ruins of Chicago. I think an Illinois farmer would smile at the prospect of getting his winter's bread among these Titanic roots, and, indeed, it is highly probable that the owner made the experiment more to develop a new "California curiosity" than for any other purpose. The stumps must certainly occupy a fifth of the ground, yet the owner gathered off it about thirty-five bushels per acre. But the best use to which these redwood lands can be applied in this treeless State is, to let them grow up again in forests. The redwood is wonderfully persistent in growing, and sends up shoots with a vitality almost as indestructible as

that of the famous Balm-of-Gilead. Stumps that have been cut from seven to ten years are encircled with young trees eight or ten inches in diameter; and if the owner would only give some attention to the matter, and spalt off all except two shoots, on opposite sides of the parent stem, in twenty years, perhaps in less time, he would have a forest of trees from fifteen to twenty-five inches in diameter, which would be more valuable by that time than the intervening crops he might gather. So wonderful is the life-power of this remarkable tree, that I believe successive forests might be cultivated on the mother stock for centuries, just as sugar-cane in Louisiana is grown year after year from the same clumps of roots. The redwood is one of the great compensations of Nature in this arid and almost treeless State. Besides that, the roots will never die out, so that the farmer can plough among them without great wrath, much profane swearing, and fracture of ploughs, to say nothing of the poor horses' shoulders jammed like a pounded beef-steak. "The redwood has as many lives as a cat," say the woodmen. In one place I saw where a gigantic tree had fallen across a little brook, many years ago, in a dank, dark *canyon*; and though it clung to the earth with only a single root, and was else wholly dead, two shoots had sprouted up on the middle of the log and waxed great. Thus there was presented the curious spectacle of two tall and lusty trees growing right above the middle of the brook, rooting in a horizontal log ten or twelve feet above the water.

When "shakes" are employed in the construction of a cabin, they are simply laid on in weatherboard fashion, reaching from one piece of studding to another. But no Californian can live with any considerable degree of self-respect, unless he is inside of a shell of savory redwood. Supposing him to be arrived in the redwood forest, and to be already provided with the *placens uxori*, let us see how he proceeds to

build himself a *domus*. He first smooths off a space and lays down some little pieces of boards and blocks for underpinning, on which he lays a square framework of sills. He then takes two boards and nails them together, as if he were about to make an eaves-trough; but this eaves-trough he claps on the corner of his house, upright, and nails the same post for a corner-post. He does the same at each corner, then fastens them together atop with another square framework, quickly nails on the siding of the house, gets up the rafters, spreads on the shingles, lays the floor, and it is done. Total cost—\$47.00 in gold. "A thing which is done has a head," say the Italians. Our house has no head, but a mighty deal of body, being all body from the shingles down to the floor. And the cracks are so wide that you can stick your hand right out through them, and when visitors come, you can look out and see who they are without running to the window—if there be one. A bachelor friend of mine has lately established his quarters in the redwoods, in a cabin of "shakes," and he "has not yet had time to put in a window," albeit he finds time to read "The Newcomes." In lieu thereof he has hung up a piece of gunny-cloth, which he insists is better than a window, inasmuch as by hanging it in or out of the aperture, he can promote the movement of the atmosphere in either direction. It is like a double-acting flood-gate in a canal. Now, he also has no end of tame cats and chickens, and the same give him an intolerable deal of trouble in regard of that "window." They insidiously and with malice pre-pense creep around to the back side of his house, and fly or jump against the gunny, and come down on the inside. Then they get on the table—for their master has forgotten to give them breakfast—and one chicken gets the whole length of his neck down the cream-pitcher, while another hopeful young cock is diligently investigating the butter with his claws, and burying

his bill up to his eyes in it at every dig. Presently the owner makes a discovery in that direction, flings "The Newcomes" across the breakfast table, and chickens and cream-pitcher go off together.

All night long, in little Stumptown, the wheeze and whirr of the engine and the cursed clatter of the pump go on; and in the morning at last, after a sleepless night for the stranger, the steam-whistle breaks the nightmare of that detested, coughing engine, and summons the woodmen to arise. After a hurried ablution, and a hasty breakfast of strong black coffee, beefsteak, and small sweet potatoes (for among the redwoods that tuber falls painfully short of equalling the golden-bellied yams that grow between the fat and yellow pine-roots of Mississippi), they sally out to the forest, with axes a-shoulder; and the little town is lively and resounding with their whistling, the popping of their long ox-whips, the heavy rumbling of the truck-wheels, the curses of the teamsters, and the first lazy grunts of the engines. Then comes up the first, long, *diminuendo* groan of the lath-saw, as it cleaves off a slat; then a fine, shrill whirr; then the big, hoarse bass of the two seven-foot circular saws, as they plunge through some great redwood. If the day is sunny, now and then a gay parasol or a bit of fluttering ribbon will be seen gliding among the stumps, for the ladies of Stumptown, when they go shopping, are not disposed to lag any further than they can help behind the traditional gayety of attire seen on Montgomery Street. Russian River, no longer brightly and immaculately emerald as above, but stained by the sawdust as inky as Cocytus, glides lazily down with infinite sinuosities, between the dark-green redwood hills, on its way to the windy coast.

At night, "when work is over and done," the tired woodmen bring in their glittering axes, carefully set them away out of the reach of the children, gather in their rude board shanties,

take out their pipes, light them, and commence pulling at the same. A huge crackling fire is kindled on the hearth, with logs and slabs of redwood, in a manner that would move the envy of the Los Angeles farmer, who carefully husbands every bit of that precious article large enough to whittle. The evening is spent in telling stories, hairbreadth escapes, and moving incidents by flood or field; how poor Tom was crushed under a falling tree, and how Dick had the top of his skull neatly split open an inch deep by a circular saw, and still lived. In total default of a hotel, I stopped with the engineer — a slender, smooth-faced Alabamian, with a wife fully a head taller than himself, and modelled on an imposing scale, quite commensurate with the enormous redwoods that she lived among. Two or three hours I listened to these heavy stories, and to my host's narrative of his financial shipwreck through a rash steamboat venture up Russian River in company with a partner; how she twisted off her shaft and went to the bottom; and how the hulk now lies half-buried in the sand — a warning to any man so foolhardy as to attempt steamboat navigation on a river along which there is not yet enough traffic to have made even a respectable bridle-path — the while a half-dozen little cotton-heads romped through the room, and blew into the cat's ear with violence, to see

that inoffensive animal run and shake its head. Then we, two or three of us, crept away up the ladder to bed in a long, low attic, full of a various wealth of brown and grizzly bear-skins, dried herbs, ears of corn, pumpkins, rolls of rag-carpet, and similar. But the greatest wonder of all was the grapes which mine host had brought down from the famous Green Valley, for his winter consumption. On every rafter along its whole length, on nails, on beams, all over the gable-ends, on ropes stretched across, everywhere, they hung in hundreds of bunches, so that a nervous man, starting up suddenly in the middle of the night, stood a tolerably good chance of inserting a nail into his skull with force, and of crushing a pound or two of grapes. In this damp forest climate these grapes will keep thus for months, until they are all consumed.

Life in the redwoods, for adult persons, is sufficiently salubrious; but the humidity and denseness of the atmosphere give young children a considerable croup and cough, with a tendency to diphtheria. The children of these sawmill villages are frequently attacked with these complaints, and even grown people are obliged to keep a sharp lookout to their throats, but otherwise people living here are remarkably healthy, though their cheeks get that faded color peculiar to the inhabitants of dense forests. *Stephen Pivers.*

UNAWARES.

THE wind was whispering to the vines
 The secret of the summer night;
 The tinted oriel window gleamed
 But faintly in the misty light;
 Beneath it we together sat
 In the sweet stillness of content.

Till from a slow-consenting cloud
 Came forth Diana, bright and bold,
 And drowned us, ere we were aware,
 In a great shower of liquid gold;
 And shyly lifting up my eyes
 I made acquaintance with your face.

And sudden, something in me stirred,
 And moved me to impulsive speech;
 With little flutterings between,
 And little pauses to beseech
 From your sweet graciousness of mind
 Indulgence and a kindly ear.

Ah! glad was I as any bird
 That softly pipes a timid note,
 To hear it taken up and trilled
 Out cheerily by a stronger throat —
 When free from discord and constraint
 Your thought responded to my thought.

I had a carven missal once,
 With graven scenes of "Christ, his Woe." —
 One picture in that quaint old book
 Will never from my memory go;
 Though merely in a childish wise
 I used to search for it betimes.

It showed the face of God in man
 Abandoned to his watch of pain,
 And given of his own good will
 To every weaker thing's disdain;
 But from the darkness overhead
 Two pitying angel eyes looked down.

How often in the bitter night
 Have I not fallen on my face,
 Too sick and tired of heart to ask
 God's pity in my grievous case;
 And the dank deadness of the dark,
 Receding, left me, pitiless.

Then have I said: "Ah! Christ the Lord!
 God sent His angel unto Thee;
 But both ye leave me to myself —
 Perchance ye do not even see!"
 Then was it as a mighty stone
 Above my sunken heart were rolled.

Now, in the moon's transfiguring light,
 I seemed to see you in a dream;
 Your listening face was silvered o'er
 By one divinely radiant beam;
 I leant towards you, and my talk
 Was dimly of the haunting past.

I took you through deep soundings where
 My freighted ships went down at noon —
 Gave glimpses of deflowered plains,
 Blown over by the hot Simoon;
 Then I was silent for a space:
 "God sends no angel unto me!"

My heart withdrew into itself,
 When lo! a knocking at the door:
 "Am I so soon a stranger here,
 Who was an honored guest before?"
 Then looking in your eyes I knew
 You were God's angel sent to me!

Howard Glyndor.

A HASHEESH DREAM.

WE had been reading in concert Ludlow's "Hasheesh Eater," and the reading was followed by several animated discussions of the origin and nature of the Hasheesh dream, which led us far into the domain of psychology, and often quite beyond our depths in that of the natural sciences. Each had his own theory: mine being that the exhilaration of the Hasheesh state was but the abnormal action of certain faculties of the brain under the stimulus of the drug, at the expense of the reasoning faculties; and that, as the senses are but the channels through which the impressions of the outer world are conveyed to the brain, and depend for their acuteness upon the perceptive power of the brain itself, so these perceptive qualities, enlarged to an inordinate degree by the stimulus of the drug, might in turn react upon the senses, increasing their capacity to such an extent as to enable them to perceive things invisible to themselves in the normal state; and that thus many truths of natural science, established by theory alone, might, to the bodily senses under this influence, become palpable and material facts; and thus many of the so-called hallucinations of the Hasheesh state might, after all, be but the demonstrations of facts which reason had proved to exist.

My enthusiastic support of this theory naturally led to my own selection as the first to experiment with the enticing drug in the presence of the others. It was agreed that while under the influence I should, if possible, give my companions the benefit of my experience by relating to them my impressions as they occurred.

The appointed day arrived; and, towards evening, I swallowed a large bolus of the gum, and seated myself to while away the time till the potion should take effect. Two hours thus passed away before my companions ar-

rived. By a preconcerted arrangement a lively conversation ensued upon such subjects as it was desired should make an impression upon my mind which it would retain while under the influence, and which should if possible guide and control its action. Poetry and music, with the cause of their effect upon the emotional faculties, were fully discussed; the wave theories of light, heat, and sound, with all the various phenomena of the natural sciences in these connections, were dilated upon as fully as the limited knowledge of the assembled company admitted, to all of which I was a silent but interested listener.

An hour had thus passed pleasantly away, when suddenly I felt that fine, delicate thrill which is the premonition of the state of waking dream, proceeding as it seemed from the brain centre, and coursing along each separate nerve and fibre till it fairly tingled at my finger ends. In an instant I became conscious of the dual state. Bodily present among my comrades, hearing and comprehending every word that fell from their lips, and fully conscious of all my immediate surroundings, I could yet feel my very soul rising from the body, floating high above and looking down upon myself and my friends as from an immeasurable distance. Presently a feeling of immensity began to grow upon me. The room in which we sat expanded till ceiling and walls seemed miles away; every object around me assumed a gigantic size, and for the first time in my life I felt that I could fully comprehend the immensity of space, with its system beyond system of teeming worlds, and its cycle beyond cycle of eternal orbits. The sense of time, too, was correspondingly expanded; ages seemed to pass between each separate word of my friends' conversation, and I felt upon my shoulders the burden of centuries. Springing to my feet, I exclaimed in a voice whose mea-

sured accents seemed to trail through a cycle of years, and to rebound in reverberating tones to the farthest realms of illimitable space—"A thousand years are but as a day, and a single day as a thousand years!"

At the sound of the first word the conversation ceased, and I saw that every eye in the room was watching me intently. I could both hear and feel the tones of my own voice rushing through the ear passages and impinging with thundering vibrations upon the tympanum of each. I could see, through their dilated pupils, my own image reflected in a blaze of light from each separate retina. I could hear the very beating of their hearts and the rush of the blood through their veins and arteries.

Nor was the aspect of inanimate objects around me less singular. The pores of each were distinctly visible, and as I watched the tiny craters and corrugations which appeared to cover even the most finely polished surfaces with myriads of clustering mouths, eagerly drawing in the light and air, the process of evolution of colors became distinctly visible. The rays of light from the large chandelier which depended from the centre of the ceiling, rolled in long, diverging, undulating lines of silver in every direction, each separating into its elementary colors as it impinged upon an object, a portion of the colors seeming to enter the gaping pores and disappear, while the remainder, forming by their combination the color of the object, were reflected in new undulations to my eye. Thus the black marble mantel drank in all the rays, leaving darkness upon its surface; the white walls in their turn reflected *all* the rays, while the green upholstery of the furniture absorbed all the red, orange, yellow, blue, indigo, and violet rays, throwing off only the green. And so on through all the various elementary colors or their combinations, which appeared within the apartment.

Yet, with all the thoughts and emo-

tions that crowded my heart and brain there was mingled nothing of alarm or even of astonishment at the novel aspect which all my surroundings had assumed. The change seemed but the natural order of things suddenly revealed to my vision as by the removal of a veil which all my life had obscured the true perception of objects, and clothed them with a delusive aspect, as when one looks through green spectacles; the true had taken the place of the false. Here were Nature's primal laws suddenly brought to my physical consciousness—revealed in all their truth and beauty. A feeling of exultation possessed my soul—exultation in the new power which the charmed drug had bestowed upon me—in the suddenly acquired superiority over my fellow beings, not only in physical perceptions, but also, it seemed to me, in the capacity to investigate the causes of all natural phenomena, to read, as it were, the book of the universe, unfettered by the restraints of the flesh. And not the least of my exultation was in this same freedom to roam at will through all space, to visit the remotest stars, to observe, as with the eyes of sense, the laws that controlled their motions, and solve the problems that for ages have perplexed humanity. In fact, no enterprise seemed beyond my present capacity—no truth, however subtle, beyond my grasp. Infinitude itself was within my ken, eternity a palpable, appreciable reality, and immortality but a hackneyed, every-day fact.

Presently, while revelling in such thoughts as these, one of my companions, taking up a guitar, commenced to play a lively air. Instantly the room was filled with a floating sheen of undulating bars, twisting, curving, crossing, and interlacing, yet each preserving its own identity, and all coursing through the air in harmonious, never-interfering motion. Each note, too, wore its own distinctive shade of color. The broad bars of the stately, ponderous bass, clothed in rich, deep shades

of purple and dark blue, ever closely accompanied by the sad, sweet alto in its orange velvet garb; above them the gay, glad soprano gliding swiftly along in fine lines of dazzling white, and in shorter curves, sharp, clear cut, and aggressive; while above all swept the soaring tenor, clad in azure and gold, which seemed ever reaching for some unattainable point, and at last drooped at their extremities as if in despair of reaching their goal; all formed a shifting, shimmering web of gorgeous dyes, which floated from wall to wall and from floor to roof, enveloping every object in its shining folds. And through all floated the mingled odors of Araby the Blest. Thus I could at the same time hear, see, and smell the delicious melody, till all the senses were intoxicated with delight.

Suddenly the musician changed the key and glided into a sad and melancholy air. On the instant a cloud swept visibly across all the floating bars, deepening and softening their shades, and retarding their motions to a stately sweep, while the odors faded away to a faint suggestion of withered flowers. Instantaneously, too, the effect of the music upon my mind changed. The notes, so redolent of sadness, carried me back like a flash of lightning to the past. Every withered hope, every disappointment and failure, every grief of boyhood, came clustering and crowding upon my memory, till my very soul seemed dissolving in tears. Yet, withal, the emotions were inexpressibly sweet and fascinating, so that I listened long enraptured.

In the midst of the strain, a single thought of the evening's conversation leaped into my mind. "Harmonics!" I exclaimed. "Give me some harmonics!"

He laid his fingers lightly across the strings and swept a full harmonic chord. Instantly every floating bar and line leaped high in air to its octave third or fifth, or its double octave, diminished almost infinitesimally in its breadth, and increased four-fold in the velocity

of its waves, and floated high above its forsaken prime, seeming to look down upon its former self as the echo calls back to its causal sound—a quivering, miniature semblance of the source from which it sprang.

The musician closed his performance by striking all the strings heavily in a jangling discord. The new notes sprang like angry serpents among the beautiful bars that filled the air, hurling them right and left in dire confusion, causing them, in their tangled and knotted struggles, to dissolve together, dissipating the bright colors till nothing remained before my vision but an angry, whirling, leaden cloud, each of whose fine, sharp needles seemed to pierce my very brain. The spicy odors, too, were scattered, and in their place arose the stench of the bottomless pit. I stamped and howled in agony, and it seemed ages before the effect passed away and left me again calm.

It was one of those clear, frosty November nights when the sky is literally crowded with stars whose brilliancy is intensified by the purity of the atmosphere. I seated myself by the window and turned my gaze upon the heavens, which were clothed in a splendor unknown to me before. To my supernatural vision the stars were magnified into rolling worlds. I could hear the hum of their eternal music, and trace their orbits as they bowled swiftly along through the realms of space, throwing off floods of reflected light on all sides in a glowing track behind them. As I gazed entranced upon their wondrous beauty and order, one of my companions took from the table a copy of Milton, and in measured accents began to read the passage describing the fall of Lucifer and his angels from Heaven. The effect upon my ear of the ideas and the rhythm was precisely the same—it was that of a strain of mighty music—a stately triumphal march, in exact unison with the motions of the glowing worlds above and around me, rising and falling with the inflections of the reader's voice, in mighty bounds

that covered miles of space. It was the march of the Universe, and I was a part of it. I could feel myself swept along in the stately procession, now borne high above the glittering worlds in the car of some soaring idea, now sinking gently downward into their marvellous effulgence upon the dying waves of sound. I fancied that with the eyes of sense I could see the flight of Time, and feel in every nerve and fibre the procession of the ages. "Now," I thought, "now for a journey to the *ultima thule* of space—a trip to the realms where as yet the light of worlds has never penetrated!"

The spell was broken, and I was recalled to earth by an exclamation of a friend who stood by my side looking out with me into the night—"Look at that meteor!"

At the sound of his first word, my eye caught sight of the long golden line upon the sky. But to me it was no meteor's track; for, even as he spoke, it seemed to me that the heavens had opened and a flood of light poured forth, illuminating the whole heavens, and dimming with its brightness the light of the most radiant star. I could see the gates of pearl swinging upon their golden hinges; I could see, within, the streets of shining gold and the walls of jasper with their foundations of precious stones, all gleaming in the glory-light of whose radiance unspeakable the brightest light of the material universe is but the faintest type—a spark to a sun. Anon, upon the ivory threshold appeared a shining form closely pursued by the Archangel with his flaming sword. It was the form of Lucifer, Son of the Morning, clad in robes of dazzling white, and bearing upon his head a crown of gold, upon the frontlet of which glowed a single star of surpassing effulgence. A moment he paused upon the threshold, then bounded madly downward into outer space, followed by the long train of fallen spirits who were to share his perdition. Quickly the pearly gates closed behind them, and shut out the

blaze of glory from the worlds below. But down, down, down, through millions of miles of darkness, far below the track of the most wandering comet, I could trace the fall of the long trains of the damned by the streaming light of the single star that burned on Satan's forehead.

And now I felt myself one of that hell-bound train of the lost, borne swiftly downward, in spite of my struggles, in their fiendish company. One after another I saw their shining garments fall away from them, and their angelic beauty fade and wither and utterly change, till those who once were angels of light, became fiends of darkness—naked, distorted forms of demoniac ugliness. Fear and horror unspeakable took possession of my soul as I felt our downward progress, leaving worlds and systems and cycles of systems behind us in our more than lightning flight. The shadow of a great despair, inconceivable to the waking mind, enveloped me as with a cloud, shutting out all hope.

For ages, it seemed to me, we fell; and at last I beheld the door of the pit opening beneath us, and the smoke and steam of perdition arose, blinding and stifling me with its nauseous vapor. Down through the portals we swept into the region of everlasting fire, and I lay panting and groaning upon bars of white hot iron, burning and searing into my flesh, while with every breath I drew the curling flames into my lungs and poured them forth again unquenchable, unconsuming, yet scorching and blistering my very soul. "Alas!" I thought in my agony, "these others do but suffer the torture of the soul, while I endure the torments of both soul and body—the remorse of the spirit and the pains of the flesh!" Around me arose peal on peal of ribald laughter, mingled with curses, howlings, and blasphemy. Yet for me there was no speech. I felt that could I call upon the name of a single earthly friend—of one of those companions whose voices I could still hear, and

whose forms I could see far away in the apartment I had left—I could burst the spell that bound me there before my time. But the scorched tongue refused to move at my will, or the crackling lips to perform their office. "Oh, for a single word!"—I thought, and clutched madly at the flying cinders and leaping flames, as if in their fiery embrace I could grasp at the word that refused to come at my bidding.

For ages it seemed that I lay there writhing in torment; and at last, down through the cool, blue heavens that had mocked my gaze through the bars of my prison, came floating, in the form of a snow-white dove, the word I sought. Nearer and nearer it drew, and year after year rolled over my expectant soul as I watched it fluttering downward, till at last it alighted with a cooling influence upon my lips. And yet all this stretch of time was due to the expansive power of Hasheesh, since the real duration of the flight of the dove was but the breath consumed by one of my comrades—so far away, and yet close at my side—in pronouncing my own name. For, strangely enough, it was the sound of my own name that I heard; yet it loosed the

door of my lips, and I shouted the name of the friend whose lips pronounced it and who had stood by my side at the window, and screamed for water. A dash of the cool liquid upon my face—and I stood again by the window in my own room, and, snatching the pitcher from my friend's hand, drank long and deep, while my comrades stood around me with startled, anxious faces.

"Tell me, Tom," I asked, as I sank back weak and nerveless upon my seat, "how long is it since you saw the meteor?"

"Scarcely five minutes," he replied.

In that brief five minutes I had lived an age of beauty and a cycle of torment.

The visions came no more that night, and after an hour spent in detailing my experience to my comrades, as I closed the door behind the last of their retreating forms—"Farewell!" I exclaimed, "bewitching, accursed, angelic, hellish drug! for the first and the last time thou hast passed my lips! henceforth I will rest content with the pleasures which nature gives, and seek no more to tread the forbidden soil of hasheesh phantasy!"

Egbert Phelps.

THE PEOPLE AND THE RAILROADS.

THE railroad interest is an all-important one in all the civilized world, and is one of the most important subjects of legislation and popular consideration in the State of Illinois at the present time, by reason of its intimate relation to all our commercial interests. Some statistics taken from the lately-published report of the Secretary to the Railroad and Warehouse Commission of this State, will serve to show the magnitude of the interest. It appears that:

There are 5,490 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles of railroad operated in this State; there are 1,208 miles in process of construction; that there is invested in the first number of miles about \$132,305,872.79; that the gross earnings for the railroads of this State for the year ending June 30, 1871, were \$34,974,381.78; and that there were 11,873,932,833 pounds of freight carried during the same period.

It was well said in the "Railroad Gazette" of December 16th, by Mr.

Huntington, that "there is no class of men of equal number and intelligence who receive so little benefit from the experience of others in their calling as do railroad men." Those engaged in the practical operation and management of railroads are the most reticent, not, however, from a want of a proper knowledge of the subject, nor on account of an inability to express themselves. Whatever the cause may be, they may explain themselves, with the least danger of being unjustly represented.

To those who have least examined the subjects in question, the difficulties are fewest; to those a little further along in the study, they seem insurmountable, and grow in magnitude, until the student comes to see that necessity requires a solution of the questions which *can* be arrived at by years of hard study and experiment. And at this stage of the development, suggestions and reasonings of every variety may be of value, if only they be based upon facts.

The railroads have already gained the mastery over the people, in having obtained from a State government, necessarily corrupt under the system of special legislation, charters which are unlimited as well as dangerous in the power which they grant to these corporations. The people, also, are just waking up to the discussion of these questions, which should have been thoroughly examined and decided in the outset, while the railroad companies have the experience and the experiments of the years to guide them. Thus it is that the questions presented are being generally discussed as if in court, in case *The People vs. The Railroads*. The people are asking the railroads for certain things, and are calling upon the State authorities to enforce their claims. The intolerance of the railroads, and the grievances of the people, are, without doubt, greatly exaggerated. The railroads are not nuisances, nor railroad men ravenous beasts. A fact antagonistic to the *ani-*

mus of a great many writers and public speakers of the day, is that the best interests of the people and of the railroads are identical. The labor of the honest legislators and of the executive officers of this State in this regard is to devise equitable laws with which the people and the railroad companies may move in unison for the greatest public good. The obstacles in the way are a conflicting mass of premature and unreasonable statutes and charters, and the results of the selfishness which they have fostered in the monopolies which they have created.

It is also a fact that *all that the people really desire is a regularity and a reasonableness in the rates of the railroads, which at present they do not enjoy to that extent which they should*. Regularity is a necessary concomitant of all successful action, permanence and stability being the measure of prosperity. Reason also should govern man in the exercise of all his powers, being second only to the divine revelation as an infallible rule of action.

I. Regularity in the rates of railroads implies, first, an absence of discriminations based upon items which are not matters of actual expense; and, secondly, an absence in those violent changes in the rates which make commercial transactions in which transportation figures to any extent mere matters of gambling guess-work.

1. The subject of discrimination has been more honestly considered by our legislature, our railroad commission, and our press, than any other branch of the question. The act of 1871, in relation to the transportation of freight, is faulty in not providing sufficient means for its enforcement, in prescribing too severe penalties, and in making the charges for each day of the year 1870, when there was a great irregularity in the rates, the *maximum* for each day of succeeding years. Yet it enunciates a sound principle, one which, if properly enforced, would afford the relief the people are seeking in a great degree, and it is thought that its consti-

tutionality cannot be questioned. The laws of Massachusetts, Ohio, and Michigan have nearly the same rule, but it is the most correctly stated in the act referred to. In the first section it is provided that "No railroad corporation organized or doing business in this State * * * * shall charge or collect for the transportation of goods, merchandise, or property, on its said road, for any distance, the same nor any larger or greater amount, as toll or compensation, than is, at the same time, charged or collected for the transportation of similar quantities of the same class of goods, merchandise, or property over a greater distance upon the same road. * * * * Nor shall any such railroad corporation charge or collect for the transportation of goods, merchandise, or property, over any portion of its road, a greater amount as toll or compensation, than shall be charged or collected by it for the transportation of similar quantities of the same class of goods, merchandise, or property, over any other portion of its road of equal distance," thus establishing charges in every case the same for equal distances as well as no greater charge for a less distance. The distance which freight in general is carried bears a ratio to the expense incurred, and therefore discriminations should be made upon this basis. Also the expense necessarily incurred varies with the kind of articles transported, and proper discriminations should be made upon this basis. But it is a criminal usurpation of power on the part of railroad corporations, to establish discriminations in the rates of their charges which are not based upon differences in the expense actually incurred. Examples of the violation of this principle are numerous. During the summer and fall, a car-load of flour could be taken from a point 120 miles east of St. Louis to St. Louis and re-shipped from there to New York for less money than it could be taken from the original starting point directly to New York, though going by the same

lines in both instances. In the month of November, a phaeton-buggy was brought from a point in the State of New York through Chicago to Springfield, Illinois, for more than four dollars less than it could be brought from Chicago to Springfield. And it has been truly said by one of the Railroad Commissioners of our State, "One of two things must be true, either the through rates from the seaboard to the places indicated are greatly too low to be remunerative, or the local rates from Chicago to the same points, and for transporting products from these points to Chicago, are oppressive and extortionate. If the former be true, then the loss upon the transportation of through freights, at least so far as the roads of this State participate therein, must be made up by excessive charges upon local transportation; and the latter is therefore charged, not only with its reasonable cost, but also with the burden of the loss occasioned by an unjust discrimination against Chicago in favor of its rival seaboard cities.

"Although primarily the injury thus occasioned may be said to be borne by the commercial and manufacturing community of Chicago, and other points of distribution in the interior, yet ultimately the losses thus occasioned fall upon the consumer of the goods, and upon the producer, whose property is charged excessive prices for transportation in seeking markets, to make good the losses occasioned by such unremunerative rates."

But it is said that this discrimination increases the business at competing points, causing a rapid and wonderful growth, such as from the solitary fort in the marshy swamp at the foot of the lake to the magnificent metropolis which Chicago grew to be in less than two score of years. It must be remembered, however, that the fewest middle men possible between the producer and the consumer is recognized as a principle of political economy. Without doubt, increased demands are made upon the country producer by

the increase in the business of the broker; but the two points I attempt to maintain are, first, that the increase in the demands upon the producer by the merchant are not commensurate with the natural growth of the producer's business in case the full facilities of the railroad were enjoyed by him; and, secondly, that this discrimination which throws the business of a road to its terminal points increases the cost of production to the amount of the profits of the broker or wholesale merchant, which increase comes out of the pocket of the consumer without the least possible benefit to anyone. "Without the least possible benefit to anyone"; for there should be no more brokers and merchants than the natural and most economical transaction of business requires; and the railroads do not fare as well as if a regular and reasonable rate were charged for their whole line and for every part thereof. This argument, carried out, necessitates the establishment of a *minimum* rate, which will again be referred to.

Again: the arguments in favor of this discrimination could be met by saying that concentrations, large consolidations, great monopolies, and unnatural inflations, are pernicious to every commercial interest when viewed from the standpoint of "the greatest good to the greatest number."

This discrimination, pernicious as it is, is the only vestige left of what was, for a short time only, a healthy competition. Competition does not exist in this State, except for a very short period of time, in any case, and is then generally caused by personal conflicts of railroad men, which results in throwing so much the greater power into the hands of him who is victorious; consolidation being more frequently the result than the pooling of the earnings. For purposes of State policy, and especially in Illinois, competition is of no avail.

2. A regularity in railroad rates implies a regularity as between different

days. The fluctuations in the freight charges during 1869 and 1870 between New York and Chicago were from five dollars to thirty-seven dollars per ton, and between New York and St. Louis from seven dollars to forty-six dollars per ton. The Erie Railroad in 1869 carried freight to Chicago at as low rates as two dollars per ton, and from this bounded to thirty-seven dollars per ton. During the month of September, 1871, a firm of dealers who were shipping grain in large quantities over the Illinois Central Railway, by a change in the rates, made one morning by telegraph, were suddenly bereft of a large capital and a flourishing business, and thrown into bankruptcy. This sudden and violent changing of the rates of freight tariffs makes all commercial transactions subjects for gambling guess-work, just in proportion as the prices current depend upon the cost of transportation. It is impossible to keep the rates constantly the same; but a *maximum* and a *minimum* rate, based upon the actual expense incurred, should be established, which would keep them within reasonable limits.

II. In order that reason may be an element in the rates of railroads, many things are required besides mere regularity. The demands are many, and a few of the more prominent only can be mentioned in this connection, and that too briefly.

1. Roads should be constructed upon a more economical basis, and not with such "wide margins." It is a fact that in almost every road that is built, premiums are paid upon the ingenuity of contractors to make a big bargain, by which contractors and sub-contractors and sub-sub-contractors are profited by one piece of work. Hence the swindling which is connected with the building of new roads, and the swamping of those men who are minor holders of the first stock, those who furnish the first cash capital.

2. Roads should be more economically, yes, more honestly managed.

The stealing which is made most public — that of conductors — is one of the least of the sins of railroad management. There is no excuse for the dishonesty which railroad officials and employes practice, and which deserves a full showing. It may be justly said that railroad officials have not been more dishonest than others acting in a like capacity of agents, but it may be feared that in this regard they are not keeping pace with the age of reform.

3. There should be a fixed *maximum* of tariff for the transportation of passengers and freight. The question by what power this shall be fixed, is disputed. But it must, sooner or later, be done, and therefore "reasoning from the eternal fitness of things," there is a way to do it, and the first work to be done is to find this way, by study and experimentation. There are legal questions of immense magnitude involved, as, whether the legislature had the right to grant the unlimited power seemingly granted by the charters of the railroads of our State to fix their own rates; whether the legislature had received this right from the people; whether these charters are in the nature of contracts in general; whether they come within that class of contracts which the United States Constitution says shall not be impaired by State law; whether arguments of necessity and equity cannot be brought to bear upon these questions in favor of the people, etc., etc.

4. That there should be a fixed *minimum* rate is a bare question which is disputed, and which cannot receive the discussion in this connection which it merits. It is to be accomplished by the same power as is the fixed *maximum* rate, and its object would be, in the first place, to cut off one extreme of competition, and in the second place, to protect new enterprises from the crushing grasp of older corporations, one of whose objects has been and always will be to constitute itself a monopoly. For instance, the Chicago and Alton, and the Illinois Central are competing lines, and could by agreement, and

probably would at a slight provocation, cripple, yes, kill, the Gilman, Clinton and Springfield line, which runs parallel with and between the two former lines, were it not for the fact that the latter was a branch of and protected by a larger combination than the former two consolidated. The possibility of such an event being the result of personal war of railroad men, or of any other cause, should be removed.

5. The charges in all cases should be commensurate with the actual expense. Railroadings has come to be such a science that the actual expense is not a matter of estimate or approximation, but of almost absolute certainty; and the charges should be fixed accordingly in the *maximum* and *minimum* rates before mentioned. This is an indefinite hint to a basis of classification of the roads, which has been a fruitless search on the part of our present legislature. No more equitable basis could be found than that of the warrantable expense incurred.

6. The watering of stock and the capitalizing of earnings, as now practiced, is a ridiculous exhibition of cupidity. For a recent discussion of these questions the reader is referred to the report of the Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners of this State, where it is said, "These additional issues of stock, or stock dividends, as they are called, are made upon the pretext usually that they represent earnings of the roads which have been capitalized in improving its condition and enlarging its capacity for business. In some instances this may be partially true, but it is also true that the necessity for such enlargements and improvements mainly arises from the imperfect condition of the roads at the time they were called completed; therefore, until such imperfections shall have been made good by the expenditure of a sum out of the earnings of the roads equal to the amount of the stock fictitiously issued in the first instance, and all dividends paid thereon, together with interest, not even a plausible ground can exist for making

stock dividends to represent what is claimed to be capitalized earnings. The truth is, that in the cases alluded to, the earnings have been capitalized years before they were made. Thus it will be seen that the *fictitious capital*, and not the real money employed in the construction of the roads, is mainly benefited by a practice of the theory of capitalizing earnings."

7. The older roads should not be made to construct new ones out of their profits. If the Chicago and Alton Company is making money enough out of its main line and Jacksonville branch to construct a new Kansas line without the actual employment of additional cash capital, plainly its charges on its main line and Jacksonville branch are in the nature of extortions, and should be reduced.

Some of the demands then, that reason makes of the railroad companies are, that the construction should be carried on upon a more economical basis; that the management of roads should be more economical and honest; that there should be a fixed *maximum* rate of tariff; that there should be a fixed *minimum* rate of tariff; that the last two items should be fixed upon the basis of, and the charges in all cases commensurate with, the actual expense; the employment of fictitious capital should be abandoned, and the construction of new lines out of the earnings of older ones should not be attempted.

With two suggestions concerning the enforcement of the principles and laws above enunciated, these questions will be left for the present.

It is impossible to make a rigid and absolute classification of the railroads with reference to the rates to be imposed, that shall work justice to all the corporations. There must be, of necessity, a liberal latitude for discretion on the part of the officers having in charge the execution of the laws. It is an insult to the State and its citizens, which honest men should not entertain, to argue the danger of corruption in the department using this discretion. Let the

Railroad and Warehouse Commission be allowed a reasonable discretion in their dealings with the several railroads, and thus, and thus only, under the present arrangements for the enforcing of the laws, can justice be done to the new and old roads alike. The discussion of the reasonableness of the Commissioners' actions would rest, of course, with the courts, and thus would the officers having in charge the carrying out of the laws be able to discharge their duties wisely, and not by an unjust, arbitrary rule, nor would they possess an absolute or dangerous power.

Finally. Some legislation of a national character is necessary to carry out the foregoing principles. In the case of roads running only in this State this State should have sole jurisdiction. But in the case of roads running into from one to five other States also, a kind of national legislation is required, and is positively necessary to the carrying out of the State laws. The Illinois Central Railroad will evade the laws by appeals, procrastinations, and evasions of all kinds, just as long as the *whole line* of those roads running east from St. Louis, with whom it competes for Eastern traffic, are not subject to the same laws. Again, the corporations doing business in this State, for the purpose of classification, should be taken as a whole, as one body with a certain income, and with certain expenses, and classified accordingly. If the road runs into two or more States, the nature of the corporation and of the classification intended is not changed, and if their gross earnings is the basis, then the roads should be classified upon their entire gross earnings. It follows plainly, that if a classification is politic and necessary in one State, it is so in another; and the question is as to the most feasible mode of effecting this. It cannot be done by Congress without an infringement upon constitutional State rights. Concurrent legislation by the several States upon the railroad questions of the day is therefore necessary, but still the question of the man-

ner of effecting this is an open one. A plan that it is thought is original with this article, yet proposed in honest earnestness, is for the appointment by the several States, of Railroad Commissions similar to the Boards now existing in Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, who shall meet in a congress to consider those railroad questions which are subject to State legislation; to prepare a general railroad law which shall do away with special and unjust legislation;

to determine a common and equitable basis for a classification, if possible, and to arrive at the best conclusions possible concerning all the railroad questions now before the several State legislatures, in order that the day may speedily come when the horse that is harnessed with iron and fed with fire, and his owners, may not be in any sense whatever an enemy or an oppressor of the people, but when peace and profit may attend the progress of all our public interests.

J. H. Raymond.

STEVE BOGGINS'S COURTSHIP.

ABOUT a year ago, business connected with a certain prospective line of railroad brought me to the little village or hamlet of Gopherton. Not a noted locality by any means, lying as it does in the very heart of a Louisiana pine forest, forty miles from any navigable stream, and more than that distance from any town. An unmitigated backwoods place, given to tar and coal kilns (its principal sources of revenue), to bad whiskey and to drunken rows.

A traveller passing through the place would be very apt to wonder why there should be a Gopherton at all. As a general rule, the site of a town is chosen in view of some real or fancied advantage; but here the pines are scrubber and the sand deeper than in any spot within ten miles. The neighborhood is sparse and poor, and unless it was for the benefit of Turkey Creek, which runs back of the village, I am sure the liveliest imagination would fail to see why the early settlers chose that locality.

We have heard that the founder of the place was an enterprising Yankee, who, noting the thirsty character of the neighborhood, set up a grog-shop on the banks of the creek. Of course, in

a short time he had a rival in trade. Around these two groggeries clustered a blacksmith's shop to mend the broken cart-wheels which every drunken spree was sure to bring to the anvil—a doctor's office, the tenant of which made an easy living, and about a dozen or two log houses of composite style of architecture. Altogether, the place was considered of sufficient importance to find a local habitation and a name on the parish map of St. L——.

I took up my abode in a farm-house about a mile from the village. The occupants were in better circumstances than their neighbors, and everything around them had a thriving, comfortable look. The old man was a shrewd, energetic fellow, who raised poultry for the New Orleans market in large quantities, and made better corn crops and had a finer stock than any one in the pine bottoms. His wife, "Sairy," as he called her, was a worthy helpmeet. Such an eternal spinning and weaving bright-colored cottonades, such milking, churning, scrubbing, and general perpetual motion, makes me dizzy even to recall it.

But the old woman's greatest recreation was to wash and polish her "cha-

ney." Three long shelves in the best room were filled with the gaudiest gilt and flowered delf—all belonging to different sets, but all equally stunning in general effect—the accumulations of the whole period of her married life, wonderfully preserved. To be sure, some of the pitchers were noseless, and some cups without handles; but these damages were turned towards the wall. Every day, armed with feather duster, Mrs. Boggins tenderly and reverentially would move each piece, dust it, and then stand off to admire the effect.

"It sorter does me a heap of good," she said to me one day; "all them red and yaller flowers, and them gold stars, seems to strike right into my heart, and make it monstrous lively."

A very good commentary, I thought, upon the philosophy of color. Here was this ignorant backwoods woman illustrating a truth which our *savans* find difficult to commend to the popular palate.

But all the prosperity of the farm, and the phalanx of "chaney," could not keep trouble from the Boggins household. There was, as I soon found out, a skeleton in it.

This skeleton took the form of a stalwart young fellow of about six feet two inches in height—the only child and heir of the old couple; frank-faced, open-eyed, with a loud, hearty voice, and an irresistible flow of spirits.

People who live within the confines of civilization, keep their skeletons under lock and key. In the backwoods your hosts would think themselves sadly deficient in hospitality if they did not at once admit you into the "penetralia" of their troubles.

I had not been twenty-fours hours in the Boggins household when Mrs. B. remarked confidentially, "You see our Steve is mitily sot upon Tilda Ray what lives t'other side Turkey Creek. She's a monstrous poor gal, and aint much account nohow, I reckon, at real hard work. She's jest a little snip of a thing, and his Pa and me has sot our foot down on it forever and ever."

Farmer Boggins growled, "No beggar's brat shall tech my substance, what I have toiled and moiled for. Steve will jest make his choice twixt this here farm and that thar gal."

Steve, whistling cheerily in the yard, heard enough of the above dialogue to finish it that evening when we went bird hunting.

"The old man may talk, and the old woman may scold; but jest look here"—baring his arm, as large and sinewy as a young giant's—"do you think a young feller with this bone and muscle is a goin' to squat down with his finger in his mouth, and give up the gal he loves and who's promised to him, for a few dirty acres? No, sir-ree. I aint afeard of the hardest day's work that ever was laid off. I can make a livin' for Tilda without thankee to anybody. I reckon, though," (and his anger ended in a hearty laugh,) "that I'll manage some way to get my gal and the farm too!"

About sunset the following evening, I was sitting in the porch of the farmhouse, listening to the eternal monotone of the pines, which brought back sad memories of sea waves breaking on a low sandy beach, when my attention was suddenly attracted to the queer movements of Mrs. Boggins. The little woman (she was a small, dried-up specimen) was mounted on a chair, peering towards the road, hardly visible from the house. The chair was not high enough, so she climbed on the banisters; apparently with no better success, for she scrambled down, trotted to the smoke-house, a few yards off, and to my astonishment I next saw her standing on the roof, shading her eyes from the setting sun, and gazing intently towards Gopherton.

The farmer at that moment rode into the yard.

"What on airth, Sairy, are you a doin' up thar?" he cried, in astonishment.

"It's that dratted Steve!" she called out. "He's rode towards Turkey Creek, and I wanted to see ef he was a

goin' to visit that gal. I see him a comin' back along that road, and I'll fix him when he gits here. *That* I will, forever and ever."

She slid down, and, very red and very angry, was standing on the porch when Steve rode up. He did not await the bursting of the storm which he saw in the two angry faces before him. He called out, in his loud cheery voice:

"Dad, I'm goin' right off to hitch up the carryall, to take you and Ma to Gopherton. Great doin's there to-night!"

"Gopherton!" snarled the old man, divided between curiosity, and rage at his son's audacity, "I reckon it won't see me. I aint got the time, like some folks, to go gallivantin', with cotton a wastin' in the field."

"But you must go. There's a man goin' to lecture on sperits. He'll bring up ghosts to move the tables, and write messages from dead folks. Folks says he sees 'em, too. Oh, he does lots of things, and makes you what he calls a mejim, and then the sperits will talk to you, too."

"Do tell!" ejaculated the old woman, with open mouth, and eyes full of awed astonishment. The scolding she intended giving Steve was entirely forgotten. Mr. Boggins, quite as much impressed as his better half, nevertheless asserted his manly superiority by an incredulous sniff, and a "Do n't be a fool, old woman. Do you let that boy throw meal in your eyes that way?"

"But, Mr. Boggins," I said, coming to Steve's assistance, "if you have really never heard anything of Spiritualism, I can assure you it's worth listening to. Why, it's wonderful. Every one is talking of it now-a-days. You had better go. It will give you something to think of the rest of your lives."

Boggins looked a little puzzled.

"If you say it aint a humbug, I'd like to go. In here we don't have a chance to hear nothin'; but then it aint clar to my mind that I ought to go. I'm a church member, and dealin' with sperits is clean contrary to Bible teachin's."

There was a half-forgotten legend in Gopherton that thirty years back there had been a great Baptist revival at Turkey Creek. Whether the grace of the occasion had waned, or the circuit preachers had neglected the impecunious field, it is certain the "meetin' house" was used much oftener for secular than for sacred purposes. The community had originally been "Hard Shell Baptists," but after all these years of neglect they were like Crustaceans that have shed the original crust, and were not fitted with any other covering.

Mr. Boggins being somewhat more moral than his neighbors, and a sometime Bible reader to boot, held on to an imperfectly remembered creed. So when he said, "It's clean contrary to Bible teachin's, and Baptist teachin's too, I reckon," he looked appealingly to me, as much as to say, "Is it?"

Having little acquaintance with "Baptist teachin's," I was not prepared to answer that portion of his question; nor, with the exception of the "Witch of Endor," and a general warning against "blind leaders" and a special one against "false prophets," could I remember a text of Scripture which forbids a man to join a spiritual *seance*. So I told Mr. Boggins; and he, very willing to believe, muttered:

"Seein' aint believin', by a long jump."

In a very short time we were all jogging in the carryall to Gopherton. As we passed carts and nondescript vehicles travelling the same way, for the same object, Mrs. Boggins kept up a running commentary on the people in them and their belongings.

"Jest look at that shiftless Ike Loomis!" as we drove by an old backless buggy. "See his gearin's, all tied up with rotten ropes! Somethin' or other is forever breakin' about that man—always has, and always will be, forever and ever."

I felt like saying "amen" to Mrs. Boggins' favorite expression. Ike Loomis himself looked like a makeshift. Whiskey-bloated and soddren-faced,

the bestial figure seemed a link between man and the brute creation. Suddenly a light wagon, with a stout red-faced woman, and tall sawney one, passed us. Mrs. Boggins fairly gasped for breath as they nodded back at her.

"What did you let 'em pass for, Steve? We had the road, and we ought to keep it. And what in creation is Mary Anne Loomis and Lizer Carnes a doin' in Jackson's wagon? Why did n't Mary Anne ride in the buggy with Ike?"

"Ask her yourself," said Mr. Boggins irately. "What are you tarrifyin' yourself 'bout other folks's business? I reckon ef you war Ike Loomis's wife you would n't be so fond of ridin' long-side the old whiskey barrel. He has a bad habit, has Ike, of gettin' spilt by the roadside; and I reckon Mary Anne do n't care 'bout jinin' him in a tumble."

It was nearly dark when we reached Gopherton. The "meetin' house" was dimly lighted by tallow dips, and filled to overflowing. We got a seat just behind our friends of the road, Mary Anne and Lizer — the former rejoicing in a cone-shaped straw hat and red ribbons, only a hue lighter than her face; the latter with a long calico sun-bonnet, which served alternately as fan and pocket-handkerchief. By turns she fanned and mopped, and when excited would cast the bonnet on her head and tie it with a snap which threatened to dislocate her scrawny neck.

There was a little bustle, and the lecturer appeared on the platform. At a glance I saw that he was no shrewd imposter, but one of those blind fanatics who throw themselves with mad enthusiasm into the wildest doctrines. Tall and thin, with a narrow forehead, and eyes full of gloomy fire, the man impressed me as a type of the old zealots who, through the torture of the rack and the stake, upheld triumphantly their own belief.

Without any preamble he plunged at once into his subject: "Why should you be kept in ignorance of the great

Truth of the Age because you are far from the world's thoroughfares? Moving on day after day, in the same miserable drudgery, has it ever occurred to you that there is a world of spirits around you?"

A nudge from Mary Anne, and a stage whisper in Lizer's ear: "I reckon ef he lived as close to Sim Bates's groggery as me, he would n't have asked that question."

"Yes," continued the orator; "the spirits have led me to you that you may learn to know them, and through them the great Evangel which is sent to bless the nations of the earth."

"Show 'em to us, Mister!" cried a lank, smutty-faced kiln-burner, who stood near the platform. "Jest show 'em to us, and we'll believe all you 've got to say."

The speaker glared angrily at the dirty incredulous Thomas. It was his first experience of a Gopherton audience. Had he been here before, he would have known that these pine woods chaps were much given to interruptions of that nature. In fact, a speech always merged into a social conversation between speaker and hearers. They contended that in a free country one man had as much right to talk as another, and sometimes they have been known to out-talk the men who came to enlighten them on the issues of the day.

Just as the Spiritualist had taken up the thread of his broken discourse, there was a stir at the door, and Mary Anne, ribbons and all, bent forward to look.

"Goodness sakes!" she cried aloud; "ef thar aint my drotted old man, jest as drunk!" And she raised herself in her seat and shook her fist menacingly at the stupefied oaf who was balancing himself with difficulty on the threshold. He did not seem to heed her, but smiled cunningly, and moving his stick playfully forward, cried out:

"I aint a bit afeard, Mary Anne!"

She made a rush forward, flattening me up in my corner as she dashed on.

Lizer, sun-bonnet and all, was capsized on the floor, where she snapped her bonnet strings two or three times before rising, and Mary Anne fairly plunged her way to the door, pounced upon the delinquent, and unresistingly dragged him back to her old seat.

"Now you jest squat down thar!" she said, viciously pushing him down on a little stool at her feet, where he could see nothing but the tops of the benches. "I aint a goin' to lose the speechifyin' for you, and I aint a goin' to let you disturb the congregation, you drunken devil. Lizer, you jist help me keep him straight!"

He seemed too far gone to make any other protest against his situation than by lurching first against the lap of one woman and then against the other. Each in turn would give his head such a crack that I had a sympathetic headache for hours afterwards. The sharp snap of the bonnet strings was unnerving to listen to, and Lizer's face was fast presenting the appearance of a criminal who was undergoing the last penalty of the law.

During this little interlude, the discourse from the platform went on, with a good many hitches from the inquisitive audience. Mr. and Mrs. Boggins sat silent and open-mouthed during the discourse, and when the usual manifestations began, moved off to a front bench to get a nearer view. I had seen that King of Spiritualists, Home, float through an open window; I had assisted to bind those clever charlatans, the Davenport Brothers, in their magic cabinet; I had taken part in "seances" of every kind and degree; and the edge of my curiosity about these spiritual marvels was somewhat worn away. So I amused myself in watching the motley crowd around me. Tables had been rapped and chairs moved. My friend Mr. Boggins, who made one of a magic circle, had written a variety of communications from deceased inhabitants of Gopherton. In fact, he was discovered to be a "powerful mejum,"

though, watching him closely, I thought a rather shaky one. A tall, awkward youth, clad in walnut-dyed homespun, lounged through the crowd and took his seat among the "mejums." "Is that my son Tommy Loomis there?" cried Mary Anne at the top of her voice. "Does that old fool think I'm goin' to let my Tommy go and be conjured? For the Lord's sake, Lizer, stand on the edge of that stool and look and see if that really *is* my Tommy. I darsn't leave hold of this drunken fool to get up and see."

The obliging Lizer mounted and peered over. But the "drunken fool" had retained sense enough to enjoy a joke, and as Lizer raised herself on tip-toe on his seat, he quietly slid off. Her balance was lost, there was a kind of shooting forward, a loud scream, and before we had time to move, the bench on which Steve and I were sitting was cast with violence to the ground.

I hardly know how I extricated myself; but in the midst of the confusion I heard distinctly the parting snap of Lizer's bonnet strings, as some pitying neighbors helped her to the door, and saw Mary Anne's hat turned back part before, and her wrathful face, as she followed a very limp bundle some men were conveying out of the "meetin' house."

I wondered at the calmness of the Spiritualist during this noisy interlude. As soon as quiet was restored, his deep sonorous voice rose in emphatic tones:

"You asked me just now to show you the spirits. I can at least show you their handiwork. You saw that miserable toper carried out of the door. Probably you think it is by his own will that the poisonous draught is commended to his lips. No; it is the work of evil spirits. Invisible to your eyes, but real tangible beings, shape his will and hold the cup to his lips. They move the hand in murder; they wag the tongue in scandal. Every bad thought is suggested by them; in every evil act they have their portion. They

are the real demoniac possession the Scriptures tell us of."

"Hallelujah!" cried a voice in the crowd. "Then it wan't Lige Potter's fault he stole Widder Wilkins tin pail!"

"Shut up, you tarnation fool!" growled another. "I'll be dogoned ef I do n't b'lieve you or Lige Potter has sperited away my jack-plane!"

In the twinkling of an eye the two men clenched, and a scuffle ensued, in the midst of such a babel of sounds that the whole assembly seemed to be taking part in it. Steve touched my arm. "It's goin' to be a free fight," he said, "and I reckon you nor me aint got any interest in it. You git out as fast as you can, and I'll bring along the old folks."

I took his advice; but by the time I reached the threshold something like order was being restored in the Pandemonium. The irrepressible lecturer stood patiently waiting until his voice could be heard.

I could not help thinking, as I looked back at him, that it was a pity his earnestness, patience, and power of will could not be brought to bear upon some of the real issues of life. Face to face with a mysterious force of nature, which we have not yet learned to guide or understand, this man at once accepted it as the means of solving the great problem of life.

The "old folks," or Steve himself, were very hard to dislodge, for at least half an hour elapsed before they made their appearance. I preferred the pleasant night outside, to the heat, noise, and pressure within, and the waiting did not seem very long to me. When at last they emerged with the rest of the audience, they seemed strangely silent and quiet. We rode on for some distance without a word being exchanged, when suddenly the old farmer brought his hand down heavily upon the side of the vehicle.

"I do n't understand it," he said. "Somethin' seemed to hold my hand in a tight grip, and move it over the paper. I writ down things I never did think of in my born days, Sairy."

"Sairy" was too far gone in awed astonishment to do more than groan. But Boggins's natural shrewdness struggled hard against credulity.

"It pears to me," he continued, "it's a mighty loose doctrine if you do n't know where it's goin' to land you. Aint got no heft in it, as I can see. The sperits do n't give you no satisfaction no how."

Another acquiescing grunt from "Sairy."

"I b'lieves in it all," uttered Steve, in such a hollow, sepulchral tone that I turned and looked at his face, plainly visible in the moonlight. It was drawn down, and his eyes upturned in a very queer manner.

"Yes, I b'lieves in every word about the bad sperits holdin' a feller, and makin' him do all kinds of wicked things. The man said, too, good sperits mout fight agin the bad, and conquer, and the good sperits of other people, ef they was nigh us, might help us. I reckon, Dad, you and Ma there aint got any good sperits, for you was jam up against me, and yet I jest felt like I would like to choke old man Washton."

"Sakes alive!" cried his terrified mother. "O Steve, what's come to you! A good, well-behavin' ole man like Tim Washton."

"I do n't know what's come to me. I reckon the devils got in when that conjuror made me lay my hands on the table. I do n't feel like myself."

All this said in an indescribably gloomy manner. The farmer looked at his son uneasily, and the unhappy mother would have lifted up her voice and wept aloud if the jolting of the carryall had allowed it. As it was, she uttered one or two squeaks, and an unlimited quantity of "Merciful Heavens!" until we reached the farm.

I went immediately to my room, feeling somewhat uneasy about the young man. Spiritualism is given to unsettling the mind of its votaries, and here had I been instrumental in exposing this family to its influence. As Steve passed my door I called him in.

"I am truly grieved to find," I began; but was interrupted by a burst of laughter.

"You do n't tell me you b'lieves like the old folks!" he said. "Jest keep dark, and you'll see some fun, I reckon. I aint goin' to tell you the whys and the wherefores, but you'll find out." And putting his finger to his lips, he marched out, leaving me considerably relieved.

About midnight I was awakened by a terrible fall in Steve's room, which adjoined mine; then a crash as if the house was tumbling about my ears. I jumped up, and into such of my clothing as lay at hand, and running out of the room, met the old couple on their way to the scene of action. As we opened the door, there sat Steve in the middle of the floor, overturned chairs and tables around him, and a large looking-glass shivered on the floor.

"Gracious sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Boggins, rushing forward; "my best looking-glass, what I've had for thirty year!"

"What in thunder do you mean, Steve?" cried the irate farmer.

There sat the Destroyer, grim and stern,—nothing violent or maniacal about him,—fully conscious of the mischief he had done, but powerless in the hands of an evil Fate. Quite an impressive tableau.

"It's no use talkin'," he said, mournfully; "no use at all. Them sperits has got hold on me, and I'm bound to bat my brains out agin the wall ef they tell me to do it."

An awful "Hoo, hoo!" from his mother, and an "Oh, Steve, what kin we do?"

"Hold my hands, you and Dad," he said, "when I feel 'em risin' in me. Maybe you have got some good sperits. Hold 'em now, right off!"

Each seized a hand. He wrenched from them, and running to the bedstead, tore it apart and threw the posts on the floor.

"His own blessed grandma's bedstead!" shouted Mrs. Boggins. "Oh!

have I lived to see this? My own son! and all the fixin' and carpentering on them posts, and the quilts all quilted; and to have bad sperits a-tearin' and a-rendin' at his innards and my bedstead! Oh Steve, Steve, my poor unfortunate son!" And she fell on a seat, overcome with grief.

Steve's strength was somewhat spent by this time.

"I reckon they're about done now," he said, dejectedly. "Maybe they'll come back sometime, but perhaps by that time some good sperits will be around. I kin mend your bedstead, Ma, as good as new; but what's goin' to make me the man I was?"

"I'll send for that confounded spirit man to-morrow," growled the farmer. "Ef he put 'em in, I reckon he can put 'em out."

"He went away right after the lecture," said Steve.

"There's old Mam Darly," said Mrs. B., joyfully. "Ef there's an angel on arth it's that ooman. I'll send for her fust thing to-morrow. Ef anybody has got a good spirit in these diggins, old Mam Darly is that one."

"Hem, hem!" and Steve did not look as much pleased as he ought to have been. "I hope she has; but I'm mity afeard old Mam Darly's spirit will be monstrous weak. She's very old, aint she?"

"Nigh on to eighty year, I reckon. Ef she don't do, we'll try the whole settlement, Steve. Don't give up, my boy," said his father, cheerily. "Go to bed, and to-morrow we'll do somethin' for you."

"Don't you think Steve is cracked?" he whispered to me as we went out. "I'm afeard the boy is regular crazy."

"I don't know," I answered, evasively; "but, Mr. Boggins, humor him if you wish a cure."

He shook his head ominously as he left me. Steve's "spirit" game had n't imposed upon him, but serious fears as to his sanity were aroused.

Of course "Ole Mam Darly" was at the breakfast-table next morning.

Steve ate his meal moodily and in silence, every now and then answering the venerable "angel's" questions with a snarl. As he rose, his mother and "Ole Mam Darly" rose too, and followed closely at his heels.

"You aint a-goin' in the field," said Mrs. Boggins, "this blessed day."

It was probably not in Steve's programme to be followed about by two old women, so he turned around like a baited bull.

"What do you want me to do? Sit down and twiddle my fingers? I've got business in Gopherton this mornin'."

"I'll do it for you," said his father, coming up. "You aint well, and you jest stay quiet in the house."

Steve had no resource, so entering the best room, he threw himself sulkily on a couch.

Mrs. Boggins went cheerily about her morning's work, very much assisted by the mild twaddle of her ancient visitor. I was seated on the gallery, poring over a chart of the parish, and wonderfully bothered by the names of certain localities, when a very pretty girl walked up; a fragile-looking little creature enough, with a shy, deprecating look in her soft gray eyes.

Mrs. Boggins, who was sweeping away cobwebs for dear life, with a yellow bandanna bound round her head, turned around sharply as she heard the girl's step.

"Is that you, Tilda Ray?" she said coldly, not even offering her hand or ceasing her work. "What's brought you up here so early this morning?"

The girl's face grew crimson at the tone.

"I came because mother had no one else to send," she said, in a low voice. "She's done the quilt she was makin' for you, and she says please send for it this evening."

"And why on arth"—began Mrs. Boggins, when a loud crash was heard in the best room.

"Oh Lordy!" she shrieked, dropping the broom and rushing to the place; but before she reached it, another and

another crash. She entered, followed by us all; and what a sight before her! One large pitcher lay shattered; cups and saucers in fragments; a flowered bowl was in the hands of Steve, which he held high above his head, and then threw down with violence. The cherished "chaney," the pride of Mrs. B.'s heart, was in a fair way of being totally demolished. Some ladies would have fainted, or had hysterics, in that venerable matron's position. She did neither. She gave an Indian whoop, a mad clutch at the hair on the top of her head, executed a kind of war dance, and backed right up against me, snapping her fingers.

"The Lafayette pitcher!" she yelled (it had a picture of that venerable patriot on it); "the sunflower cups, (snap, snap,) and oh, great Masters! he's got holt of Ginerall Jackson mug! Oh, Mam Darly, take a holt and see if he won't stop!" and the snapping of her fingers, like castanets, kept time to her distracted ejaculations.

Mam Darly, nothing loth, tottered forward; but, as Steve had foretold, her "sperit" was too weak for the emergency. The "Ginerall Jackson" mug came down, nearly hitting her poor old head in its descent. She got out of the way in a hurry. Mrs. Boggins was at her wits' end, when her eye lighted on Tilda Ray, who had come in with the others, and stood looking at her lover with fear and pained wonder in her soft eyes.

"Come here," she cried, seizing her by the arm and dragging her forward. "Take holt of his hand, and see ef your sperit can help him any."

A miracle! At the girl's trembling touch, the young giant gently laid down the bowl he held, and passed his hand over his forehead like one awaking from a trance.

"So I did all that,"—looking at the *débris* before him. "'I'm sorry, Ma, but it wa'n't my fault. When Mam Darly touched me, you see, it seemed like somethin' told the rendin' sperit to git out."

"It wa'n't Mam Darly," said his mother, rather crossly.

He pretended to recover his consciousness all at once, and looked at the girl beside him.

"Oh, I see, 'twas Tilda. Well, it's certain as you stand thar, it's Tilda Ray's sperit that can conquer all the devils in me!"

Mrs. Boggins received the communication somewhat austere; but I noticed her farewell to the girl was much warmer than her greeting. When she left, Steve subsided again into his moody melancholy. As soon as Boggins returned, there was a long conference between the old couple, which I saw that rascal Steve watching out of the corner of his eye.

The result, as the farmer told me that night, was a consent to the marriage of the lovers.

"As fur that nonsense about sperits and a holdin' of hands, that the ole ooman b'lieves in, I know that's high Betty Martin. But the boy is a-goin' crazy fur the gal, and he must jest have her,—that's the up and down of the matter. It 'twont cost more to take *her* in the family than to keep *him* at a lunatic 'sylum. It's either one or t'other."

Knowing as I did that the farmer was as thoroughly humbugged as his wife, though in a different manner, yet I could not avoid congratulating Steve on the use to which he had put Spiritualism.

I have heard of their marriage, and that the "Lafayette pitcher" and "Gineral Jackson mug" have been replaced by others quite as showy.

M. B. Williams.

BUILDING MATERIALS FOR THE NEW CHICAGO.

IT was the boast of Augustus that he had found his capital of brick, and had left it of marble. It is hardly to be expected in the rebuilding of Chicago, when the business demands are so imperative for structures which shall afford shelter and security, and when all the available materials for construction over a large area are at once required, that there will be displayed that elaborate and ornamented architecture which, under less urgent and more prosperous circumstances, we might expect. But we may expect that the new city will be more substantially built, and of materials better adapted to withstand the ravages of a great conflagration.

It is opportune, therefore, to enquire as to the nature of these materials, their accessibility, the facility with which they may be fashioned into desired forms, and their ability to resist fire and atmos-

pheric agents. In wandering through the burnt district immediately after the fire, the observer had a good opportunity of learning an instructive lesson as to the comparative merits of the different materials in resisting fire; and while the general conclusion arrived at is that no known material could go through such a fiery ordeal unscathed, yet it is undoubted that there are certain materials which are so far fire-proof as to preserve intact the contents which they enclose.

All the earths, *per se*, such as clay, lime, sand, and magnesia (we use popular terms), are infusible, but when combined with carbonic acid gas, or mechanically mixed, say carbonate of lime brought in contact with silica, they readily undergo transformation. Silica in the form of a sandstone, can withstand any degree of heat. It is this

which forms the hearths of our reducing furnaces. Clay, a mixture of alumina and silica, is absolutely infusible, and is used as a lining for furnaces. Yet both of these substances, when heated to a high degree, cannot withstand the dashing on of water without cracking. Ordinary brick differ from fire brick in that the clay entering into their construction contains lime, iron, manganese, etc., which render them fusible.

Most of the limestones employed in the West for the purposes of construction are a double compound of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, or, in other words, a calcareous carbonate of magnesia (dolomite). There is, also, often a notable percentage of soda. It makes a durable building stone, and the mortar is esteemed highly as a cement, owing to its absorption of less carbonic acid from the atmosphere than lime made from ordinary limestone. The best marbles are similar in composition, but the difference in external characters is owing to metamorphism. Subjected to a strong heat, they undergo calcination and crumble into an earthy mass.

Granite is a compound rock, essentially composed of quartz, feldspar, and mica, or where hornblende replaces the latter mineral it takes the name of syenite. Where feldspar does not predominate, it is among the most durable of building materials, and there are in existence Egyptian monuments of this material, which date back thirteen hundred years before the Christian Era. Where feldspar is in excess, granite becomes the most perishable of rocks. It is a poor fire stone, and the first dash of water causes it, when heated, to splinter and flake. It is refractory and difficult to work after it has lost its quarry moisture.

So far, then, as relates to the fire-proof materials employed in the construction of buildings in the burnt district of Chicago, it may be said that ordinary brick were the most refractory, and next came the red sandstones of Lake Superior. Granite blocks lying

upon the sidewalks, and only exposed to reflected heat, flaked off; marble from Westchester County, New York, crumbled into amorphous masses as readily as the Athens limestone; and iron fronts and iron girders, except where protected by concrete, were warped and bent and hurled into the undistinguishable ruins. The petroleum limestone which caps the Niagara group, of which the Second Presbyterian Church was constructed, and which certain newspaper correspondents of a vivid imagination represented as belching forth flame and smoke during the great catastrophe, came out of the ordeal about as well as any description of stone. The readiness with which the Athens limestone and the Westchester marble crumbled almost to dust has brought upon these stones undeserved reproach, for no material could endure unscathed the fiery blast which swept over the fairest portion of the city on the memorable 8th of October.

I propose briefly to discuss the relative merits of the different building materials which will be employed in the rebuilding of Chicago, premising that those materials which are homogeneous in composition, consisting of a single substance or of different substances combined in atomic proportions, are the best, while those which are mechanically mixed are to be rejected.

Granites.—The granites from Minnesota had just begun to be introduced into Chicago as a building material, at the time of the fire; but as I am not familiar with the localities from which they were derived, and never gave them a personal inspection, I have no criticism to offer. That it is not a stone which will stand heat, is proved by the fact that blocks placed upon the sidewalks, and outside of the combustible materials in the buildings, were utterly destroyed.

The granites of Huron Island, in Lake Superior, I am inclined to believe, would afford a beautiful and durable material for construction. The Quincy granite, while durable, has a sombre

air which reminds one of a state prison. The New Hampshire and Rhode Island granites, while they have a more cheerful tint, are apt to contain particles of peroxide of iron, which on exposure to the atmosphere decompose and stain the mass.

That the granites possess all the strength and durability required in the most elaborate structures, is unquestioned; but they are difficult to cut as compared with limestones and sandstones, and at the same time are destitute of those warm and cheerful tints which should be sought for in a bright and sunny climate like ours.

Mr. S. W. Hill, in some manuscript notes of his explorations during the past season in the Lake Superior district, states that on the north shore of the lake there is found a fine quality of a chocolate-colored porphyry which will prove an excellent and durable building material. It can be easily quarried, and its hardness is a little less than that of the Massachusetts granite.

Marbles — Limestones. — The Azoic series, occupying the water-shed between Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, contains several bands of limestone metamorphosed into marble. This marble crops out in bold ledges, weathers evenly, and shows sharp angles, thus presenting convincing tests of its great durability. The prevailing tint is flesh-red, inclining to bluish or ash-gray, intermingled with irregular veins of a deeper hue. It is well adapted to ornamental purposes, and for richness of effect is not surpassed by the most highly prized foreign marbles. There are, however, occasionally seen irregular bunches of quartz scattered through portions of the mass; and even in hand specimens susceptible of the highest polish, there are to be seen minute particles of silica which prevent this material from receiving a perfectly uniform surface. Perhaps in quarrying the mass, portions might be selected which would be found free from these defects. A specimen of this marble from the vi-

cinity of Carp River, on assay, gave these results:

Silicious substance, - - - -	14.53
Carbonate of iron and manganese, -	.49
Carbonate of lime, - - - -	46.14
Carbonate of magnesia, - - - -	38.01
Water and a trace of chlorine and sulphuric acid, - - - -	.83
	100.00

(Foster & Whitney.)

Thus, it will be seen that this is essentially a dolomite. To make this material available in the rebuilding of Chicago, would require the construction of a railroad nearly sixty miles in length.

I have recently examined some specimens of marble from the Dominion of Canada, occurring inland from Lake Ontario about seventy miles, and where railroad facilities exist for bringing it to the lake. It is pure white, and shows highly crystalline facets. The deposit is said to be inexhaustible. There is a very serious obstacle, however, which will prevent the citizens of Chicago from resorting to this source of supply: the duty on foreign marbles considerably exceeds the cost of quarrying, and amounts to a prohibition so far as relates to their use for building purposes.

The Westchester County (New York) marbles, I believe, were used only in a single structure in Chicago. They combine all the requisites of strength, beauty, and durability, but their cost will prevent their general introduction in the rebuilding of the city.

The limestones of the Niagara group, throughout their whole range and extent, have proved a most excellent material for construction. This is shown in the very topographical features of the country. While other groups of rocks closely associated have been swept away by the great denuding current setting from the north in past geological times, this group has in a measure resisted its encroachments and prescribed the boundaries of most of our great lakes. It forms the scarp over which the outflowing waters of Lake Erie are precipitated, and thence it may be traced in an immense circuit, form-

ing the conspicuous promontory of Cabot's Head at the entrance to Georgian Bay; the Manitoulin Islands in the north of Lake Huron; the projecting spit of Green Bay; and thence sweeping a little inland through Wisconsin, it re-appears at Chicago, and circling the head of Lake Michigan, plunges beneath the surface in Indiana. Everywhere it affords durable materials for construction. The locks and other structures on the western part of the Erie and Welland canals; the structures at Chicago made of "Athens marble"; the materials which entered into the construction of the Lindell House of St. Louis; and the stone derived from Delphi in Indiana, and employed at Lafayette and other points, are good examples of the application of this limestone. The main body of our Court House was built of Niagara limestone, brought from Lockport, New York, at a time when it was little suspected that our city was underlaid by the same formation, and that we had a building stone of nearly equal durability within easy reach. The New York stone is of a darker tint than its analogue, the Athens marble—about the tint of the Niagara limestone occurring at Jerseyville, Illinois.

A specimen of this limestone from the south side of Sturgeon Bay, Lake Michigan, assayed as follows:

Carbonate of lime, - - - -	54.17
Carbonate of magnesia, - - - -	44.39
Silicious residuum, - - - -	.57
Water, etc., - - - -	.87

100.00

(Foster & Whitney.)

This assay indicates that it is a nearly pure dolomite, which theoretically is composed as follows:

Carbonate of lime, - - - -	54.3
Carbonate of magnesia, - - - -	45.7

100.00

The Athens limestone, so extensively employed in Chicago as a building material, as indicated by the subjoined analysis, is also a dolomite. Its composition is as follows:

Silex and clay, - - - -	17.33
Alumina, - - - -	1.33
Peroxide of iron, - - - -	.59
Lime, - - - -	20.10
Magnesia, - - - -	17.96
Carbonic acid, - - - -	42.67
Water, trace.	

100.00

(Blaney.)

The vertical thickness of the Athens limestone, or that part peculiarly adapted to architectural purposes, is only about eight feet, and the thickness of the individual strata rarely exceeds eighteen inches. Taken fresh from the quarry in the winter, the blocks are disposed to crack. Hence during the inclement season all labor is suspended, and the quarries are flooded with water. This stone is very rarely laid in blocks, but in the form of ashlar or veneers. The Marine Bank, Ogden's Building, corner of Lake and Clark streets, and Tinkham's Building, were the oldest structures in Chicago composed of this material, and in none of them were there any evidences of decay.

This is the stone selected for the State Capitol at Springfield, and is, perhaps, the best building material to be found in Illinois. It displays a warm and cheerful tint, far more agreeable than the cold and glittering tint of marble; and the new Capitol, if carried out in all its architectural details, will be one of the most imposing structures in the United States.

At North Vernon, Indiana, occurs a buff-colored limestone, belonging to the Niagara group, of a very close and homogeneous texture, and well adapted to architectural purposes. It will be employed in the construction of the new Court House at Indianapolis, destined to be the most magnificent structure in the State. If the Cincinnati and Terre-Haute Railway were completed, this stone might be brought to Chicago.

The Sub-carboniferous limestone in Indiana affords many valuable quarries, the most noted of which occur at Bedford and Ellettsville. At the latter place there is a single stratum, not less than fourteen feet in thickness, and of

so uniform texture that it may be rifted in any direction. It is readily cut or sawed, or carved into the highest ornamental forms. The tint is a light gray. Two bank fronts in Indianapolis are of this stone, and the beauty of the architectural details at once arrests the attention of the observer. This zone of rock, like the preceding, will be intersected by the Cincinnati and Terre Haute Railway, and the time is not distant when Chicago will resort to this source for a portion of her building materials.

Sandstones.—The sandstones consist essentially of particles of quartz united either by a silicious, calcareous, or argillaceous cement. To secure a durable building stone those varieties should be selected of a fine grain, and so thoroughly compacted as to exclude moisture. Those containing an argillaceous cement should be rejected. Most stones contain some element of decay. Some crumble under the effects of freezing and thawing; some from the decomposition of a noxious ingredient, such as the sulphuret of iron; and some are attacked by the gases poured out from the chimneys of a populous city. The new Houses of Parliament are a striking illustration of the latter case. In 1839 a Commission of the most eminent geologists was appointed to select the best stone in the kingdom for this national structure, and a magnesian limestone, which in the country had resisted atmospheric changes for a thousand years, was adopted, and the buildings, rich in ornament, were erected. It was soon found, however, that the fumes of London were rapidly corroding this stone, and it became necessary to apply a solution of the silicate of soda to exclude the gases.

I will enumerate some of the localities where good sandstones may be obtained, and accessible to the Chicago market. The Potsdam sandstone of Lake Superior at many points affords excellent materials. At Duluth, Bayfield, and Marquette, it appears in the form of a close-grained stone, of uniform texture, and of a reddish tint, and

is susceptible of any degree of architectural ornament. Structures of this stone are to be seen in Chicago, and I do not exaggerate when I pronounce it one of the most beautiful of the materials employed here.

The fine-grained sandstones of Ohio and Indiana, from the Waverly group, are free-cutting, easily rubbed down to a uniform surface, and have agreeable tints, such as yellowish, reddish, and olive-brown. The particles are often held together by an argillaceous cement, and there are often imbedded in the mass balls of iron pyrites, which readily decompose, not only staining but disintegrating the stone. The steps of the State House at Indianapolis are of this material, and are in a sad state of dilapidation. This rock is extensively quarried at Amherst, Berea, Independence, etc., in Ohio, and the annual sales reach one million of dollars. The cementing material at those points is not objectionable, but there are occasional balls of sulphuret of iron. Drake's Block and Birch's Block, in Chicago, were faced with this stone. I have lately examined specimens of a pure quartzose rock from that vicinity, which may prove a more valuable building material than that which is now exported. This stone is, in color, pure white, of a granular texture, and according to Professor Cox, the State Geologist of Indiana, consists of almost pure silex.

Specific gravity, 2.380. A cubic foot will weigh	
148.75 pounds.	
Insoluble silica, - - - - -	99.40
Moisture, dried at 212° F., - - -	.15
Lime, magnesia, a trace of iron and loss, -	.45
	100.00

Subjected to the freezing, process it lost in six days 0.5 per cent.

Near the base of the Coal Measures in Indiana there is a great development of sandstones, some thick-bedded, adapted to the most solid masonry, and some thin-bedded, adapted to flagging. They are variously tinted, white, red, and brown, and the particles, for the most part, are united by a silicious ce-

ment, and therefore possess great durability. The nearest approach of these rocks to Chicago would be about one hundred and thirty miles. They are mainly quarried for local use, but at Cannelton they form a considerable item of export. The bridge piers at Rock Island are to be built of sandstone derived from this locality.

A bluish micaceous sandstone from the Coal Measures near Parkersburg, Virginia, has been submitted to the examination of our architects. This stone has been assayed by Professor Cox, and is composed of the following ingredients:

Specific gravity, 2.287.	A cubic foot will weigh
163.12 pounds.	
Insoluble silica, - - - -	79.106
Oxide of iron, - - - -	7.000
Carbonate of lime, - - - -	13.340
Carbonate of magnesia, - - - -	.504
Water dried at 212° F., - - - -	.050
	100.000

This stone has evidently a calcareous cement, and will be found less durable than those sandstones whose cement is silicious.

The brown sandstone from the Connecticut Valley (Portland) has been introduced here, and some of our most costly private residences are built of it. In durability it is inferior to the sandstones of either Lake Superior or Ohio. In sheltered positions this stone gathers moss, which shows that it contains some ingredient whose decomposition affords plant food. Many of the house steps in New York, made of this material, are in a flaky condition. Where employed in long rows it gives to the street a sombre air; but interspersed among buildings of marble, or of the lighter-tinted sandstones, the effect is agreeable.

Brick.—Brick, as demonstrated by the late fire, are comparatively fire-proof, and the Roman brick still in existence show that they have the power of resisting atmospheric agents. Whilst they are the best material which can be selected for interior walls, there are two objections to their employment exter-

nally: 1. They are more absorbent of moisture than most varieties of stone, and hence, unless airspaces are left, the walls are damp, and consequently the rooms are unhealthy. In constructing the walls of the National Capitol, which are of marble, a stone slightly absorbent, to guard against this inconvenience the back of each block of stone was smeared with coal tar—a precaution which no Chicago architect was ever known to suggest, or any builder to carry into effect. Where brick are employed in exterior walls, the pores should be filled with a solution of the silicate of soda. 2. In buildings where architectural effect is aimed at, such as shall convey to the eye of the observer the combined idea of massiveness and rich ornamentation, brick cannot be employed. The many fine lines, both horizontal and vertical, detract from the idea of solidity; and *terra cotta* adornments bear about the same relation to stone carvings that paste jewels do to the real diamond. It may be said that the lines of brick work may be concealed by stucco or mastic, but none of these artificial veneerings can withstand the vicissitudes of our climate, and the educated eye at once detects these meretricious coverings, and pronounces them "bogus." It is to be feared that, in the rapid rebuilding of the burnt district, utility only will be consulted, while architectural effect will be lost sight of.

The Great Conflagration has created an almost unlimited demand for all materials entering into construction, and it is to be feared that those who control these materials will insist on extravagant prices. To convey to the reader some idea of the extent of that demand in one division of the city only, we quote the following estimates, made by one of Chicago's oldest and most eminent architects—Mr. Van Osdel:

The following may be relied upon as a very close approximation to a correct statement of the number of lineal feet front of stone, brick, and iron buildings in the South Division, north of Van Buren Street, occupied for offices, manufactories, banks, hotels, and stores, previous to the late fire, corner buildings estimated as fronting on each street:

	<i>Feet.</i>
Six-story buildings, stone fronts,	- 790
Five-story buildings, stone fronts,	- 12,919
Four-story buildings, stone fronts,	- 1,150
Three-story buildings, stone fronts,	- 485
Five-story buildings, iron fronts,	- 975
Five-story buildings, brick fronts,	- 9,991
Four-story buildings, brick fronts,	- 14,541
Three-story buildings, brick fronts,	- 6,939
Two-story buildings, brick fronts,	- 2,219

Total, - - - - - 50,009
 equal to nine and one-half miles nearly. The available building front in said district is about sixteen miles; there was, therefore, six and one-half miles of fronts occupied by dwelling houses, frame buildings, churches, school houses, and other public buildings, gas works, coal yards, etc.; also including many vacant lots. Persons who have never seen our beautiful city can form some estimate of our loss when they contemplate a front of nearly three miles of five and six-story cut-stone and iron buildings, many of them of the most costly character, equal in architectural appearance to any buildings on this continent.

I am confident, from reliable data, that at least three miles of fronts will be rebuilt in this district within the next year for commercial purposes, and that the new will compare favorably with the old.

To protect from extortions the people of Chicago, now struggling so manfully with adversity, and to enable them to rebuild their homes and places of business, Congress ought at once to pass a law, to continue in force for two years, remitting all duties on materials brought here and actually employed in construction. There is already a precedent for such action, where the destruction of value was insignificant compared with this terrible calamity. Such a course would inspire fresh confidence, and capital would flow here to build up the waste places. It has been estimated that while the Government would not lose by such remission of duties more than two hundred thousand dollars, the citizens of Chicago would gain not less than twenty-five millions.

J. W. Foster.

LAND TITLES IN COOK COUNTY.

THE almost entire destruction of the public records of the city of Chicago and of Cook County in the "Great Conflagration" of October, naturally suggests a consideration of the present condition of land titles in the city and county. The loss of these records, including, as it does, every record of conveyances in the Recorder's office, every record of proceedings in the various courts, and every record relating to taxes, is an important item in the vast aggregate of losses occasioned by the late disaster. But notwithstanding the extent of this loss, and the embarrassments and difficulties which exist in regard to land titles in consequence of it, still it cannot be said that any complex questions of the general law of real property are involved in the consideration of the subject. Titles to land, intrinsically considered, have not been impaired or changed by reason of the loss of the title records,

or the destruction of any of the evidences of title. Beneath the ruins of even the "burnt district" the soil remains, and amid the sweeping destruction of everything perishable upon its surface, including the title deeds and other muniments of ownership, the inherent legal title passed through the fiery ordeal unimpaired, untouched.

The common law of England, to the extent it was suited to the condition of the colonists of our country, was brought with them as a valuable heritage; but in respect to the law of real property, the feudal system introduced into England after the Conquest, and which prevailed there in a modified form at the time of the early settlement of this country, so far as that system was founded upon the theory that in the king or ruling chief was vested the title in and dominion over all lands of the realm, has never been adopted by the people of this country; and its existence here

has been expressly disclaimed by various legislative enactments and judicial decisions. Title to real estate in this country is generally derived from the government; yet after it has been acquired by the individual, it becomes to all intents and purposes the property of the individual, as *absolute owner*.

The lands of this county have been derived in part from the General Government and in part from the State, by individual purchasers; and the transfers of title by prior to subsequent purchasers have vested the existing title in the present owners. As in the case of the usual unconditional grant from the Government or State to an individual, so also in the case of the usual absolute conveyance by the individual purchaser to a subsequent purchaser, the title passes beyond all power of reclamation. A former owner, to re-acquire the title once transferred by him, must himself again become the purchaser of the title from the holder of it. The loss of his title deed by the last purchaser, or the destruction of the record of that deed, does not cast the title upon the original or other prior owner, or upon any other person. It remains vested in the last purchaser until relinquished by his own act. As to the matter of title, intrinsically considered, it will appear, then, that the destruction of the evidences contained in the various public records, has not had the effect of changing the ownership, title or condition of a single parcel of land in the city or county.

The views thus far expressed have had reference only to the *legal* effect of the loss of the public records upon the thing called title. I will now consider the *practical* effect of the destruction of the public records and other evidences of title; and for this purpose it will be well to refer to some of the facts or considerations which usually enter into the ordinary transactions of men in the transfer of title to land.

It is well known that the material thing involved in the common transactions in relation to land, is the *evidence*

of title; not a mere assertion or claim of title, but competent legal *proof* of it. The person claiming ownership, in order to effect a sale, or to obtain money or other thing of value, in consideration of a transfer of the ownership, absolute or conditional, must be able to establish his title by such affirmative evidence as is considered reliable and permanent. The primary evidence, in most cases, consists of the patent from the Government or State, and a full chain of title deeds from each owner to his purchaser—the last purchaser being recognized as the present owner and the only competent person to effect a further transfer of the title. The secondary evidence, although for most purposes also received as primary evidence, consists of the copies of the original conveyances contained in the public records. Titles are impaired, encumbered, and often defeated or transferred, in other ways than by the direct act or conveyance of the owner. In such cases the ordinary chain of title deeds from owner to purchaser would not fully make known the condition of the title. In consequence of the defaults of the owner in certain cases, his land may at first become encumbered and afterward transferred; as in case of the owner's failure to pay the taxes legally assessed upon his property, or suffering it to become charged with a judgment or other lien. The public records afford the means to ascertain the fact of such charges or liens. The title to land, as well as other property, is transferred by the will of the testate owner, legally made and proven; the evidence in such case being the original testament, or the record thereof, together with the court proceedings allowing the same.

Now title to land, for all practical purposes, is considered to be just as the commonly received evidence makes it appear to be. If the essential evidence exists and is perfect in appearance, the title itself is considered perfect. So also, if the evidence produced is wanting in some material part, is incomplete, or if it is in any respect defective, the

title itself is considered defective. If the claimant can produce no evidence of title, he will be treated as one having no title. If two or more persons claim title to the same property by reason of the possession by each of some evidence, the one producing the best evidence will be considered as invested with the title. In proceedings in court in which title is involved, as well as in ordinary transactions where it comes in question, it will be adjudged and considered to be in accordance with the best evidence produced.

The evidence of land titles in this city and county, heretofore required and acted upon, consisted of the original title deeds and the contents of the various public records relating to title or in any way affecting it. What is the general situation of land owners since the fire in respect to these evidences?

As to the original deeds, the primary evidence, but very few of the present land owners have in their possession, or are able to procure, a perfect chain of title deeds connecting their present ownership with the original source of title. This is generally true, even as to the owners of farming lands which have not been subdivided or sold in small parcels, but remain in sections and parts of sections, in many cases, as first purchased. As to owners of city or town lots, this will be found true of nearly all of them. Of the thousands of present owners of land in this county, it is doubtful whether one hundred of them can be found who are able to present a perfect chain of title deeds to the property they hold and claim to own. Original deeds and other conveyances of land, after being once recorded, have not been carefully preserved. Thousands of them have been suffered to remain in the Recorder's office, and are now destroyed with the records. Purchasers have seldom asked for or received any other title papers than the conveyances to themselves, and after sales are perfected, such little value has been placed by prior owners upon the prior title papers

remaining in their hands, that these have been either destroyed or thrown aside and afterwards lost, and in many cases where they have in fact been preserved, their existence and location as to present owners, "are past finding out." The complete destruction of the public records of the Recorder's office, wherein all conveyances of land in the county have been recorded; the destruction of all the records of court proceedings, by reason of which titles have been established and defeated, and in various ways affected; the destruction of all original wills proven in this county and the entire record thereof, and also all the records relating to tax liens and sales; the destruction and absence of important title deeds in most cases of present ownership; the loss of all this most essential evidence of title, is a matter of serious moment to land owners, and if they are still dependent upon such evidence as has been heretofore required to establish title, there is hardly a parcel of land in the city or county whose title can be considered merchantable or safe to deal with.

This leads us to consider the means of relief.

As the loss is not title in fact, but rather the evidence of title, so the relief needed and to be sought for is not restoration or preservation of title, but the acquirement of *new evidence* of title to take the place of that which has been destroyed or lost. Of what character shall this new evidence be, and from whence and how shall it be obtained, is a question more easily asked than answered.

Following the invasion and conquest of England by William the Conqueror, a survey of nearly every portion of that country was made, and its details embodied in two volumes, called the *Domesday book*, or as the natives called it, the *Book of the Day of Judgment*. That the idea of the day of judgment entered into the composition of this book, appears clear from many references to it, by the old chroniclers. It is stated, "that as the sentence of that last severe

service and terrible ordeal cannot by any artifice be escaped, so where a controversy has arisen in the kingdom on subjects noticed in that book, and an appeal is made to it, its sentence can neither be impugned nor evaded with impunity." In this book were described minutely the counties, hundreds, cities, towns, and manors, 'the quantity and quality of the land, its value, income, tax tributes, "rendering almost literally true the words of Ingulphus, that there was not a hide of land in England but the King knew its value and its owner's name, nor a pool nor a place that was not described in the King's roll, with its rent and income." It appears very uncertain, as yet, what remedy the State will provide, but it may be presumed that our legislators will not attempt to frighten us with a Domesday book.

The statute laws of this State show that a loss by fire of the public records has occurred in several counties,—in Jackson County in 1842, in Franklin County in 1845, in Wabash County and in the city of Cairo in 1858. In each of these cases special legislative acts were passed, appointing a commission of three persons to receive and record anew all title papers previously recorded, and to receive such testimony, parol or otherwise, as might be offered relating to title; and this testimony also placed on record, was declared to be *prima facie* evidence of title. This course for providing new evidence of title, was undoubtedly the best that could have been adopted in these counties at the time of the loss of their records. Their destroyed records were few in number, and the lands affected were mostly farming lands, at that time of comparatively small value. The deeds of each tract were few, and titles were easily traceable to original sources, most of the transfers probably being within the personal knowledge of many inhabitants of the county. Besides, it is probable that most of the title papers were preserved and easily obtained for making up the new record. The situ-

ation in Cook County is very different. The almost numberless parcels into which land has been subdivided, and which is now represented by thousands of owners, residing in almost every country on the globe; the great value of land in and about the city, many single blocks being worth several millions of dollars, and hundreds of single building lots worth nearly an hundred thousand dollars each; these and many other considerations make it necessary that great care be exercised in determining what had best be done for relief. Large and various interests are at stake, and it may be impossible to mature and complete at once, a mode of procedure which will prove entirely free from objections, or which will be best adapted to meet the wants in every variety of cases. But notwithstanding the difficulties in the way, it is absolutely necessary that something be done, and that speedily. The merchantable character of real estate cannot be maintained without accessible evidences of title. Transactions in land must generally cease unless title evidences of some character are established.

The records of the county had become so voluminous that for many years past it has been, practically speaking, an impossibility for individuals to ascertain the condition of title to any parcel of land from a personal examination of the various records. In consequence of this, three sets of abstract books have been made up for the express purpose of facilitating the investigation of matters of title, and for many years past the abstracts of title prepared by the three abstract firms have been used and relied upon as correctly showing the material contents of the public records. These firms are composed of men of long experience in the business, and their integrity, skill, and care in their work have secured the confidence of the people. The abstract books have been made up, originally from the records, but for many years past from an examination of all original instruments as they were

filed for record in the Recorder's office. Until within a day or two before the fire, not a single instrument has ever been filed for record in the Recorder's office that does not appear upon these books.

They contain a statement of the date, names of the parties, consideration, character of the instrument, description of the property, amount of revenue stamps, and date of record, of every instrument filed in the Recorder's office. They also give a statement of the date and amount of, and parties to, every judgment in the various courts of record, and more or less information in regard to every suit brought or pending, to the very last entry before the fire. Of sales made for taxes, the books are complete. Of wills and proceedings in estates, these books contain much valuable and reliable information. Included among the abstract books are the copy-books of abstracts heretofore made, which show in considerable part the contents of the former records as fully as need be. As to many instruments of a special character, the abstract books do not show their contents as fully as may be needful for some purposes.

While admitting that these abstract books, which, fortunately, have in most part been preserved by their owners, cannot take the place of the public records destroyed, for all purposes, yet it is an important matter of consideration whether these books should not become the property of the public, and be made available to the extent they go in showing facts relative to title, as *evidence* of title. If these books cannot safely be used as evidence, in the absence of the public records and of original instruments, to what source can the people go for the required evidence? what will be its character? and in what way can it be preserved for future use? If it be claimed that these books are already invested with the character of legal evidence, is it not of the highest importance that the

possession and ownership be transferred to the care and custody of the public? So long as they remain in individual hands, as personal property, the public can exercise no control over them; no information can be obtained from them, except to the extent their owners may be willing to give it, and for such consideration as they may be inclined to demand. If these abstract books contain the only safe and reliable information as to the contents of the destroyed records in existence; if the people are dependent upon these books for the history and condition of their land titles; if they now are or shall hereafter be made legal evidence of title; if they will be needed as well to-morrow as to-day, and next year as this year, by the people and for the people, in the commonest transactions involving title; is it expedient or safe to entrust this property, of such infinite public value to individual ownership and control, without even the right to ask for security or pledge for its safe keeping? With these abstract books as the property of the county, at all times available to all persons needing information contained in them, moderate charges being required to be paid for such information, in order to prevent intrusive persons from obtaining information in regard to others' titles for improper purposes, and made simply evidence of the facts stated in them, by legislative enactment; it would appear that by this step the difficulties surrounding titles to land in the county would, to a large extent, be at once removed. Further legislation will be required to obtain all the relief that is needed, but in a large majority of cases the information contained in the abstract books, if made available as evidence, will be received with confidence, and the principal difficulties arising from the sweeping destruction of the records and other evidences of title heretofore relied upon, will in most cases be removed.

J. B. Adams.

CHICAGO AND THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

"THE Fire," said a distinguished orthodox clergyman of this city in a recent sermon, "has burnt up a good deal of sectarianism in Chicago." Whether this be true or not it is not our purpose to inquire; but it has certainly brought into zealous practice a great deal of unsectarian Christianity. "If," says one of the most vigorous and eloquent writers of our generation, "If it be true Christianity to dive with a passionate charity into the darkest realms of misery and of vice, to irrigate every quarter of the earth with the fertilizing stream of an almost boundless benevolence, and to include all the sections of humanity in the circle of an intense and efficacious sympathy; if it be true Christianity to destroy or weaken the barriers which had separated class from class and nation from nation, to free war from its harshest elements, and to make a consciousness of essential equality and of a genuine fraternity dominate over all accidental differences; *

* * if these be the marks of a true and healthy Christianity, then never since the days of the Apostles has it been so vigorous as at present." When these words were written we had not then, as our newspapers so love to say, "passed recently through a disastrous conflagration;" but no more striking illustration of their truth has been, or, let us hope, will be given in our time, than in these last three months of our history. Both in what has been done for us and in what has been done among us, true Christianity has dived here into the darkest recesses of misery; has flowed over us with a fertilizing stream of almost boundless benevolence; and has enfolded us as in an intense and effective sympathy. It is true that Chicago, more than any other city on the globe, is made up of people gathered together from all civilized countries. The oldest native born citizen is only

about thirty-five years of age, and there is hardly an old man or an old woman in all its three hundred thousand inhabitants. Much the larger portion of its adults are young, or in the prime of life, and all, or nearly all, have left old homes and kindred elsewhere, to whom they are bound by the closest ties of affection and interest.

The fire broke out on Sunday evening at ten o'clock, and the last house it caught — four miles distant in a straight line from the starting point — was still blazing at eleven o'clock the next night. In that twenty-five hours the news of the disaster was carried across an ocean and a continent, and the hearts of hundreds of thousands were wrung with anxiety and suspense as to the fate, not merely of their fellow creatures, but of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, and of intimate friends. The intense sympathy which was everywhere shown was due, doubtless, in a measure to this deep personal interest in the event; but the contagion of that sympathy ran through every town and city, at home and abroad, as irrepressible and as consuming as the hot flames that were even then leaping from house to house through our doomed streets. The barriers which separate class from class, and nation from nation, were no longer remembered. In London, in Vienna, in Paris, in all European capitals, instant measures for relief followed the first imperfect comprehension of the calamity. It was only necessary to placard upon a wagon in any New York street the one word "Chicago," to bring out from every house its inmates, loaded with whatever of clothing or of food they could lay their hands on, for the succor of a suffering people a thousand miles away. The rich and the poor vied with each other in giving of their abundance or their poverty; and from the western

border of the American continent to the eastern boundary of Europe, a chord of tender feeling and Christian charity thrilled through all peoples with pity and with love for those who were thus stricken with sudden poverty, and who looked up hopeless and in despair into the pitiless heavens, red with the reflection of their burning homes.

Of what depths of feeling were stirred many touching evidences were given, in the hundreds of boxes of goods sent here to private persons for distribution. Stores of household treasures that had lain untouched and hidden away from the light of day for many years, too precious from cherished associations to be put to common use, were brought out now, and dedicated, as it were, to a sacred mission. Their character, and the fashion of them, evidently showed, as they were lifted from their places here, what tender memories must have been entwined about them, and how intense the pious devotion was that could enforce consent to part with them now forever. Sheets and blankets and coverlets, and stores of other homely stuff, as precious once to some good housewife as the contents of Mrs. Tulliver's cedar closet were to her, and which some loving daughter had laid away as a legacy too sacred to be put to any common purpose, were sent as a fitting gift to those who sat in the ashes of all past memories. Garments, doubtless the last worn by friends who were dead, and which carried with them some semblance to the "dear flesh" they once covered, were sent where their new use was held to be no profanation of the old, sad associations that belonged to them. Now and then, packed away with unusual care, was some quaint, old-fashioned suit of baby-clothing, or child's dress, which was not parted with, we may be sure, without many tears, for its very age told of a cherished grief in the heart of a loving mother, who, long years ago, had laid a little one to its final rest, and now sanctified that sorrow with the hope that the robes of her baby, who

died when she was young, would go to comfort the heart of some other young mother who still clasped a living child to her bosom.

There was no display, and no obtrusion of any feeling of this sort; the only evidence of it was in the mute testimony of the things themselves; but they bore as certain witness as though they spoke with tongues. In the presence of a disaster involving so many in utter ruin, and the immediate deprivation of the bare necessities of life, to hold back anything which could be parted with, seemed to thousands an act of cruel selfishness which no merely private sorrow or personal comfort could palliate; and the world will never know how many sacrifices, very hard to make, were laid upon the altar of that charity, how many crosses were lifted up cheerfully and borne bravely that others' burdens might be lightened. If there was great suffering, so also was there great love; and in the dire disaster that befel Chicago came a swift witness to the truth that far more powerful than any dogma in the minds of men in our time is the law, that "ye help one another."

As the benevolence of the world was without stint and without parallel, so was its confidence boundless. Where there was so much distress, it had to be assumed that of necessity there must be honest men and women who would rob neither the poor nor their friends. Millions were given in money, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth in goods. The trust involved in the use of so large an amount of property was enormous, and it was by no means a foolish or an over-anxious question, in the first days after the fire, whether the duties of that trust would be faithfully discharged. Private donations of large value came immediately to private persons in whose integrity and judgment friends at a distance knew they could confide. That confidence, we have no doubt, has been uniformly justified; and we know that many men and women have labored

incessantly, though unobtrusively, for the last three months in seeking for and relieving suffering among a class which but for them would have submitted to the very extremity of want. What has been done in this way, and by small voluntary associations of ladies, has not been and never can be told, for they have done good in secret, and have reached cases which no public charity could ever touch. Whether right or wrong, there are many families who shrank far more from any exposure of their poverty than from starvation, and their sensitiveness has been respected by those whose privilege it was to relieve their wants. But the larger class was of those whom public charity must aid or they would perish. Between them and absolute poverty there was, at all times, only the precarious barrier of their daily bread, earned by their daily labor, with some small but indispensable accumulation of household goods; and when these were swept away, they stood face to face with gaunt hunger and blank despair. They stood face to face with them, but only for a day. Had such a calamity as ours occurred to a city of three hundred and fifty thousand people, which was not connected with all the world by telegraphic wires, and which was not a railroad centre, death would have been the portion of very many ere succor could have reached them; but here not even one human creature perished from destitution. The wires and the rails assured us, before the sun had set over the burning city, that none need suffer for food or clothing; and there was none of that desperate despair that might have led to desperate remedies.

There was anxiety enough, and apprehension enough, as everybody remembers, in the first few days, in a city without gas, without water, overworked, sleepless, distracted with cruel rumors, carefully collated by a reckless press, of ruffianism, robbery, and incendiarism; but the real danger of that fearful time seemed to escape attention, or, at least, to find no voice. That danger was

whether, after all, the boundless benevolence of the world would avail us anything; whether all those millions of money and all those trains of food and of clothing should ever reach those for whom they were intended, or whether committees should steal and squander all they could lay their hands on, and a hungry and naked mob should divide among the strongest the material in kind of which they knew there would be no just distribution. That we narrowly escaped that peril, there can be no doubt. Political adventurers saw, or thought they saw, their opportunity. Where would Chicago and her wretched people have been to-day, had it been their fate to have remained another week at the mercy of those men, or their like, whom a Grand Jury has since called to the bar of justice to answer for their ordinary method of municipal administration? It was not merely that there was no city government equal to the occasion, but that in the utter corruption of our city politics there would have been even no attempt to meet so terrible an emergency. There would have been a desperate scramble for the spoils, first of officials, and then of the mob; and the disaster of destruction would have been followed by the deeper disaster of disgrace and anarchy.

But one just man can save a city. Fortunately Mayor R. B. Mason controlled officially all the contributions in money and material sent for the relief of the people, and fortunately Mayor Mason was both a man of probity and a man of sense. He saw not only the thing that was not to be done, but he saw also, just as clearly, the thing to do. To a citizens' committee, which had on it some good men, but which was controlled by those who were politicians by trade, and therefore not good, he gave a fair trial of three days. Three days were enough to show that we were going to the bad almost as fast as the fire swept from the West Side to the North, and with a result quite as certain. He looked about him for men who were honest as well as wise; men identified

with the true interests and the fair fame of Chicago; men who would not if they could, and could not if they would, betray the sacred trust which the sympathy and the benevolence of the whole Christian world had put into its hands; and he found an organization ready-made, better-fitted for the work to be done than if it had been created at the moment for that special purpose.

On the 12th of October he handed over to The Relief and Aid Society a hundred thousand homeless, hungry, and almost naked people, with the means to house and feed and clothe them, and held the Society before the world, by proclamation, responsible for the gravest duty that ever yet fell upon private citizens in the administration of the largest charity the world has ever known. What special considerations they were that moved the Mayor to this decision, is not of much moment, inasmuch as the result has proved that the decision was a wise one, and nothing is so wise as wisdom. But he doubtless reflected that the men he selected were, from their circumstances, social position, and private character, above personal temptation; that they could have no partisan purpose or political end to gain by the perversion of a public fund; that they had had long experience in dispensing charity to the needy, moved thereto by no other motive than a sense of humane and Christian duty. Their acts, moreover, would be open to public inspection and public criticism, for the Society was a chartered institution, and by its act of incorporation its directors were obliged "to make a report at least once a year to the City Council of Chicago, giving a full account of their doings, a statement of their receipts and expenditures, verified under oath"; and by the same act it is provided that "any officer, agent, or member of said corporation, who shall fraudulently embezzle or appropriate to his own use any of the funds or property of the said corporation, shall be deemed guilty of larceny, and liable to be indicted and punished accordingly."

In accepting the grave responsibility bestowed upon them, the officers of the society gave the strongest guaranty possible, first, in their character and position as private citizens, and, second, in their relation to the law as a public body, that the duties devolving upon them would be discharged wisely, honestly, and humanely. The Mayor could no doubt have selected other citizens quite as wise, quite as honest, and quite as humane, to whom he could have entrusted the care of the army of his indigent constituents to be marshalled into peace and comfort and thrift, but he could not hold them responsible to any legal obligation; or he might have asked of the Legislature the creation of the legal obligation, but then the selection of the citizens would not have been in his hands. The existence of the Relief and Aid Society relieved him of any such dilemma; its officers were the very men he wanted, and they were already answerable for a faithful discharge of the trust they accepted. It was fortunate for Chicago, and fortunate for the Mayor that he saw his way clearly.

It is not details but results that we are considering, for the method and machinery of their labors the Committee have fully explained in their first Special Report, which is within everybody's reach. It is by their fruits that those labors are to be judged, and their method, however admirable as a statement, is good for nothing as a fact if it does not stand this experimental test. We are not, it is proper to state, the advocate of the Society in any partisan sense; we are under no obligation to it even to the value of a daily ration; and we bear no relation to it whatever that can blind our eyes or warp our judgment. Indeed, we observe one notable fact in regard to the Relief Committee,—that they do not defend themselves from any attacks that have been made upon them, nor ask, so far as we know, any defence from anybody else. They are too busy to listen to cavil, though always ready to hear com-

plaints; too much in earnest to stop for idle discussion, though always ready to receive suggestions; too strong in their own integrity and too firmly persuaded of the magnitude of their task and the practical results of their way of handling it, to permit themselves to be turned aside by captious fault-finding. If there are points in their management that need to be explained, the explanation, we presume, will come in due season, and on the whole we think the public can find patience to wait for it. For meanwhile the welfare of Chicago to-day, her reputation the world over, and her character for the future, dating *ur-bis conflagratio*, are recorded indelibly and unmistakably in the daily lives of a hundred thousand people, whom the Relief Committee have in charge. The problem to be solved in regard to them had three conditions: First, that none of them should perish; second, that none of them should suffer for want of food, or of clothing, or of shelter; and third, that when these points were attained, there should be left, as the grand result, a hundred thousand industrious, thrifty, and happy people, and not a hundred thousand idle, discontented, and helpless paupers. Three months ago, the fire left them all in absolute destitution, and not one of them knew, on the morning of the 9th of October, where they should lay their heads that night, where their next meal was to come from, or wherewithal they should be clothed. But not one human creature has died as a consequence of a destitution so unprecedented; there has been among them no real suffering for the want of the necessities of life, during a season of unusual severity, and all the hardship that has been endured is positively less than the poor are compelled to submit to in ordinary winters; and not one of all this multitude is left without a home of some sort, and many of them have been put in houses of their own, almost as comfortable and almost as good as those they occupied before the fire swept them away.

To establish a system that would do

this, and do it in the shortest possible time, on the very edge of winter, was an enormous work, requiring energy, directed by the most unerring judgment, and commercial ability and experience backed by the most careful economy, and the strictest probity. Nor was it a work of a single day, or week, or month, but of half a year; demanding foresight, the exactest calculation of means to ends, unwearied and constant labor, and keen insight into the character of men to whom the details of the work were entrusted. Commerce, we know, clothes and feeds and houses any given community, whether large or small; but commerce works by precedent, calculates supply by a known or probable demand, whether of necessities or luxuries, and does its work by many self-appointed agents whose separate sphere is narrow and who easily master the defined limits of their activity. So we know that armies, large and small, are lodged and fed and clothed; but the nucleus of the army is the squad of the recruiting sergeant, and the agglomeration of the parts is not permitted till Quartermasters General and Commissaries General are provided with all that is needed for sustenance and protection. But here was a community for which commerce could make no calculation; of which the law of supply and demand had no cognizance; for whose wants there were no agents, and where every individual member had lost all past accumulations, had no resources from which to provide for the most pressing wants, were suddenly deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence, and stood with outstretched hands, hopeless, destitute, and almost as helpless as when he came into the world. Here was an army, not mustered by squads at the sergeant's convenience, to await the orders of Quartermasters and Commissaries; but an army, a hundred thousand strong, of men, women, and children, huddled together in the extremity of distress and terror, to become marshalled on the instant into an organized body, or left to

become a starving, fierce, and lawless mob. We look with pride upon Chicago rising again slowly and laboriously above her two thousand acres of ashes and ruins; but had there been among us no men wise enough and strong enough to take into their hands the essential government of the city, and to dispense with prudence and forethought the largess of the world, we should have still sat mourning in that abomination of desolation.

Perhaps the time has not yet come when it can be definitely pronounced that the third condition of the problem has been fully solved. Pauperism begets pauperism, and the danger always is that it will grow with what it feeds on. But to so care for this impoverished and ruined multitude that they shall neither lose the sense of self-respect and independence nor the habit of self-support, has been from the beginning the aim of the Relief Committee. The very poor are always on the verge of despair, and an event which only serves to nerve the energies of those in better circumstances, sinks them often in hopeless beggary. But fortunately there are almost no very poor in Chicago. Plenty of work and good wages and the chances for the acquisition of property are here so uniform that their influence is marked upon the character of the people. The losses by the fire are counted by the hundreds of millions, but the estimate is made up from the destruction in merchandise and buildings and insurance, visible wealth, the value of which could be easily reckoned. No account is taken of the little unseen accumulations of the poorer class, the household goods, the fruits of long and painful industry, the stores for winter use, the tools and implements of mechanics and laborers, all of small value when considered separately, but large in the aggregate. It is one of the striking facts revealed by the business of Relief that the poor of Chicago are not of the very poor, but that the habit of forehandedness is almost universal among them, and that

there were very few who were not losers by the fire of something more than the bare necessities of living from day to day. As an illustration among many, we know of a poor German woman, who, at the wash-tub and over the ironing-board, had accumulated a property of several thousand dollars, and had made the last payment, on Saturday, the 7th of October, on a house costing two thousand dollars, which the fire the next night swept away. She recounts to any listener the story of her labors and her losses, enumerates the comfortable and handsome dresses she had laid by, among other blessings, for her old age, but breaking down invariably when she comes to the fifth, which was trimmed with velvet. Houses and furniture she can speak of with calmness and resignation, but the memory of the velvet trimmings is too much for her. Everywhere, in odd and unexpected ways and places, the evidence of the habit of accumulation crops out and shows how far the spirit of the people is from that of paupers. It was good ground to work upon, and the Relief Committee have cultivated it diligently and well. That work is the rule, and idleness to be tolerated only where enforced by want of work or sickness, is a wholesome regulation, never lost sight of; though it is sometimes necessary to remind some over-zealous visitor, disposed to enforce too rigidly the maxim "that he who will not work neither shall he eat," that Chicago winters were not known in Judea. But applicants for aid do not usually shrink from toil. The old habit speedily resumed its sway; cheerful hopefulness soon took the place of despair when they found that there was help at hand to aid them over slippery places, so putting the past calamity behind them they make a new beginning, aiming at the bright future to which they had always looked with a steady face. Here and there, it is true, imposters turn up, who recount their sufferings and flaunt their rags with pitiful pleadings and wonderful dramatic power. But, by

following their doublings from station to station, it is found that one scamp would have attempted twenty frauds where, under a less perfect system, there would have seemed to be twenty rogues.

From the class who really need aid there is no grumbling. They understand the situation and accept it. They comprehend the tremendous difficulties of the work the Committee have in hand; are helpful and not repining; know that they ought not to have, and do not expect to have, anything but temporary help, and strive with all their might to keep pauperism from the door as manfully as ever they fought against hunger. In nothing is this spirit so manifest as in the success of the plan of providing "Shelter houses," the wisest and the most permanent in its effect of any of the measures adopted by the Committee. To feed and to clothe the poor was absolutely necessary, but, after all, was only temporary relief. If nothing more could be done the inevitable consequence would be that many would sink into hopeless despondency, and the town be burdened, in the spring, with a crowd of helpless paupers. The proposition to provide all whose homes had been burned, but who owned or leased the lots on which they stood, with a cheap but comfortable house, was accepted with delight and gratitude. It gave a fixed value at once to what they had left, the land; it provided them with a home of their own; it decreased their expenses by the amount of rent they would have had to pay elsewhere, and left all their earnings for the support of their families; it made them at once self-supporting; it made them again independent citizens, giving them once more the proud sense of being property-holders, of having a share in the well-being of the community, bestowing upon them a renewed incentive to good order, industry, and thrift. Many of these houses the occupants, with little savings of their own, improved and added to, so that they were made almost

if not quite as good as those they had lost. A considerable portion of the burnt district is thus already built up and occupied by a permanent population which would otherwise have been scattered or have remained in penury, but which may now be relied upon to furnish mechanics and laborers for the future wants of the city. About six thousand of them have already been built; to these probably two thousand more will be added in the next two or three months, providing homes for not less than forty thousand people. Their cost will be perhaps one-third of the whole of the Relief Fund, but it is money not expended but invested, is a permanent gift to Chicago and that portion of those who lost their all by the fire. The money could have been put to no wiser or more beneficent use, both in its material and its moral influence; and the benefactors, whose generous sympathy made it possible, will feel, when they come to understand its character, that by such a disposition of their bounty far more has been done for Chicago than they ever intended.

We hope that we do not seem to have indulged in superlatives. That spirit of braggadocio which pretended to a boastful pride in the extent of the fire, and vaunts itself now on what it is pleased to assume as an exceptional display of activity since on the part of our business people — as if a man in deep water could do anything but swim or else sink to the bottom — that boastful tendency commends itself neither to good taste nor sound judgment. But the fire was certainly a remarkable event, and it has had some consequences which the political economist and the moralist may consider with profit. "You have had," said the young Russian prince, who was here a few days since, "you have had a great burn." This may be stated as a fact without offending anybody's most delicate sense of modesty. It certainly was, at least, "a great burn" that destroyed between fifteen and sixteen thousand buildings; burnt over more than two thousand

acres of a populous city ; raged steadily for five and twenty hours unchecked and uncontrolled, even for a single moment, and turned out into the night probably a hundred and twenty-five thousand people, stripped, to the scanty clothing in which they ran for their lives, of all their earthly possessions. It needs no expletives to describe it. The most vivid imagination and the most ingenious invention halt lamely and tamely far behind its mingled facts of tragedy and comedy. For here were a siege and a battle ; a defeated army and a flying host ; the terrors of a famine and a revolution ; — and here were the grim humor of despair ; the ludicrous display, in thousands of ways, of personal peculiarities and eccentricities surprised into sudden betrayal ; the unreservedness and frankness of the simple human relation where conventionalism and artificial restraint came out in curious and absurd contrast with a state of nature. But more remarkable than the fire itself are the events that have followed it. Cities have been burned down before, and battles and sieges, and the flight of multitudes, and revolutions and famines, are scattered thick through all the pages of history. But nowhere ever before has it been recorded that the terror and desolation and destitution which mark such events have passed away and not a single human life, after the first shock and struggle, has been lost ; not one has endured the pangs of hunger or of cold ; not one is left without a shelter ; not one act of violence or of open immorality

has followed the sudden change from settled life to the severing of so many social ties dependent upon it ; but that, on the contrary, the terrible ordeal has been passed through in safety. That is, we mean, aside from the inevitable losses and distress which come as by the act of God and cannot be avoided, none of the ordinary results of great calamities have followed here, among that class who became peculiarly the care of public charity, and about whom alone the world is entitled to know. Disaster overwhelmed them, but they have not sunk ; sudden poverty, like a thief in the night, came upon them, but none are sick, or starving, or in prison ; they have looked a future in the face that was all darkness, but have not despaired ; the wrath of God seemed to many to have been visited upon them, and yet they lost no faith. These facts are patent to whomsoever will take the trouble to inform himself of that condition of Chicago that lies beneath the surface ; and it is not an inconsiderate eulogy upon the Relief and Aid Committee to ascribe this unprecedented condition of things, following a great public calamity, to the wisdom, the self-devotion, and the courage with which they have discharged the duties of the great and sublime trust that fell into their hands. If we are right in believing that here is a new phenomenon in the history of civilization, then we do not err in commending it to the consideration of thoughtful men.

Sydney Howard Gay.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

THE story of the destruction of the building and museum of the Academy of Science in this city, in the ever memorable conflagration of the 8th and 9th of October, has already been told in *THE LAKESIDE*. Brief mention was also made of the irreparable private losses sustained, in collections and manuscripts deposited in the Academy building by various persons in the city. Saddest of all was that of the Curator of the Museum, Dr. Stimpson, whose life-work, almost brought to completion, was totally destroyed. Not only were his manuscripts and plates consumed, but also the type specimens from which the descriptions and drawings were made. These, according to the competent authority of Mr. Gwynn Jeffries of London, formed one of the choicest and most valuable collections of Invertebrates in the world. Few, even in Chicago, know how much was lost in the destruction of the museum and library of its Academy of Science. Its progress during the years of its existence had been slow but sure, until, owing to the munificence of its Trustees and the unremitting toil of a few of its leading members, it had taken a high and honorable place among similar institutions both in this country and Europe. However much this may have been due to others, the excellent condition which the museum was in just previous to its destruction was largely owing to the tireless labor, unremitting care, and organizing capacity of Dr. Stimpson.

But it is not so much of the past, as of the present and future of the Academy, that we wish now to speak. The situation at present is full of encouragement. A large number of rich and valuable donations, both of books and specimens, have come to hand since the fire. Rooms have been kindly offered at the Chicago University and at the Chicago Medical College, and also at or near the Marine Bank, at either of which

places specimens and books are stored in comparative safety. Letters full of sympathy and encouragement, containing liberal offers of specimens and books, have been received from all the leading scientific bodies and institutions in this country, as well as from many of the principal scientific societies in Europe and Asia, and other parts of the globe. As soon as a place can be prepared for receiving and preserving them in comparative safety, rich collections of rare and valuable specimens in all departments of Natural Science are, or will be, ready to pour into the museum. Meanwhile Dr. Stimpson is as busy as his impaired health will permit, with every facility kind friends can afford him, in making collections in the Gulf Stream, both in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, in one of the best of the Coast Survey Steamers, which has been placed at his disposal. If successful, he will, among his other objects, add largely to the new museum. The most complete and valuable donation of specimens and books will in all probability be from the Smithsonian Institution, which has done so much in the past, not in this country alone, to foster and encourage science.

As regards the present financial condition of the Academy, though greatly in need of pecuniary aid, it is better than many of its friends at first dared to hope. The valuable lot on Wabash Avenue, near the corner of Van Buren Street, belongs to the Academy free from encumbrance. Beside this, there is money enough on hand, realized from various sources, together with a moderate sum to be borrowed, to construct a substantial building for business purposes, the rental of which will be a perpetual source of income to the institution. The money needed to construct the building just mentioned, has been already offered, at very low rates of interest, by a friend of the Academy; and the work of construction may be said already to have begun.

Such is the present state of the Academy in its scientific and pecuniary relations. But for the immediate future, as for the present, the institution is left without a home of its own. Two plans have been proposed:

1. To acquire by donation or purchase a large lot, and thereon erect the new Academy building. But to acquire a lot by donation, in any part of the city that would be a suitable location for such an institution, may be looked upon as in the highest degree impracticable. To buy a lot of suitable dimensions in any central or easily accessible part of the city would require a sum of money that, in the present state of the finances of the business men of the city, cannot be counted on. If this be the plan of the Trustees, the immediate future of the institution, it seems to us, can be easily predicted. Either it will be located in some remote and inaccessible part of the city, or entirely out of it, where cheap land can be had; or the Academy must wait until funds enough can be collected to buy an appropriate lot in the central part of the city. How long it might have to wait for this, no one can tell. Or a lot could be bought upon credit, which would saddle the Academy with a debt under which its continued existence would be embarrassing if not uncertain. To build on the old lot already in possession of the Academy, which some thought a good plan, is now put out of consideration by the final determination of the Trustees to devote it to business purposes. There is no other alternative now but to seek a new location.

2. The other plan that has been entertained is, to obtain from the city a lot of ground in one of the public parks, on which to erect a building, either for the Academy alone, or in connection with the Historical Society. In this way, it is claimed, the expense of a lot could be saved, without costing the city anything; that it would add to the attractiveness of the park, its museum being thrown open on stated days to the public; that it would thus be separated from other buildings, by the burning of which its safety would be endangered; that in this way it could add, in conjunction with the city perhaps, living Zoological and Botanical collections to its stores, by reason of having the room, which can only be had in

a great city in a public park; that such was and is the practice in many, if not most for the public parks of Europe; that if this was determined on, the new building might be constructed and the Academy in working order much sooner than at present seems possible. To save the expense of a lot, and at the same time have the building widely removed from all other buildings, can only be accomplished by securing a place in one of the city parks. To our mind, this is at present the best plan. No valid objection can be made to it, that does not lie with equal force against any other plan; while some things may be said in its favor, that can be said of it alone. But whatever plan may be decided on for the future, there can be no doubt that the Academy of Science of Chicago is shortly destined to become one of the most important and useful public institutions of our city. *J. S. Jewell.*

THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

A few months since, this popular institution was among the standing glories of Chicago. Its power for usefulness was developing rapidly; and the destruction of its galleries and school-rooms is certainly a public calamity. While a large number of its patrons were familiar with its receptions, private views, and exhibitions, comparatively few were aware of the untiring labor performed and interest felt by its members for its success—not only when seeking favor in public gatherings, but in the more quiet yet hopeful work of developing the growth of the schools. Very many Chicago people will recall the first humble effort of this institution to exhibit the work of its members, in a small gallery on Clark Street, which, while not pecuniarily successful, established the fact that there was worthy art-talent in our midst, and encouraged the Academy to proceed with the good work of providing facilities for the future in well-regulated exhibitions and school-rooms. The following year came the second annual reception and exhibition in the Opera House Gallery, with an entertainment in the Auditorium, representing statuary by living figures, and a few *tableaux vivants*—the work of the mem-

bers, for which they were well repaid by an enthusiastic and delighted patronage. The exhibition of paintings at this time was highly creditable, and marked a great advance in the work of home artists; while the drawings exhibited by the scholars gave ample evidence of rapid progress and an earnest studiousness. Each succeeding year witnessed a brilliant reception, a more pretentious exhibition of paintings and statuary, a growing strength in the schools, and unmistakable evidences of increasing art-culture among the people. The future of the Academy continually brightened, from the hearty response of the people on these several occasions; until, in the fall of 1870, the new building on Adams Street was inaugurated and occupied. For five years its members, encouraged by many liberal citizens, had toiled with untiring energy to obtain a permanent building, where its exhibition and school-rooms should be ample for the increasing art demand; and the reception evening in November of the above year was a hopeful and happy time for the artists.

The Academy, at the date of the fire, had occupied their new rooms about eleven months, and had succeeded in keeping the galleries filled with works of unusual merit, and at times with marked masterpieces of American and foreign artists. The local artists were at all times well represented, and were ever striving to keep the institution invitingly before the public. Thousands of our people, and strangers who were frequently visiting the city, must realize and feel the loss of the Academy galleries; but there is a class, independent of artists and the patrons of the Academy, who must regret greatly their inability to enjoy its privileges at this time. We refer to the scholars, and those who intended devoting the winter to careful rudimentary art-work in the schools. The Academy had effected changes in the schools that would have added great efficiency to its workings, and probably resulted in gathering large classes both in the Antique and Life departments. The heartfelt wish of all such, and the members of the Academy, is, that these schools, which are the very soul and basis of its mission, may be re-

vived very soon, and again started on a career of uninterrupted usefulness.

C. Knickerbocker.

THE FREE LIBRARY PROJECT.

Chicago may congratulate itself that the Free Public Library project has so far advanced as to give assurance of being a fixed fact. The agitation of this project commenced in the daily press some time before the fire. It was thoroughly discussed in all its various bearings, and had already begun to take shape when the fire came. Absorbed by the pressure of material necessities, and as if by mutual consent recognizing the fact that the reconstruction of the literary condition of the city must belong to the distant future, no thought was given to the project. It has revived again, however, sooner than any of its friends expected. The spontaneous and hearty action of the Anglo-American Association of London, abetted by the generous sympathy and encouraging promises of donations by English authors, once more placed the project on a footing sufficiently stable to warrant the citizens of Chicago in acting at once. A public meeting has been held, at which the discussion was both practical and comprehensive, resulting in a resolution authorizing the Mayor to appoint a committee with power to draft an act of incorporation, and recommending the levying of a direct tax for the future support of the Library. The committee has been appointed; and in their hands there can be no doubt that the foundation of the new Library will be laid both wisely and well.

THE WISCONSIN METEORITE.

In this Magazine for August, 1871, was published an account of the discovery of five fragments of a meteorite in Wisconsin. The sixth fragment of the same meteorite was recently found by Mr. Louis Korb, in the same field where the others were discovered by him, thirty miles north from Milwaukee. It is ten inches long, seven inches wide, and four inches thick, in its extreme dimensions; weight, 33 pounds

(14,971 grams.). The total weight of all the fragments is 143 pounds. They were found so near each other as to indicate that the explosion by which they were

separated took place not far above the surface of the earth. There are no means of knowing the date of the fall of these interesting masses of iron.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

WE are not yet far enough from our burning to take up this part of *THE LAKESIDE* with the old relish. We are all rebuilding and re-locating and removing. Our offices are in want of wheels to move them from street to street, and in the carts wherein we stow our treasures for hebdominal migrations, our best purposes as well as best wares get, in the language of Governor Medary, "abominably mutilated." The public have (we so read) asked much practical work of *THE LAKESIDE*; and obeying the public, this number still lingers over the work of reconstruction. We have said to ourselves: "A hundred years from now this volume of our magazine will show the student of history what Chicago was thinking about in the first half of 1872."

And, lamentably, we are not thinking much about books, unless it be of books that are somewhere in the air. And yet, it is very strange to put over against this the declaration of the booksellers, that in holiday week last past they almost reached the sales of the year before! They astound us when they add that there was an unexpected demand for good books and fine editions. A little meditation makes even this intelligible, without giving occasion to mockers at the benevolent of other towns. The plain people have not bought their usual supplies of plain books; the rich have made excellent investment of some of the *ditbris* that come to comeliness as insurance. Another item may be added. It is hard to dispense with any habitual contribution to daily comfort; but it wrenches all through to see the little and the less of our households go hungry for an accustomed pleasure. And so, when the "gracious time" drew near, an unusual mellowness marked the counsels

of the two heads of the family; and it ended, as we knew it must, in the purchase of most of the usual presents, by the forty thousand families of Chicago who came through the fire with no diminution of courage. And in how many cases must the purchaser have said low to his heart, "There may be something in the book that will not burn."

Say to the mocker: "Because we fed their hungry and clothed their naked, they were spared the agony of a Christmas without the dear emblems of grace and good will." Without the blessed charity that flew on the four winds to our desolate places, there could have been no real Christmas in Chicago. The fact that we bought more than the usual *proportion* of books—for the buyers were far fewer—is as bright an incident as could be named in our honor.

The noble houses that have led in our book trade hold their supremacy in New Chicago. We congratulate them on their good fortune in evil fortune, on the silver lining that already almost shines through the cloud.

THE BREMEN LECTURES ON FUNDAMENTAL, Living, Religious Questions. By various eminent European Divines. Translated from the original German, by Rev. D. Heagle. With an Introduction by Alvah Hovey, D.D., President of Newton Theological Institution. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Company. (C. R. Blackall, Chicago.)

QUESTIONS OF MODERN THOUGHT; or, Lectures on The Bible and Modern Infidelity. By Rev. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Rev. James Thompson, D.D., LL.D., Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., Rev. Wm. Hague,

D.D., and Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D., L.L.D. Philadelphia: Zeigler & McCurdy. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The current conflict in religious thinking between what may be roughly styled the dogmatic and liberal schools — though these terms are by no means accurate, and in the present state of the discussion none can be — receives at least a little attention from all who read our magazine. We are all religious to the extent of having some opinions upon religious questions, and probably also in the sense of having some sort of a religious consciousness, not to say religious experience.

One of the difficulties of the situation for average people is that they are imperfectly acquainted with the fundamental questions and the precise points at issue. The fundamental questions are not whether modern science is true; or whether there is a personal God; nor any other of the questions discussed with much heat and great waste of rhetoric and logic. Modern science being accepted on all sides, and the being and personal consciousness of God not being in dispute, the conflict concerns only the *inferences* drawn by opposing schools from the same theorems.

Nevertheless, the disputants are apt to forget their agreements; and it is difficult to find a book free from confusions and even blunders respecting "the other view." This comes partly from defective conscientiousness on both sides; we are not religious enough "to fight fair," and whoever becomes so is apt to stop fighting altogether. But the evil we deplore comes oftener from defective culture. The young Boanerges in Science or Theology rushes into battle because his *estro* (compound result of warm blood and a generous ambition) drives him to fight. And this constant thud of good swords falling on men of straw is due to the heroism of our excellent young friend. Naturally his friends — who know that he has a good blade and strikes hard — applaud Boanerges; just as naturally the other side — knowing that he is slashing at straw — laugh and pass on.

But now and then all of us have a chance to witness a real fight, where hard blows fall fast and fall on steel. The men of rare and wide culture have come out to joust

with foes not less richly furnished, and lances are shivered and helmets cleft and horses and riders rolled in the dust.

Here are two books in which one may witness a real battle, where the lines are drawn between schools of thought, and the hill-crests of living issues are struggled for with sublime earnestness and consummate skill. They represent the "dogmatic" school; and we advise any reader who really wants to know why it is that all the sky is full of the sound of religious battles, to buy these collections and read them with thoughtful diligence. The "sensible fools," who know everything without learning, do not read THE LAKESIDE, and every reader is therefore included in our recommendation.

In the German one — which we regret to say is not just perfectly Englished in the translation — the reader will come upon the thoughts of some of the greatest lights of German theology.

There are nine lectures by nine distinguished divines, among whom are J. P. Lange, Constantine Tischendorf, and Otto Zöckler. The topics are the familiar battle-fields of Creation, Miracles, Christ's Person, Atonement, The Resurrection, etc.

The other book is not less a representative one. Its authors have national reputations outside of theology, and most of them are conspicuously Americans in the form and texture of their culture, in their modes of thought and the coloring of their expression.

The ablest of these lectures are those of Dr. McCosh and Dr. Haven. The first repels the dogma that the life of Jesus is a romance; the second opposes the dogma that Soul is only a mode of matter. Both are happy in placing their antagonists in the ranks of the dogmatists; but the Scotchman is by no means so successful in this as is the American. Doctor Haven's lecture is marked throughout by that breadth of intellectual sympathy which makes his preaching more acceptable to a wide circle of thoughtful Christians than that of any other preacher in our country, and is clothed in a simple, terse, and popular diction.

One feels in reading this book that *dogmatic* is not quite the word which describes

the writers; that a stiff breeze of liberalism is blowing through the churches to which they belong; that such conservatism as they have is a worship of truth and a desire to know that new things are true before they are called "scientific facts."

These two books show Christianity crying in the streets—trying to reason with opposers, and going to them in public places for that purpose. 'To some men it will be a surprise to know that Christian preachers can talk in so popular a language and reason so ably from the data of common beliefs. At all events, there is a certain significance in these courses of lectures and their publication at this time; and the least one could do is to infer that there is still a vigorous life in the old thoughts, and energy enough to clothe themselves with some of the best strength and culture of our generation.

MUSKINGUM LEGENDS, with Other Sketches and Papers, Descriptive of the Young Men of Germany and the Old Boys of America. By Stephen Powers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co., Chicago.)

Constant readers of *THE LAKESIDE* will recognize our friend "Socrates Hyacinthe" in four of these papers, they having appeared first in our monthly. We have a sort of sickness in remembering how the author preferred a Western publisher for his books and how an exclusive though noble ambition to excel in job printing and bookselling drove him to the Atlantic seaboard. Do the people of Chicago know to what an extent the West, or rather the Interior, supplies the seaboard market for American genius? Do they know that we grow the men, and the Far East welcomes and encourages them, while we practically cast them away?

Though this is a collection of essays and short stories, written for American magazines, there is a certain unity and continuity in them. They relate chiefly to the three topics of the title page, and work out in excellent proportion some new thoughts. The style is marked by personal characteristics: fresh, piquant, quaintly humorous, and at the same time not wanting in an undertone of earnestness.

We have been most interested in his "Royal Road to History," an attempt to reproduce our political life by means of the party and other catch-words of successive periods. It is as successful in its way as the best chapter of Dickens's "Child's History of England." The essay on California Saved contains excellent food for meditation about the future of the Mongols in America, and seems to settle it that the Kelt is still on his march around the world, and that he is, after all, the hope of Californian civilization.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER. A Novel. By Edward Eggleston. With Twenty-nine Illustrations. New York: Orange Judd & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The many friends of the author would know it was Eggleston without help from the title page; and we need not tell them that the book is racy and warm, or that it is Hoosier in the best sense, reproducing Old Indiana in the rich and vivacious humor of Young Indiana. It is a good book for the lazy digestion of the elders; and our little folks crown it with a spontaneous tribute of "laughing fits." Mr. Eggleston is all himself and nobody else, and to the like of him the future of our literary art belongs, if it shall please Heaven to release them from overmuch grinding in the mills, only because the mills give bread to the grinders.

HALF HOURS WITH MODERN SCIENTISTS. Huxley—Barker—Stirling—Cope—Tyndall. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS. Three Lectures, by Professors Roscoe, Huggins, and Lockyer. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

These cheap editions of essays and lectures which have attracted general attention deserve the success they have attained. There is a possible need of limitation in the statement. There are mighty men at Yale, but we fear Dr. Barker is not one of them; certainly he is not the peer of the great men with whom he sits down at Mr. Chatfield's

table. We fear he somehow missed Dr. Woolsey when he was a-making.

SERVING OUR GENERATION, and GOD'S GUIDANCE IN YOUTH. Two sermons preached in the College Chapel, Yale College, by President Woolsey. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

These excellent discourses by the king of our College Israel, were delivered just before his retiring, after twenty-five years of presidency, from the headship of Old Yale, last July. Good sermons need no praise — and Dr. Woolsey could not produce poor sermons.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE ELEMENTARY MUSIC READER. A Progressive Series of Lessons, prepared expressly for use in Public Schools. Book First. By B. Jepson, Instructor of Vocal Music in the New Haven Public Schools. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

TRANSACTIONS OF THE WISCONSIN STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. With Tabular Abstracts of the Reports of County Agricultural Societies, Special Reports on the Industry of Counties, and various important appendices compiled from the United States Census. Vol. IX. 1870. Prepared by J. W. Hoyt, Secretary. Madison, Wis.: Atwood & Culver, State Printers.

— *We would be glad to receive a few sets of THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY, from January to October, 1871, (inclusive,) in exchange for THE LAKESIDE for the year 1872.*

THE
LAKESIDE MONTHLY.

VOL. VII.—MARCH, 1872.—No. 39.

TWENTY YEARS AGO;

A STORY OF REAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

CHAPTER III.

A RAGGED TRAVELLER.

NEAR sunset of the third day of July, 185-, a horse drawing a light buggy containing two men crossed the little bridge at the foot of Buntingville. The two men descended from the vehicle, and the horse toiled up the ascent, dragging his light burden with considerable difficulty. The driver and proprietor of the equipage was a rosy-faced, short, and plain young man, apparently under twenty, though really about twenty-five. The cheerful face and light step showed a jovial youth, whose principal care was to enjoy life, and who succeeded perfectly in his ambition. The evening was warm, and horse and men were covered with perspiration when they reached the summit.

Stopping to rest, the young driver laughingly recounted to his companion the battles that had rendered the hill famous, making so ludicrous a picture of the discomfitures of successive supervisors as to kindle a smile on the

face of his melancholy companion. This person was apparently about thirty-five years of age. Slender to the verge of frailness, he looked jaded and worn, as by long foot travel, and a small bundle in one hand and a stick in the other confirmed the impression. It was further evident that his young companion, with a kind of hospitality not too common anywhere, had picked him up on the road and given him a gratuitous ride into Buntingville. You saw at a glance that he was poor. His clothing was not shabby, but had that worn appearance which marks the first stage of the transit from respectable competence to sheer poverty.

His air and manner would have arrested attention in a crowd. The eyes were blue, and sparkled with intellectual activity. The features were regular, the brow high and broad, the hair brown, and the complexion fair. Had he been worth twenty thousand dollars, all the ladies would have worshipped him as a blonde archangel; as he was poor, they contented themselves with saying, "What an interesting face!"

Having descanted to his heart's content, the young man said to the traveller:

"That is the People's Hotel. I think you had better stop there. The 'Buntingville,' where I hang up, is a little more expensive, and between ourselves a little unpopular down here in the city."

"Thank you for your kind advice, and once more for this ride into town."

"Oh, do n't speak of it. It's cursed lonesome riding alone on these prairies. Your tongue is none of the nimblest, but that is all the better for a rattlepate like me. I should have had the blues perfectly horrid if I had n't you to talk to. But there's the 'Squire.'"

And in fact, at this moment the form of the great landlord rolled out of the door of his bar-room and took an attitude on the platform in front of the hotel.

"I'll speak to him. See here, 'Squire, here is Mr. Brackett, a friend of mine, who wants to settle in Buntingville. Take him in to-night, and if you can do him a good turn in getting him into business, mind, you will do me a good turn."

The 'Squire surveyed his new customer critically, and after a discreet pause said, with a quiet leer at the young man:

"I do n't reckon, Bill, that he wants to go into the money lending business, eh?"

"Oh, no! At least not just yet. The fact is, he is a blacksmith, and I think we need another shop. Buntingville is growing, you know, 'Squire?"

"You're joking as usual, Bill. There is too little beef in that package for a blacksmith. I took him for a school-master. Look out, Simpson, that you do n't get foul of the school board, eh?"

"Well! well! He shall do his own talking." And turning to Brackett, who was supposed to be out of hearing of the conversation—even country social life has its little duplicities—Bill Simpson said:

"Mr. Brackett, here is 'Squire Fence, landlord here. He knows all about

Buntingville, and will post you up generally."

So saying, he mounted his buggy and drove on to the Buntingville Hotel in the North End.

"Well, Mr. Brackett, what can I do for you?" said the portly 'Squire, in a patronizing tone.

"For to-night, a little supper and a good deal of sleep. To-morrow we will talk-about business."

"You look as though a bed would be good for you. A little tired, eh? Here, Jim, you black rascal, give the gentleman some supper, and then show him to No. Ten. Lively now, Dandy!"

"Sartin, Massa, allus lively," said the black, with a most perfect contradiction of the statement in his face and movements.

Weary as he was, Brackett could not avoid a feeling of interest in this strange uncouth being, who seemed so out of place in an attempt at civilized society. But for the unmistakable characteristics that revealed his foreign derivation, he might have seemed a relic of the retreating order of things, a consort of wild beasts, a rough rendering of the mythic Faun who projected himself into early Roman civilization out of the illimitable and unknown Past which it displaced. He seemed a spontaneous product of nature, a creature with resemblances to other races, but no strict affinities. The tone of his voice seemed burdened by an undertone of wildness which suggested wastes that human foot had never trod, where the savage voices of nature's merciless children are forever heard; where linnet, robin, and thrush flee away, or sit silent and fearful, or fly solemn and slow, waiting till their redeemer, man, shall unloose their tongues to praise. His movements had an indefinable resemblance to those of forest beasts. Without being conscious of comparing him to any one animal, the acute observer saw the pervading characteristics of all. He was not lion, tiger, wolf, or bear, but he had the manner of a new beast, showing their common qualities, and possessed

of an idiosyncrasy that was indescribable because it seemed an utterly new type in nature.

Hungry as he was, Brackett found himself with his supper untasted, regarding attentively this *bizarre* product of humanity. The black sat with his back half turned to the traveller, his eyes wide open, but apparently seeing nothing; his ears seemed to stand forward like those of a dog in a listening attitude, but he did not seem to listen. Stupidity and watchfulness were both suggested by his manner: whether the stupidity were a mask, or the watchfulness a habit preserved from old years of servitude, it would have been impossible to tell.

How long his scrutiny of the black endured, Brackett never knew. Nor could he have distinguished whether pity, or fear, or pure curiosity, moved him. Nor at the end did he know whether to sympathize with Dandy Jim as a fellow unfortunate, or to shun him as a dangerous brute.

Brackett started at last as if waking from a trance, and turned to his supper. It was cold now; perhaps it had never been warm. It was curious that the black started at the same time, and coming forward with a slow, swinging motion, said:

"Praps Massa do n't like the supper?"

Brackett hardly knew whether this creature was to be talked to like a man or repelled like a serpent. This confusion cost him a moment of silence, during which the black neither moved nor seemed to await a response. Brackett's notions of propriety relieved him from his dilemma. A respectful question deserves a respectful answer.

"I dare say the supper is well enough, but to tell the truth I have not yet tried it. Suppose you bring me a warm cup of tea. This seems to be cold."

"Yis, Massa." And he slouched away to do his errand.

A strict materialist would find in the nature of Brackett's dreams that night a positive proof of the indigestible character of the supper. Perhaps he would

add to this that the traveller had eaten too much and gone to bed too soon thereafter. But how came this Dandy Jim to pervade these dreams in a thousand shapes of wildness and fearfulness, grotesqueness and quaintness? Brackett had not eaten Dandy Jim? Perhaps he had. Certainly his brain was fuller of the strange servant than his stomach of the supper. Certainly mythology has no creature midway between man and beast, fiction no creature too naturally unnatural in its portraiture of the base products of civilization, that did not for dream centuries possess the empire of his soul.

Now, mounted upon Simpson's black horse, he careered like a centaur, bearing down straight upon a prostrate and unarmed Brackett. Anon, in more fearful guise, he seemed a satyr; goat-footed and shaggy-skinned, he danced forward to offend Brackett's temperance principles by the offer of a brimming beaker of the wine that Bacchus had trodden out of the grape with a pair of cowhide boots, branded on their soles, "Wilson & Co., Pottsville, Conn." Then he changed sex, and was a gorgon with tresses of red serpents, with boar-tusk teeth, and the form draped in a dirty calico dress; and without turning him to stone, seemed to vanish from his sight. So the shape changed, and came and went on the stage of the traveller's dream, and he rolled in his slumber, and neither waked nor slept. He seemed at last to try to wake, but a demoniac Quilp was pressing his knees into his breast and holding him down. This shape seemed to pass, to be followed by an intense heat and a steam of burning lime, and he was lying on the hot stones in a lime pit and old Orlick waved a huge stone hammer over his head.

And so horrid shapes went and came, burned him, beat him, choked him, threatened him, and seemed to bind, torture, and to be just about to kill him through ages of suffering. Each of these shapes had some resemblance to Dandy Jim, — indeed, seemed to be

Dandy Jim, ever changing and yet never new to the dreamer's consciousness. He slept more quietly at last, and night settled on the landscape of his mind ; but it was a turbid night, seeming ever about to break into storm and tempest.

Let us admit with the materialist, that the supper, late eaten and soon slept upon, was the superinducing cause of all this horrid dreaming. Let us admit that the clatter of the stomach at its work would not suffer the brain to rest; or that foul currents of blood rolled turbidly through its tissues; still we shall need to add mind endowed with memory that reproduced the black under the half-human or inhuman forms with which the traveller's reading had furnished that memory. Simpson's black horse, Madame Fence's red hair and calico dress, a pair of boots in the store with the brand of a Connecticut shoemaker, and many another object seen that day, united themselves to Dandy Jim and to older recollections, changing the high tragedy into low comedy.

Leaving him to his slumbers, let us see who John Brackett is, and what he is to do in this frontier village. We need hardly say that he is seeking his fortune in the West. The reader has surmised that already. He is a man thirty-five years of age, a blacksmith by trade, poor but honest. That sentence would be long enough for the history of most of his fellow men. Few would care to know so much of most of their fellows; and to be wholly frank, though this man is my hero, I must admit that so much of eulogy as this was never written of him, even in the history of Oakville County, in the State of Shawnee.

And yet he has a story which, to himself and a few other souls, the author among them, has vastly more interest than that of Colonel Jones, who is the chief figure in the Oakville history. I venture to say more. That history professes to deal with naked facts and simple truth. This story claims to be only a novel; but I believe that it contains more facts and more truth than the his-

tory. The reason is simple. The history was written to compliment a half dozen personages who govern the county on the principles of Buntingville, "Who comes first shall bear rule." To make it a profitable piece of flattery, the painter uses a big brush, and a great many persons are painted out of all recognition by their friends. With an eye to the main purpose, everything that could possibly interest posterity is carefully excluded, and all the littleness of the little grandees is diffused over pages that become dreary as a desert, for a similar reason — nothingness.

John Brackett had entered the world, thirty-five years before his advent at Buntingville, without the permission of society. His parents sinned, and he made his first appearance in the census reports under the head of illegitimate. Society was wronged, and was not unjustly offended. It affixed to the boy certain names that gentle eyes ought not to see, that gentle ears should never hear.

The boy grew up a frail, melancholy child, who from his earliest years seemed to catch the meaning of the epithets launched at him by lads more fortunately born.

A maiden aunt took the place of those parents from whom Death had generously relieved the child. Yes, generously — for the father was a drunkard and the mother infamous. This aunt thought it needful for the health of the child's soul that he should be kept in remembrance of the stain on his cradle, nor did she mingle gentleness with her lessons, or affection with her government. The sin of his parents attached itself to his consciousness, an ever-present sense of shame; to his conscience, a sleepless sense of guilt.

The New England village that saw his unauthorized birth, regarded it with the greater indignation that it was the only exception to virtuous law. In new diseases the patient often sinks under the measures of the physician; so startling sins find Christian communities unprovided with just remedies, and pro-

voke them to harsh disciplines. The village of M—— was a model of virtuous propriety; on the head of the boy fell the blow of avenging justice. He sat apart at school, and was unwelcome on the playground. A thousand little neglects and advices sealed on his conscience the conviction that he was personally guilty in his parents' crime. He happily found a friend in the village schoolmaster, who, even at the risk of being reproached as an advocate of licentiousness, pleaded for the child. Such dialogues as the following were not uncommon:

Society: What business has this creature in the world? Who gave him a right to life? He entered by fraud; let him take the most menial place.

Schoolmaster: Ah! But the boy has not sinned. Look at that innocent face! The body had not man's permission to be; but God pitied and put a soul there. Who knows but that soul may be as pure, as worthy of its Maker, as your own children's?

Society: We must protect ourselves. Our sons and daughters must learn that guilt carries an earthly hell with it. We must punish, or by lenity sin may thrive. The shame we affix to this child may save a hundred maidens from shame.

Schoolmaster: But whence derive you the right to punish one innocent soul to save others from becoming sinful? Are human sacrifices lawful? You cannot be justified in slaughtering this innocent to save a million maidens from shame. Besides, it would be a work of supererogation. Your daughters are already doubly mailed in their own virtue.

Society: We live and die for each other. The pangs that rob the maternal cheek of its roses bloom in the cheeks of the daughters. The One Strong and Mighty bore the sins of a whole world.

Schoolmaster: Fallacious. Living and dying for each other is made virtuous and honorable only by personal choice. He who suffers without his consent is always in some sort a menial

and a slave. The One Strong and Mighty laid down His own life. "*No man taketh it from me.*" This child is not consulted in his sufferings. You have given him no right to choose. You are not Christian but Pagan.

Society: You cannot convince us that the instinct is at fault which makes us shrink from contact with such people.

Schoolmaster: Are we authorized to shrink from that which reminds us of vice? It is not to be supposed that even Howard found the air of loathsome prisons wholesome. He had a clean and virtuous sense which made vice and filth to him as they are to you. We are given to understand that He who could not suffer corruption, found contact with men so disagreeable that the brotherhood with us was a profound humiliation. Vice must always be disagreeable to the virtuous, most disagreeable to the most virtuous, but this sense of repulsion is restrained by the Christian notion of duty, made sacred by an inimitable example.

Society: But these people seldom come to good. A corrupt tree brings forth but bitter fruit.

Schoolmaster: You flatter your judgment and justify your harshness by the evil characters of the children of the evil. Look to it that you do not put a life of crime and shame nearest to the little one's feet, that you do not make it most flowery to his sight, most difficult for him to shun. Look to it that the better path be not awfully hedged up, denuded of charms, put distant and inaccessible. Remember that the holy mystery of soul-birth is close-locked in the hand of God, and speak low and reverently. No flippancy of corrupt trees will suffice you. When the children of the guilty have as virtuous culture as others, and not sooner, can we unclasp the Divine Hand and read the awful secret of our beginning.

Society: Surely these people should have a harder probation than others.

Schoolmaster: No. Not a harder probation: for it cannot be right to bind the heaviest burden on the weakest

back. What such persons want is not probation—a putting on trial—but care and culture. The world does not seem to get on with its idea of putting all the weak ones to probate. We must get up to the Christian idea of culture.

The little Brackett persisted in falsifying the evil prophecies that drew his horoscope. Two opposite influences worked out his salvation. The evil boys of the village—every village has a few—prided themselves on purer blood, and made their companionship painful to the conscience-smitten child. On the other hand, the wise charity of the schoolmaster led him into better paths, and filled his young intelligence with generous ambitions.

His aunt bound him at twelve years of age to a blacksmith of the village, and sent him from a house that had never been home, with a pious admonition to be a good boy and remember how bad his parents had been.

The boy's life occupation, thus selected for him, was the one most unfitted for his bodily nature. He was weak, slender, and puny by constitution; and no amount of anvil exercise can make those members strong which God has made weak. Judicious exercise of his limbs might have made life comfortable to him by bringing them up to their highest possible tone; but the close shop, the long days of ceaseless work, the overtasking, and superadded the cruelty of a hard master, rapidly made matters worse.

He must have gone out of the world speedily, to the hearty content of all his virtuous betters, if the schoolmaster, who took a strange interest in the boy, had not by kindness and advice stimulated him to exertion. He said, "Make yourself perfect in the higher and nicer branches of your trade, and your master will employ you on them from interest." The boy followed the advice by using all his leisure in a noble effort to improve, which soon attracted his master's attention and procured him relief from the severer labors of the shop.

The schoolmaster now loaned him

books, and stimulated him to their study. A boy without companions, his evenings were devoted to his books, and, as the years rolled on, he widened and lengthened his knowledge, until at twenty-five he had a more liberal education than many college-bred young men, and he was in his art the best workman that the village contained. The old schoolmaster had by this time gone to his grave, and left Brackett a choice library. Being now a master of his trade, he was able to add to this original store by purchase, and his humble room was gradually becoming the most literary place in the village.

The stain on his birth had not washed out, but he was a man of too much intelligence to be despised. He was in a sense tabooed from society. But his fellow men met him as an equal, and availed themselves of his information and services, without reminding him of his shame. His health, always weak, by judicious care was rendered sufficient for his labors and studies. He was living so quietly and was so unconscious, in his absorption in study and labor, of the old stain, that he might in time have outlived it altogether and triumphed over the fell philosophy of society by becoming a good man, without danger to the virtue of our daughters, and in spite of the ill-blood he had inherited, if Love had not entered his heart, at once to bless and to curse him.

The visual power of this passion surpasses all the wonders of the microscope. It discerns the minutest personal defect, the most trifling disadvantage in social position, the least possible variation from fashion in dress. The tiniest freckle, the least awryness in the twist of a moustache, the faintest show of obtrusiveness in a nose, grow into mountains of deformity under the self-inspection of Love.

If Love thus introverts the eye and magnifies its power, what must it have done for John Brackett, when he found himself in love? The stain that he had ceased to see in his quiet life, now

rose up a mountain in his path, a steep, dark, icy, vast mountain, and the loved one was beyond it. It was too large to level, too high to scale, too vast to pass around. He was here; she there. They lived in different worlds. In different worlds must they live and die. A genuine love has ever an element of despair. The true lover, like the lover of Sophronice,

"Desires much, hopes little, and asks nothing,"*

through what seems an age of silent worship.

In a nature like John Brackett's there was not needed any exterior aid to induce this self-distrust and little-hoping. What then was his despair when the barrier of his birth rose black and impenetrable between him and his ideal? The shadows of melancholy gathered and deepened over him. Life had but one sun, and that did not shine for him.

Somebody has taught us that Love thrives by what it feeds upon; but Love thrives best on what is denied it. When the impossible looks beautiful, Heaven! how the soul aspires, burns, mounts! So Brackett's love grew and filled his being and ruled his manhood. Never was more desire, less hope, or asking further from the thought. This love was little fed, but it was abundantly tortured. Suffice us now that one of its results was Brackett's emigration to Buntingville.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW SHOP.

Before Brackett was sound asleep, all Buntingville knew of his arrival. The most utter inconsequence cannot escape importance in an isolated village of three hundred inhabitants. Even a ragged traveller created a sensation in Buntingville. Besides, Brackett had been brought to town by the darling young banker, who had been heard to

call him "my friend." What a field for gossip that expression opened! Was he a poor relation of the banker's? Was he a man the banker had skinned? Was it possible he could be nothing but a roadside acquaintance?

Nobody went to bed that night without being thoroughly satisfied that there was something very mysterious about this John Brackett, who called himself a blacksmith, looked decidedly like a schoolmaster, and was certainly too puny for the trade he professed. The inquisitiveness of an Austrian or Italian police to know the name, birth-place, business, and age of a traveller, and if he happens to die, the name of his father, his mother's name before his father married her, and an endless catalogue of equally pertinent questions, is nothing to the anxiety of Buntingville on these and like subjects of interest in the case of John Brackett.

'Squire Fence, who generally got all these facts for the benefit of his fellow citizens, was obliged to admit his ignorance. When Brackett made his appearance on the platform of the hotel next morning, he was an object of more interest than he had ever been before in his life.

The 'Squire, who was bent on making amends for his neglect the night before, spent half an hour in fruitless pumping, which was so delicately parried as to mitigate his sense of defeat. His guest was more anxious for information than he, and soon led the 'Squire into a conversation of the prospects of a new blacksmith's shop in the town. He readily admitted that he thought they needed a new one, and that it would succeed. Brackett proposed a partnership, the landlord to furnish the capital, and he the labor and management. After a little consideration and discussion with his neighbors, the landlord accepted the offer, which was greatly to his advantage, and preparations began the same day. In a week our traveller found himself a citizen of Buntingville, installed in an improvised shanty, with a bright new anvil and

**Brama assai, poco spera e nulla chiede.—Tasso.*

bellows, and a promise of plenty of work before him.

In a few days more, the front of this shanty was adorned with a new sign, on which was painted in large characters the following:

Fence, and, Brackett

There were figures at the flanks of the title of the new firm, designed to represent horse shoes, and the neighboring farmers were expected to collect from it that Fence and Brackett shod horses. As to the commas separating the important *and* from too intimate fellowship with the names it was designed to couple, I can only say that provincial sign-painters hold and believe that each important word in a sign should be followed by at least a comma. "Of what use are pepper and salt, if you do n't put them in your food?" Inevitable logic, certainly. A sturdy debate arose when the sign was brought to the shop by its proud author. Brackett boldly attacked the commas, and insisted on their expulsion; but he was finally defeated by the argument set down above.

So the blacksmith accepted the sign, saying to himself that it was folly to run a tilt with ignorance and stupidity. This wisdom would make the fortune of many a more favored man, whose passion for correcting popular stupidities has defeated his ends. If a man proposes to fight with fist or brain for an obvious absurdity, be sure you will lose the fight if you accept the glove. There are ninety-nine chances in a hundred that his fist is heavier than yours, if you resort to that *argumentum ad hominem*, and that his skull is hopelessly dense if you take it out in words. There are many men who know how to use wisdom, but rare few who know how to treat ignorance.

Moreover, if the contest about the sign had gone on, it must have been referred to the mighty 'Squire; and his decision was indicated the same evening in the store by the wise remark that he thought the commas looked very

well in the sign. "Besides," said he, "strangers might suppose we Buntingvilles did not know there were such things as commas, if they did not see them in our signs." That patriotic argument must have fired the Buntingville heart, and perhaps lost Brackett his new place.

The *sign* was the promise of harvest to the new shop. The *old* one, venerable with the soot of eighteen months, claimed, like all other Buntingville institutions, the rights of antiquity. It held conservative views, and was shocked at radical novelties; but it had no sign, and especially lacked the illustrious name of Fence in its Co. The bright lettering and commaing of the big sign dazzled the imagination of the farmer who rode into town to look after the shoeing of his team, and six months credit being allowed, Brackett found plenty of work. Working on six months time might have been worse than idleness for him, but that the 'Squire boarded him in the hotel, and replenished his scanty wardrobe from the store.

The only relief for souls like his is found in activity. Happily his habits of industry and his sense of duty conspired with the necessities of his position to urge him to honest toil. It is worth while to note these breakwaters to the ocean of despair that nature has erected in her noblest children. The heart of Rachel weeping for her children would burst with agonizing grief, if other tender ties or religious convictions did not call it to duty, and prepare it for the ministry of hope. We complain in pain, and are atheistic in sorrow; but Divine goodness is nowhere else so conspicuous as on the gloomy side of life. When a great light departing leaves the mind in darkness, the sky is set with lesser lights that cheer the traveller on his journey through the night. Brackett's unexpected good fortune had struck out a gleam of hope in the gloom through which he was passing, and new scenes and interests united with old habits and moralities to press him onward in his new path.

The people soon found that little was to be learned about his previous habits and life, and even country gossip dies of inanition when it can find absolutely nothing to feed upon. The new citizen took his place among them, and rendered himself useful in a thousand ways outside of his calling. In a new community there is usually a lack of men who see all sides, feel impartially, and can therefore become blessed as peace-makers. There is often lack, too, of men who know without pretension, and work without egotism. Brackett was an unseen, almost unfelt, force in Buntingville. That is to say, his influence moulded others without their being conscious of it, helped them out of little straits without their knowing their deliverer, and so stole into their esteem and regard without apparent desire or effort. He seldom opened a conversation, never took the lead in it, confined himself to listening and learning others' opinions, and on contested points kept his own.

Silence is often the best passport to a wise man's good opinion: how much more to that of a fool or a dullard? Not that all Buntingville people were either fools or dullards, but the village had, as all others, a respectable per cent. of respectable noodles, with dull ears and long tongues. And, as sometimes happens in more favored communities, this class did all the surface work of society, and held the reins of public opinion. Among such characters, a positive man will be in a perpetual turmoil and strife, unless he have that large common sense which suggests apparent ignorance when it is folly to be wise.

Brackett won the confidence of these people by what seemed a negation of himself. He often said when alone, "These people do not esteem me for what I am, but for what I am not and seem to be." This was not quite true; for the influence of his positive self was constantly flowing in upon the community and shaping it. And surely it is a negative virtue turned positive

that enables a man to hold his tongue when speech is idle or worse.

The ordinary notice of a positive character is not a little erroneous. One who combats every prejudice with every weapon, disregards all proprieties and conveniences of time, place, and means, and always has his mouth open and his ears shut, often gets repute as a positive man, where he is only a fool.

Many a man, too, fritters himself away in noisy and thin speech. What words of power are dissipated by these blabbing tongues! An age hopelessly given to talk waits for leaders who know how to keep silence. Buntingville found a leading force in this blacksmith whose noisy hammer proclaimed him, as our deeds, reader, should proclaim us.

This power in the community was necessarily an uncertain tenure. A great clamor of interest could at any moment destroy it. No character or work or reputation will serve a man who puts himself athwart the spirit of his age. So, to illustrate small things by great, an open war with Buntingville interest or prejudice would at any moment have left Brackett as naked as he entered the village.

Sturdily refraining from mixing in the village brawls, the blacksmith listened, and learned the people by heart. It was not a great lesson, but it was before him, and he studied it wisely.

In a few months, his expanded shanty, and the subordinate who performed the heavier duties of the shop, showed that the enterprise was a success. At first Brackett's health had bent under the severe application needful to his position; but now his lighter toils, better befitting his natural strength, and the bracing air of prairie landscapes, revived his drooping vigor, and gave him promise of healthful days to come.

Let us not forget that this prosperity of a nameless man was partly due to that genuine democracy which prevails on the prairies. To an Old World Liberal, a gentleman is always a gentleman, a laborer always a laborer; and the

former ever betrays his consciousness of the distinction, and is never quite willing to consent to the breakdown of social caste, and the free play of the elective affinities, and the free sweep of the strongest brain. Even in the older East of our own country, the same feeling, inherited from the Old World, has perpetuated itself to some extent in the nabob form of nobilities. But on the prairies, humanity slips the fetters of this social despotism, and men stand more nearly on the level of their worth. True, there is a surface agitation where noise rules; but beneath the true force works freely. And even in this surface clamor there is no hint of caste exclusiveness, but oftenest a bad application of its reverse.

Here a gentleman of God's making is not unmade by the necessity of constant toil. Whatever faults border society may have — and they are many — this is its brightest merit. The prairies have witnessed the perfect flowering of democracy. The first remove from the Old World left us half-emanipated from its social fictions. In New England we are growing out of them in successive generations, but the second remove to the wide West completed the social emancipation at once; and in our day the fastnesses of liberty and the rights of men are in the Western States.

The most learned traveller who met our blacksmith in Buntingville, recognized him as a peer of the realm of worth. His fine sense, his extensive information, and his sterling integrity were not in the least obscured by his soiled clothing and his hardened hands. So ought it to be; and so must it be, ere the Lord's prayer be answered in the coming of God's kingdom among men.

CHAPTER V.

A PENNILESS BANKER.

We left William Simpson in the street on his way to the up-town hotel, that

memorable evening when he brought John Brackett to town. If we had set ourselves to find him in the real Buntingville it might cost us a good deal of labor. For William was a careless dog who kept neither office hours, nor books, nor money, nor social proprieties. He was a wild, rollicking youth, full of health, careless of his money, and reckless of his own or other people's reputations. He had hosts of friends, and was set down by all careful mothers as a dangerous young man, though not a few of them courted his smiles for marriageable daughters. It was impossible to hate him, and many a pious soul, afflicted by his dashing sinfulness, and yet won to admiration by the dash of it, found it difficult even

"To hate the sin with all the heart,"

while he could not help loving the sinner. Certainly everybody liked him, while everybody had a vague notion that he was a very bad fellow. It would have been difficult to fasten upon him the charge of any very serious social offences. That is to say, so far as known, he had not wronged any man or any woman. Yet he unquestionably practised the self-debasing vices of profanity and tippling. These were bad enough; but Buntingville scandal often hinted a good deal more, which rested on no better proof than the possibilities of his character.

To John Brackett, who early studied him carefully, he was a painful subject of meditation. Here was a young man of boundless vitality, over whose wishes and passions neither reason nor law had ever exercised any marked control. It was too painfully evident that his future depended entirely on the direction and force of the currents of life and example into which he might be cast. His improvident habits exposed him to fearful temptations, against which his nature had no safeguards.

Simpson's father was a wealthy banker in a Massachusetts city. The boy had grown up in such society as chance and his tastes selected for him, without

parental care or control. The father was engrossed in making a fortune; the son was preparing himself to spend it. When the boy grew to be a young man his habits had become so loose and so publicly disgraceful, that the father, taking counsel of his own reputation, beginning to be scandalized, gave the boy a thousand dollars and told him to go west, reform, and get rich. A wave of accident had cast young Simpson on the hill where another wave of accident had located Buntingville. Here he wrote to his father, asking for successive remittances, which he received and spent as rapidly as possible. This soon exhausted the patience of his father, who refused to continue his subsidies. At this point the youth startled the old gentleman by asking a remittance of five thousand dollars to start a bank. He explained that money was worth forty per cent. on the best security, and promised if his request were granted to ask for no more remittances. In a fit of desperation the father sent the money, and the Bank of Buntingville was opened.

William soon loaned all his money. Nothing was easier in Buntingville than to loan; nothing more difficult than to borrow. After that the banker was left without business, except that of renewing the notes, oftenest with the interest past and future included in the new notes. The notes grew; but Simpson was the poorest man in the town. By extraordinary self-denial and use of the law of credit, he forebore calls on his father for six months, and then resumed the old plan of living on remittances.

The father had one consolation. The money loaned was as safe from his son's hands as in his own strong box. Collection, except by the pleasant fiction of a new note, was simply impossible. There was a legal mode of collecting debts, but no sane man would adopt it, for it ended in the prosecutor's becoming the proprietor of certain taxable and unprofitable acres. It was always better to leave Smith or Jones to improve the farm under the pleasant de-

lusion that his crops would by-and-by pay off the principal and interest. The interest often outran the rise in lands and the improvements made by hard-handed early and late toil.

Forty-per-cent. interest is a beast that has devoured more victims than all the prairie fires and all the "redskins" between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. The fire lasts only for a few hours, the redskin sleeps by night or by day; but Forty-per-cent. eats incessantly, resting never a moment in his work of death. Even the vulture that devoured the vitals of Prometheus rested till a new liver should grow. Forty-per-cent. was never known to stop eating; when the liver gives out the next organ is attacked.

The rapid rise in lands was one reason for the great value of money. But this rise grew more out of a speculative than a real worth. Still, the rise compensated largely for the rate per cent. paid for the capital invested therein, and those who sold their speculative investments prior to 1857 often acquired fortunes on the slenderest actual capital. The crash of 1857 sent the price of lands down to their real value, and left them in their natural condition of unsalableness. That is to say, of ten buyers in the ten years before that period, nine were speculators, and but one wanted land for a farm. When nine out of the ten buyers disappeared from the market, the one buyer could not absorb the "farms for sale." Then the Forty-per-cents rioted in a wide-spread ruin of hard-handed toilers. Farmers were caught with heavy mortgages on lands purchased at high prices with borrowed capital, and often largely improved by the wasted labor of several years.

Simpson's money had gone into speculations of this sort. The farmer wanted the produce of his farm to buy stock or make improvements, and renewed notes were his only pay. The father sent out an agent every year to look over the papers, and his first report had been so favorable that twenty

thousand dollars more had been loaned in the same way. It requires but two and a half years to double a capital at forty per cent., and fifty thousand dollars in notes and mortgages were in Simpson's drawer in 1857. The avaricious old father began to look hopefully on his scapegrace son, and to boast to his friends that Bill had made twenty-five thousand dollars in the West.

After the crash of 1857, affairs had to be wound up. People suddenly discovered that Forty-per-cent. was a violator of law, and began to repudiate his claims under legal remedies. This pushed the profits down to zero. Then the failures and losses from insufficient securities and an unsound currency still further ate away the capital, and in 1860 the business was closing out with a prospect of yielding barely fifteen thousand dollars for the original twenty-five.

In this way both banker and farmer were ruined by Forty-per-cent. The first lost all of his interest and part of the capital; the second lost his labor and often a comfortable farm, mortgaged in order to buy more land.

Some extenuation for the farmer may be found on æsthetic principles. The fair expanses of virgin soil were so tempting to a farmer's eye. They wooed the rough pioneer at forty as a buxom damsel wooed him at twenty. Who could see her with the eyes of twenty and not covet the blossoming cheeks and the swelling bosom? Who could see this prairie, all ready for the plough, with the eyes of forty, and not covet the blossoming sward and undulating surface? For my part, a drive across these waiting gardens of the Lord always gives me a land fever. Happily, it is easily cured by the memory of certain ill-starred ventures in this fair enchantress's domain.

We have strayed away from Simpson's bank to the prairie, which, in full view from his office window, beckons us, not to a history of speculations upon its prospective value, but to a stroll and gambol on its flowery bosom.

If you are young, ask the dear one to stroll forth with you on the virgin sod, and while she gathers its strange, sweet children to deck withal her tresses, fairer to you than gold, let the mystic influences that such closeness to God brings about you weave your hearts together for the longer stroll of life. If you are old, no maiden's hand shall clasp yours; let it be a child's or a friend's. Or, if it please you, go alone to find the highest companionship in the divine thought that blossoms beneath you and breathes its uplifting spirit about you.

As we lift our eyes from the desk where Simpson is not, it seeks as a dove for a resting-place the green waste that tumbles and rolls outward to yon range of wooded heights. Half a mile away there is a group of frolickers. There are maidens and young men returning from a rude form of the baseball tournament, where the villagers have tried their muscles against the farmer-boys. Simpson is there; and one maiden, fairer than the rest, is with him. John Brackett, who stands beside us, heaves a sigh.

"John, you incorrigible old bachelor, can't you see the joys of the young without envy? When you were young! You know, John, we must not forget!"

"I have little to forget in that direction, and I do not envy; but Lilly Jones is too fair a flower to be trampled out like a prairie buttercup. She has no earthly dower but her beauty, and I sometimes fear Heaven cursed her in that gift."

"You impious dog! And is it not a triumph for her that Simpson's eyes find her beautiful?"

"You do not remember that she has no mother or sister, and Simpson has — only impulses."

"Well, one would think it a good impulse that set him to love sweet Lilly."

"Yes, happy for him if she were his wife; but — there are other impulses — and you know Simpson is not strong. God keep the girl!"

D. H. Wheeler.

ABOUT VESUVIUS.

I DOUBT whether there is any object in nature which is more interesting or more reverend than Vesuvius. Yet one in whom the æsthetic element strongly predominates might prefer Cotopaxi, whose colossal cone is described by Humboldt as peerlessly regular, and beautifully silvered over with snow. The timid and the exquisite might prefer the microscopic Corrao, only twelve feet high,* which arose from the sea between Sicily and Carthage in the July of 1831. Though the dainty thing evanished within three months, it was honored with as many as seven different names. An ambitious man might elect the Chilian Aconcagua, whose lofty head jostles the stars. An energetic man would find sympathy in the unparalleled activity of the Andean Sangay. An industrious man would find something after his heart in the venerable Stromboli, that great weathercock and lighthouse of the Mediterranean, which has been glowing and flaring incessantly since the age of Homer. A conservative would urge the claims of the volcano Ischia, whose fires once slumbered profoundly for seventeen centuries. An impatient radical might choose Monte Nuovo, which arose on the margin of the old Luerine Lake in the September of 1538. In one night and two days the eruption wrought a hill four hundred and forty feet high and a mile and a half in circumference. On the morning of the third day the inhabitants of Tripergola scaled the extinguisher of their little town, and beheld stones boiling up in the crater like water in a caldron. A hifalutinous fellow might consistently indicate an affinity for the gaseous craters at Quito; an irascible person might recognize kindred in the Icelandic geysers; while a copperhead's

affections would swarm around the mud volcanoes of Java. The curious might find excelling interest in the Mexican Jorullo, which arose suddenly from the plain in the summer of 1759. This amazing eccentricity consists of five major-generals of volcanoes, together with thousands upon thousands of little slender cones of eruption from six to nine feet high.

But while the eminent attractions of all these volcanoes are promptly conceded, I cannot but esteem the Italian Vesuvius still more interesting.

In the first place, Vesuvius is the crowning feature of the most beautiful scenery in the world. You may know something, perhaps, of the loveliness of the Italian landscape, how it smiles, and languishes, and ravishes all the senses; something you may know of those pictorial hills and valleys, all dreamy as moonlight, and voluptuous as the golden Indian summer; something of the bloom of that tranquil sea, whose gentle waves of green and purple are crested with purest snow; something of those matchless skies in which gold and orange, rose and amethyst, silver and cerulean are so sweetly and enchantingly blended; something of those funny groves of cabbage-headed mulberry trees, the blue-green plantations of olives, vineyards purpling the far-reaching distance with magnificent clusters; and, finally, the grandeur of domed cathedrals, the noble elegance of colonnaded basilicas, the picturesqueness and solemnity of templed ruins, the pealing bells and chanting choirs of hill-crowning monasteries, and the sunny villas spangling the hill-sides and imparadised amid groves, orchards, flowers, statues and fountains. Is it not much that Vesuvius should be the natural sovereign of the Italian landscape?

* Before its disappearance, however, it had risen to one hundred and eighty feet. Another name of this comet-like phenomenon has been Graham Island.

"Where Beauty all her breast unveils
And Music pours out all her skill."

A second reason for giving Vesuvius the precedence among volcanoes resides in the fact that his history is intimately associated with the career of some of the most illustrious and powerful characters the world has ever seen. Is not Italia the classic home of Jove and Diana, Venus and Apollo, Romulus and Pater Æneas; the august theatre of all the mighty Cæsars; the bloody arena of Garibadi, Spartacus—immortal rebel; and the foremost man of all the world, great Caius Julius; the rostrum of Hortensius and the all-persuasive Tully; the unimpeachable divan of Cato and Cavour; the pontifical see of Innocent III. and Gregory VII.; the missionary field of St. Paul and St. Peter; the thinking-shop of Galileo and Columbus; the Parnassian haunt of Virgil and Horace, Dante, Petrarch, and Alfieri; the melodious bower of Paganini, Catalani, Róssini, and Donizetti; the resplendent studio of Raphael and Michel Angelo, Titian, DaVinci, and Correggio? Is it not much that Vesuvius should so long have adorned

“That bright clime of battle and of song;”

and should have ministered to the culture, instruction, and delight of so many puissant and brilliant personages—

“Dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns”?

A third reason for maintaining the preëminence of Vesuvius resides in his excelling symmetry and grace of form; he might be the painter's ideal mountain.

Our fourth reason is derived from the history of Vesuvius. Those harsh grumbling lips, four thousand feet above us, are forever relating a tremendous story—each utterance as heavy, grim, and slow

“As a rolled syllable of midnight thunder.”

Vesuvius heralded his first terrific visitation by sixteen years of prophetic earthquakes. One of his enterprising demonstrations in 1631 hurled back the waters of the Mediterranean half a mile from the shore; and presently the whole

region was inundated with torrents of boiling rain. In A. D. 79, Vesuvius buried Pompeii and Herculaneum with ashes, pumice, and mud. The monster opened graves for forty thousand souls in 1306. Sometimes he belches forth vast bales of smoke of three times his own dimensions; and again his ashes whiten sea and shore for hundreds of miles,—nay, they have visited the tombs of the Pharaohs and the Holy Sepulchre. Sometimes he emits vast quantities of scorix, red-hot stones, and masses of lava, twelve yards in diameter; and again (1767) he pours forth streams of lava a mile or two in width and from sixty to seventy feet deep. Sir William Hamilton counted, in 1793, fifteen fiery fountains playing all at once, all in a direct line, only a mile and a half long. On an August night (1779) Vesuvius has thrown up a stupendous column of fire twelve thousand feet high. Immediately he gathers a black cloud of vapor and ashes, frightfully surcharged with electricity, and launches it towards Naples. It sails slowly on, and eclipses the sky—rattling windows, ringing bells, kindling the brush-wood on the hill-tops, and striking down men and beasts with thunderbolts. Presently the theatres of Naples are unpeopled, and the multitudes, panic-stricken, rush screaming to their churches.

Imagine yourself, gentle reader, to have been my travelling companion on the 25th of September, 1860. At Pompeii, six miles from Herculaneum, ten miles from Naples, our guide is heavily freighted with bread and eggs and wine. Seven miles of volcanic ashes must be deeply scored with footprints ere the chapel bells toll six.

The first hour your path lies in the shade of vineyards, and you regale yourself with the delicious clusters; but during the second hour only here and there a solitary weed waves above the iron-gray desolation,—until presently vegetation disappears, and we come to the cone. Very steep is that cone, and most fatiguing the ascent.

Stalwart men are waiting there, who propose to put a strap around you and give you a long and strong pull heavenward for only a dollar. Refuse them, refresh yourself with enlivening wine, gird up your loins, and press on. Forty-five minutes of tugging and slumping and panting will admit you to Vesuvian glory. "*Courage! courage!*" shouts the guide (with a Gallic accent,) and at length you tread on solid lava. Ha! see the powdered brimstone scattered around! More than this, you observe that sulphur-fumes are rising from all the crevices. And now, as you climb that conical monticule on the lip of the northern crater, see those two Englishmen who just arrived; they are turning back with pale faces and whispered words of terror. They do not want their adventures dignified by too much danger.

Breathe a moment, and survey the prospect. Before you is the crescent Bay of Naples, the most enchanting water-scenery in the world. At your right is the semi-circular escarpment of La Somma. Naples basks on the northern shore. Close by is Capodimonte with its three-storied catacombs. Beyond the city is the Grotto of Posilipo, and above the grotto is the Tomb of Virgil. Farther on are Baie, Cumæ, Lake Avernus, the Isle of Ischia. At your feet lies Herculaneum, upon whose heart press heavily the town of Portici, the town of Resina, and fifteen fathoms of volcanic mud, ashes, and lava, the products of as many as seven grand eruptions. Toward the south-southeast (three hours distant) lies Pompeii, once the favorite resort of emperors and nobles, orators, authors, and artists. Here was the home of Seneca and the occasional residence of Cicero; (it was here that he wrote his *De Officiis*.) To-day the city lies under three fathoms of ashes and scoræ, and its only inhabitants are lizards and donkeys. A quarter of the place, however, perhaps a third of it, has been unburied. Away towards the south is Sorrento, and in the blue distance, the Isle of Capri.

But we must on. Direct your steps towards "Heaven's Kitchen"—(you remark the singular inappropriateness of the name!)—an aperture in the lava whence issues a heat so intense as to kindle paper instantly. On that infernal hearth your eggs are roasted; and while you partake of an unearthly repast, you are kept in perpetual motion by the preternatural heat of the ashes and lava underneath. You drink to the joy of your distant loves, the memory of Washington, the health of the Italian patriots, and the prosperity of the Italian revolution. The last brace of sentiments kindles the enthusiasm of your guide, and is supported by loud and prolonged shouts of "*Viva Garibaldi! Viva Victor Emanuel!*"

It is night. You proceed to the crater at a point where you may propitiously inspect its hideous throat, and gaze upon the bright reflection of volcanic flame. The beetling point upon which you stand is deeply intersected with fissures, and you cannot resist the impression that some one of the tumultuous proceedings underneath may disengage your foothold and precipitate its American contents into unfathomable fire. Satan, in Bailey's "*Festus*," complains that

"The road to hell wants mending."

You are sure he did not mean this one. The dismal column of smoky steam is perpetually ascending; the nethermost abyss is all ablaze with inextinguishable fire; peal after peal of subterranean thunder comes rattling and roaring from this mouth of hell so dreadfully as to make the everlasting hills to tremble; and yet you are quivering with delight.

Passing on, you enter a region where the sulphur fumes are so dense as almost to suffocate you. Weeping and choking and wondering what will be the end of these things, you at length emerge from the horrid cloud. Proceeding a few steps, you turn sharply round a bold promontory of lava, and stand face to face with a vibrating and pulsating wall

of material fire, which seems verily to be some infernal monster, instinct with life and breath and motion. Every fibre of your being trembles with excitement; and turning away in fear and

awe, you lift your eyes adoringly to the great Jehovah, of whom it is so sublimely and beautifully written: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke!"

Myron A. Munson.

WHEN DID THE HUMAN RACE BEGIN?—II.

WE turn to archæology. The records of its discoveries are full of the marvellous. They startle and fascinate like the bold creations of an Oriental romance. A rapid review of a few of its leading facts must, however, at present suffice.

A stranger travelling in the south of England would imagine, as he cast his eye over Salisbury Plain, that he saw a flock of sheep quietly feeding in the distant meadow; but on nearer approach those "gray wethers," as they have been called, turn into monstrous blocks of stone, one hundred and forty in number, weighing from twelve to seventy tons, and arranged in two widely-sweeping circles. It is claimed that they were lying there, thus scattered and storm-beaten, nineteen centuries ago, when Julius Cæsar landed his legions on the coast, as much of a mystery then as now. On some of them, sharp angles, mortices, and tenons can still be traced. It is generally conceded that these are relics of a vast temple. At Abury are still older ruins of a far more imposing edifice. Indeed, twenty-eight acres are believed to have been covered by it when in its completed state. Diligent search has been made, and made in vain, for the lost quarries which those primeval builders selected with a wisdom and worked with a skill that not only challenge our admiration but excite our wonder. How those immense rocks were blasted from their bed, dressed into shape, transported over the country, and finally lifted into

their places on the wall, baffles conjecture. There are evidences that the roof of the temple was conical and rested on central supports, its architecture widely differing from anything Greek or Roman. Similar stone circles have been traced across the entire continent, even into the very heart of India. In the secluded regions of Abyssinia this style continues in use at the present day. It is held that the Temple of Dagon at Gaza, against whose middle pillars blind Samson leaned in his last feat of strength, over eleven hundred years before the Christian era, was constructed mainly on the principle of a Gothic chapter house.

There have also been discovered in the near neighborhood of these Druidic circle very mysterious stone sepulchres, consisting of four rough slabs, three vertical, the fourth horizontal and resting upon them. The skeletons within were uniformly in a kneeling posture, a custom unknown to any of the monotheistic races. No regard seems to have been paid to the points of the compass. The graves of Jews, we know, are directed towards Jerusalem, of the Mohammedans towards Mecca, and of the Christians towards the sunrising. The mounds of earth that originally covered them, frosts and storms have long since torn away. This people, in so securely and reverently burying their dead, have in most touching terms told us of their firm faith in the other life. These "cromlechs" can also be traced, as can the stone circles, back to the very banks of the Euphrates.

In the presence of such facts the question forces itself upon us, was the time, twenty-three and a half centuries, usually estimated to have elapsed between the flood and the Roman invasion, long enough for a single family to have so multiplied as to have compelled the East, burdened with its teeming millions, to drive out swarm after swarm until far-off Britain throbs with its life; then this new life to grow up into so compact a people, and to develop such civilized social wants and sources of wealth as to turn Britain's best quarries of stone into temples of worship; then, after all that, to waste away into such complete extinction in a past so remote that even at Cæsar's coming not a living soul, not a vague tradition afloat among the barbarous Celts, not even a single name, nothing but a few weather-beaten blocks of stone are left to tell the story of their stay?

We have already alluded to a race of mound-builders that overspread the central portions of North America in some unknown era. They occupied the region lying between the Alleghannies, the Rocky Mountains, the Great Lakes, and the Gulf. The ruins of their works exist in immense number. Twelve thousand have been counted in Ohio alone. Some of them form walls of defence four times as high as a man and miles in length. They are strengthened and rendered serviceable by every manner of military device. Others constitute extensive enclosures of various and most exact geometric figures, containing earth-images of birds and beasts of prey, or vast truncated pyramids designed for purposes of sacrifice or of burial. From one of the latter, located near Newark, Ohio, fifteen hundred wagon-loads of stones have been taken. The styles of the mounds vary in different localities. In the region of Ohio, squares and circles prevail; of Wisconsin, animal forms; and of Tennessee, parallelograms. In the States about the Gulf, terraced pyramids, artificial lakes, and imposing avenues meet the eye. In Missouri and Arkansas,

their nature and position clearly indicate the abandoned sites of towns and cities. These mounds, by their great number, their wide distribution, their magnitude, their peculiar character, and the highly-wrought relics of ornament and use they have been found to contain, unmistakably point to dense masses of people, extensive agricultural enterprises, settled forms of government, and a most remarkable advance in the arts and sciences. As we have previously stated, the fact that forests are growing above them, possessing such a variety of trees, and trees of such great age that unless closely scrutinized they would be pronounced primeval, and the further fact that, without exception, they avoid the present lower river terraces, and in many instances have been undermined by streams whose beds now lie a mile away, impress us with the belief that many thousands of years must have elapsed since this immense tidal wave of human life swept over the American continent. But these earth-works, scattered so extensively, constitute but a small part of the ruins found here of former civilizations. Ancient mining shafts have been uncovered in the Lake Superior country. A half ton mass of pure copper, disengaged from the rock by fire and mounted on skids, has been found under fifteen feet of soil on which stands a forest whose trees show the growth-marks of centuries. The Pueblos of New Mexico, whose walls of bright-colored pebbles sandwiched between slabs of gray sandstone appear from a distance like brilliant mosaic, are immense three and four-story structures, under some single one of whose extensive roofs the inhabitants of an entire village could find convenient shelter. They occupy deserted districts. Some assert that their history is wholly lost; others, that they mark the site of that Aztlán of the North mysteriously alluded to as an ancient fatherland in the traditions of the Aztecs. The more cautious, and undoubtedly more correct, maintain that they were built by

the ancestors of those strange, half-civilized Indians still occupying that territory. Where they came from, or when they entered the country, none know.

Cortes did well to dismantle his ships and burn them behind him at the opening of his famed campaign, for his followers were soon to see sights suited to cause the bravest of them to draw back with terror. He had not been long upon the march when suddenly across his path rose up six miles of solid masonry, twenty feet thick and nine feet high, flanked by mountains and broken only by a narrow gateway guarded by fierce Tlascalans. But by valor and intrigue they passed the wall and pushed their way to the capital. The glowing accounts they afterward carried back to Europe of the civilization which their mad greed for gold had terminated in blood, though little credited at the time, have since been abundantly confirmed by archaeologists. The fields were well tilled. The inhabitants were clad in cloth. Water was carried in aqueducts of hewn stone that spanned chasms and wound about the bases of the hills. The Mexican metropolis, reached only by artificial causeways, seemed afloat in the lake, upheld by some spell of enchantment. Its streets were lined with canals, and the canals were alive with barges. Pyramidal god-houses appeared with strange frequency among its stone business blocks and private residences, their terraced sides ornamented by skilled sculptors with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs, and their towering summits crowned with altar fires that flared like meteors through the night down its empty avenues. Forty thousand pyramids are estimated to have been standing at this time within the bounds of the Empire, twelve thousand within the precincts of the capital. Of these, the one with the most attractive surroundings was perhaps the Temple of Mexitli, a structure of vast proportions, standing in a square paved with polished stone and enclosed by a wall covered with sculp-

tured serpents. About it clustered forty smaller temples, interspersed with gardens, fountains, ponds, and priests' houses, with room remaining for ten thousand people to assemble inside the gates at times of religious festival. That of Cholula is perhaps the largest still standing. It boasts a much broader base than any in Egypt, and reaches a height of two hundred feet. Its crest, now dismantled, once supported an altar and an idol. The idol, an image of the air, held a shield elaborately engraved, and a sceptre set with diamonds. It wore upon its head a plumed mitre, and about its neck and from its ears ornaments of gold and of turquoise shells. That of Papantla, in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, bears closest resemblance to the pyramids of Egypt. It is built of massive blocks laid in mortar. It has a square base, and as it rises it presents an outline of rare symmetry. A dense forest has grown up about it since it was abandoned, so that its existence was a secret, known only to the Indians, until two centuries since, when some hunters strayed where it was and told the world of it. Greatly as these pyramids astonish us and set us questioning, the aqueducts, the calendar stone, and the bound volumes of "picture writing," equally excite our wonder. A word on each. The aqueduct of Chapultepec rested on nearly a thousand arches; that of Cempoalla crossed on a bridge half a mile long and over one hundred feet high. The calendar stone was cut from a single block, weighing thirty-three tons in its finished state, and found lying full thirty miles from its native quarry, having in some unknown way been transported over a rough country, intersected in many places by natural and artificial water-courses. On its face were displayed in hieroglyphics accurate measurements of time, the signs of the zodiac, the motions of the planets, and a true explanation of the cause of eclipses. The bound manuscripts were of cotton cloth, agave paper, or stag skins sewed into continuous strips, in some instances

seventy feet long and from two to three feet wide, folded together in squares and attached at their ends to thin boards that served as protecting covers. The three styles of hieroglyphics found on Egyptian tombs and temples were all employed on their pages, the representative, the symbolic, and the phonetic, although the first, which is the lowest, was preferred. The last is but a step removed from the alphabet. There were great quantities of these manuscripts at the time of the Spanish invasion, but the conquerors, in their catholic zeal to extirpate superstition, seized and burnt them wherever found, mistaking them for books of magic. A few escaped. From these, and from floating traditions, we learn that the Aztecs were comparatively modern occupants of the valley, the Toltecs, a people of far higher culture and wider knowledge of the arts, having preceded them. Of these, a few sparse communities still remained, and it was here the Aztecs acquired what they knew of gardening, the smelting of metals, architecture, astronomy, and picture writing, although proving but indifferent learners, as appears from the fact that the more imposing of the public works, and, judging from what were saved, the more valuable of the public archives found by the Spaniards, were of Toltec origin. It is still a puzzle with the antiquaries how so much stone cutting was accomplished with soft bronze tools, or how such ponderous masses were mined and moved without gunpowder, machinery, or beasts of burden. Before the Toltecs came the Colhuas, the bearded white men of tradition. Their more southern empire centred about Yucatan. Humboldt seemed inclined to the opinion that they were originally from the East, their ships dropping anchor in the harbors of the New World in a past antedating even the rise of the Chinese, or the Hindoo races of ancient Asia. The stately ruins of over half a hundred of their cities have been found in the heart of the forests. Their history had already passed into tradition,

and well nigh passed out of it, before Cortes landed his forces on the Mexican coast.

Walk down their deserted streets, and far above you, on either side, you will see finely finished palaces and temples, resting upon the tops of immense truncated pyramids, their massive walls in places still standing ninety feet above their high foundations, their *façades* stretching out two and three hundred, elaborately carved with hieroglyphics whose meanings are yet sealed secrets. Climb the staircases that lead up the sides of the pyramids, enter the open doorways of those veritable castles in the air, and you will find yourselves within one of the most unique art galleries in the world. Here, rich mouldings and arabesques wrought into many a quaint device with consummate skill, will meet your eye; there, pictures twenty-five feet wide and from ten to fifteen high, cut into the polished faces of the accurately fitted stones, will introduce you to the battle-fields, the gardens, and the domestic hearths of some mysterious Long Ago. Through Copan and neighboring cities you will also encounter colossal monoliths twenty and even thirty feet high, scattered in great profusion, having long since fallen from their pedestals in the areas, on the stairs, and about the open courts of the palaces.

Peru, as the Spaniards saw it four centuries ago, with its extensive aqueducts, its paved post-roads fifteen hundred miles long, its beautiful hanging gardens that reached far up the terraced slopes of the mountains to the frost-line, the Oriental magnificence of its royal palaces and temples of worship, the pages of Prescott have made familiar to every English reader. Pizarro found the whole valley firmly cemented under one of the most complete despotisms known to history. The Incas were the reigning family. Their real origin they studiously concealed from the people, proudly claiming to be children of the sun, to have come from the South, and to have

founded Cuzco by direction of the gods, made known through the miraculous sinking of a golden wedge. Some authors assert that there is evidence that they accurately measured the solar year, knew how to write, and made paper from banana leaves, eighteen hundred years before the Christian era. Others place the commencement of their dynasty at a much later date. Their consummate skill in the art of embalming and their scrupulous care thus to preserve the bodies of their dead, the peculiar inclination they uniformly gave the lintels of their doors, many of the ceremonies of their worship and the customs of their social life, strongly suggest that possibly Egypt may have been their school-master in some of the forgotten centuries.

At the southern extremity of Peru, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, there may be seen to-day an artificial mound one hundred feet high, surrounded by gigantic angular pillars, temples six to twelve hundred feet long, fronting the east with great exactness, vast porticoes with pillars cut from single stones, covered with carved symbols, basaltic statues adorned with half Egyptian bas-reliefs, and palaces built of hewn blocks measuring twenty-one feet by twelve, and six feet in thickness. The ruins throughout are of gigantic proportions, and surpass both in grandeur and finish any of the works of the Incas, or even the imposing structures, hid among the forests of Yucatan. All knowledge of the origin of the city had so completely perished out of the memories of the natives, and the ruins were held by them in such superstitious reverence because of their extreme antiquity, that the politic Incas saw it both possible and profitable to connect themselves with them by what to us is a wholly improbable myth. The opinion now generally prevails that the city was abandoned before the first stone had been laid in the foundations of Palenque, Qiriqua, Uxmas, or Copan.

From these and other kindred facts which we have not space to detail, it appears that in some long-gone era the entire Western world was densely peopled by civilized races. The many striking resemblances which the colossal ruins of their earth and stone works bear to those found on the sands of Egypt and among the mountains of Hindostan, have led Humboldt and many writers since seriously to question whether they were not all fashioned from a common model, the American builders carrying with them to their new home the architectural conceptions and standards of taste that at the time held sway in the old. Against this conclusion it has been urged that the mounds on the Mississippi, the *teocallis* in Mexico, and the temple-crowned pyramids of Yucatan, merely mark a particular stage in religious development; that they are such spontaneous products of the human mind that nations wholly ignorant of each other's existence, and living in widely different eras, would, if similarly advanced in religious life, resort to similar architectural expressions of their ideas and aspirations. Mountains, it is claimed, have ever been favorite places of worship, and when, not easy of access, the inspiration of their presence has become so deeply missed, Art has promptly stepped in with her imitations. The Hindoo pantheon was on the sacred mount Meru, many studied transcripts of which were scattered throughout India, and called its peaks; the Persian was on Alborj; the Greek on Olympus; the Scandinavian on Asgard; while Ararat, Horeb, Sinai, Zion, and Olivet, are intimately associated with the Christian's faith. This objection has strength, and perhaps would prove fatal were not the resemblance alluded to but one of many, among which may be mentioned that of sun-worship, with orphic and phallic accompaniments, serpent devices, hieroglyphics, extensive astronomical knowledge, the practice of embalming, and sundry social customs of the peo

ple. Humboldt's surmise is further sustained by some quite remarkable traditions. In the Panathenæa, one of the very oldest of the Greek festivals, there is celebrated among other things an Athenian victory over the inhabitants of Atlantis, an island in the Atlantic counted so vast and so powerful as to be looked upon as the crowned queen of the sea. Solon heard a mythical story concerning this same land from the Egyptians while visiting them over twenty-four centuries ago. All connection with it by them, and indeed by the entire East, had, even at that early day, so long since ceased that not only had the fact of its former existence become traditional, but it was thought that the waves were then rolling over the place where it once stood. Plato, who wrote in the fifth century before Christ, also describes Atlantis, and in doing so has, as De Bourbourg tells us, recorded many peculiar features of the country and the government that are strikingly analogous to those of the Empire of Xibalba, to whose stately ruins in Yucatan we have briefly referred. It can hardly be counted a coincidence that Atlantis is spoken of as divided into ten kingdoms, ruled by five couples of twin brothers, who together formed a national tribunal presided over by the eldest two, and that Xibalba was in fact, as has been found, governed by ten kings who reigned in couples under Hun Came and Vukub Came, and who at times also met in grand council. Both were exceedingly fertile, both rich in precious ores, both visited by some wide-spread calamity, both possessed in common the name of Atlas.

The full significance of these ancient American civilizations will more clearly appear when seen in the light of other facts.

Five miles from Bombay harbor, two rock-hills lift their heads out of the waves. The valley between them is heavily wooded, with here and there a rice-field, a meadow, and an Indian

hut to tell of human life. Many years ago, when English sailors first visited the island, there was a black stone statue of an elephant thirteen feet long standing on the southern shore, and from this circumstance it received the name of Elephanta, by which it is known to us to-day. Clambering half way up the side of one of the hills, we stand at the entrance of a vast temple cut in the solid rock. Its doorway is sixty feet wide and eighteen high, supported by two massive pillars and two pilasters. Looking within, long lines of columns stretch away into the darkness before us. The audience-room on measurement proved to be one hundred and twenty-three feet broad by one hundred and thirty long. Many chambers open from its sides, their walls covered with sculptured mythological symbols. At its farther end is a bust, each of whose three well-shaped heads is sixty feet long. The hand of one of the figures clasps the deadly Cobra de Capello. Various works of the chisel are scattered through the apartment. Similar excavations are met with on other sides of the same hill. We are wonder-struck at the magnitude of the enterprise and the architectural skill of the builders, when we are told that the hill is of clay porphyry so hard that ordinary steel makes little or no impression on it. These ancient fanes are all deserted now. Who cut them out, or at what time their congregations last broke up, dwellers on the shore are as ignorant as we. The most celebrated of these mysterious caverns are, however, at Ellora, a decayed town in Central India. Here some twenty-two of them are cut into the inner slope of a horse-shoe-shaped hill. They are ranged in a circuit a mile and a quarter in length. The largest, called Kailasa, or Paradise, is thought to have represented the court of the god Siva. Inside its door a covered colonnade adorned with strange statuary conducts to a chapel supported by two mammoth elephants, and by two

obelisks sixty feet high. Beyond the chapel a pagoda rises at the centre of the room ninety-five feet from its foundations, guarded on every side by the couchant forms of the fierce beasts of prey that infest the jungles of Hindostan. Farther still, lesser temples similarly adorned are scattered through the ample space. Forty-two colossal idols, each the centre of a group, stand within the central building, forming the Grand Pantheon of India.

It is believed, and with much reason, that these remarkable excavations were made in an age so remote that since their day the Sanskrit language has entered the country, developed into vast proportions, supplanted the old Vedic tongue in the sanctuary, on the street, and at the home-circle, and finally has died out of the mouths of the common people, to live only in the pages of their literature; that since then Brahmanism has overthrown Siva-worship, has itself been overthrown after countless centuries of caste-cruelties by Buddhism, a form of religious protest that also in its turn, after reigning upwards of a thousand years, has been forced to give way before the so-called modern Brahmanism, which, compounded of the three religions that preceded it, has for a period quite as long been the ruling faith of upwards of three hundred million people.

These caverns have been used by different sects at different times, principally the Buddhists, who have cut inscriptions and reliefs on the walls, and set up their own idols within them. This circumstance has misled many as to their origin and age. We cannot enter now into the proofs of their extreme antiquity, but there is evidence on record that immediately after the death of Sakhya-Muni, one of the founders of Buddhism, the one who first gave it system and state-standing, his disciples used them as assembling-places, and there compiled the sacred writings of their sect, showing that they existed at the time of

or prior to the establishment of that form of faith. There is evidence that they were most numerous in India far away from the banks of the Ganges, where Buddhism had its rise; that they existed in districts where the people were black and savage, and Buddhism was unknown; that, with but few exceptions, they were consecrated to Siva-worship, the most ancient system of religion in India, from which Hindoo Saivism was born, and must have been built, being works of such stupendous magnitude, before Buddhism became the state religion of Magadha and monopolized governmental resources. Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes, the best authority on the subject, says: "There is not anywhere a rock-temple excavation dedicated to Brahma or Vishnu." Siva was not a Vedic god, is not mentioned in the Rig-Veda, the oldest of the Brahminical compilations, and belonged undoubtedly to the anti-Sanskrit people of the country. The Indo-Arians simply incorporated him afterward into their worship, because they could thereby strengthen themselves. It was to this Siva that these wonderful monuments of human industry and skill were originally dedicated. Similar constructions, Ramises the Great, of Egypt, found in Nubia thirty-three centuries ago. Their origin was a mystery then. He covered their walls with the records of his conquests.

We see sun and serpent worship in the images of Siva clasping in their hands the Cobra de Capello, in the many symbols cut on the walls of the temples, and in the Cyclopean fanes and stone circles scattered in every province.

There is not a country in the East that does not abound in ruins of kindred character, but we must pass them by with only a glance at one or two of the more noticeable features of those in Egypt.

Although scores of authors have by their detailed descriptions long since stripped these ruins of almost every

vestige of novelty, yet their colossal magnitude, their wonderful displays of power, the vast lapse of time they cover, the bold, grand thoughts and boundless resources of their builders, still gift them with a resistless fascination.

Who of us, in his fancies, does not still frequently look into the tranquil face of that mysterious Sphinx, and dream of those far-off times when, in that sand-hidden temple, between its spreading paws, sacrifices were offered by its many willing worshippers? Who does not climb the staircases of the pyramids, and, as his eye falls on that lonely plain, whose empty desolation is relieved only by a few shapeless heaps of stone that mark the long lost site of Memphis, call back the city's brilliant reign of thirty centuries before Alexandria plucked off its crown, and, in fulfilment of Bible prophecy, left it without an inhabitant? Who does not go down with his lighted torch into the hearts of the honey-combed hills, into those wonderful picture palaces cut in the rock, in whose grand saloons, enriched with fresco and relief, depicting scenes in the lives of the sleepers, the embalmed bodies of the dead have been so long waiting in their sarcophagi of alabaster, for the souls that went out from them to come again, after the cycles of their transmigration are ended? Who does not enter the open portal of the temple of Karnac, revel in the architectural glories of its porticos, with their shafts and roofs of stone, wander through the avenue of brute and human-headed sphinxes, that leads to Luxor, a mile and a half away, pass by the red granite obelisks, the gigantic statues, the pyramidal towers, the sculptured gateway, the lofty colonnade, till the southern limit of the vast area is reached, and Art's vast thought realized?

The naked mountain ranges that follow the course of the Nile, furnished the ancient Egyptians, in lieu of timber, exhaustless quarries of granite,

sandstone and syenite, in the working of which they very soon acquired a remarkable skill; the equally exhaustless fertility of the valley securing them at once abundant leisure and a fabulous wealth, to lavish in this direction. While their architecture presented a symmetry well nigh without fault, permanency and magnitude were undoubtedly the chief ends aimed. Their brains brought forth Titans, and these they sought to clothe in the enduring garments of rock. The stupendous structures which they scattered through the valley in such profusion, they literally covered with hieroglyphical records of their religious and political history; and firmly believing that their bodies would live again, they made palaces of their tombs, and adorned their walls with scenic and written reminiscences of their private life. The lines on these strange record books are still distinct, except where they have been defaced by war or modern vandalism, for the hand of time rests lightly in regions that never know rain nor feel frost. And now, ages after this people are dead, and the language of their literature has passed from men's memories, there occurs the romance of the Rosetta Stone. The secrets of the monuments are unsealed. A sudden light flashes in among the shadows of fifty centuries. The several princes of Egypt are found to have been united into one monarchy, under Menes, as far back at least as twenty-seven hundred years before the Christian era. Bunsen places his reign in the thirty-seventh, and Lepsius in the thirty-ninth before, and they are the most eminent German Egyptologists; while native and Greek authorities carry it still farther into the past. The more moderate figures of Mr. Poole, of the British Museum, are perhaps the safer, as he has with much painstaking reconciled the different fragmentary and full lists of dynasties given on the tablets found at Thebes and Abydos, with those in the works of Manetho. He has also discovered the luni-solar

cycle on the ceiling of the Memnonium, used in connection with the reign of the second king of the twelfth dynasty, and that of the last of the twenty-sixth, thus making it possible, by astronomical calculation, to fix these reigns with comparative accuracy, at the beginning of the twentieth and of the fifth century before Christ. A panygyrical year, or year of festivals, and other ancient Egyptian divisions of time, he has also ferreted out and brought into use in his estimates. He has furthermore satisfactorily shown that many of the dynasties were contemporaneous, thus materially shortening the time. But even with his calculations we find Egypt a consolidated monarchy, capable of building the vast city of Memphis, founding Thebes, and with consummate engineering skill turning with a dyke the course of the Nile, seven hundred years prior to Abraham's visit. And since Menes, three hundred years had scarcely passed before the pyramids appeared on the plain, placed and fashioned with such precision that scientific computations can be safely based on their line of shadow, and of such massive and firm masonry that they have stood intact till now, and seem destined so to stand till the world burns. The very oldest of the temple-tombs known, those of Beni Hassan on the Lower Nile, are models of mathematical exactness, architectural symmetry, and fine finish. They are evidently the work of master artists. Indeed, as far back as archæologists have been able to penetrate, they have found dense masses of people, organized labor, a settled government, a profound knowledge of the mechanic and fine arts, an acquaintance with letters, even advanced notions of science. Beyond Menes, clouds of myth and fable have settled about the centuries. All that there is left us of value is a single tradition, that the first emigrants poured into the Nile from the east. Their nationality and the date of their coming are matters about which men still widely differ.

We are, however, safe in saying that many hundreds of years must have elapsed between this handful of adventurers and the afterwards million-peopled monarchy of Menes.

We had designed to consider our theme from three other standpoints — man's primal condition, the development of race, and the growth of language; but this we must at present defer. A word or two in conclusion, on some of the new views taken of Bible chronology.

Although geological time-estimates are, as we have remarked, necessarily indefinite, yet the impression is daily gaining ground in scientific circles, that the changes effected in the earth's crust since man came, require very many more centuries than the sixty supposed to be given in the Bible narrative; while the twenty-three and a half between the Flood and Christ are, by ruins still extant of past civilizations, most positively proved by far too few. Those of Egypt, for example, we know, call for at least thirty, and Egypt is supposed to be younger than India, and both but colonial offspring of some still older people. The extensive study given to developments of language and of race, has also profoundly impressed scholars with the necessity of a very much longer period, to adequately account for phenomena thus brought to light. This seeming conflict between science and Revelation has been variously accounted for. None of the theories advanced are fully free from fault, yet none are without suggestions of value.

It is found that the Septuagint version dates the flood eight hundred years farther back than the Hebrew, the one we use; that its different statements harmonize with themselves, while ours do not; that it was used by Paul in his Epistles, and that it is a translation of a much older manuscript. But the discovery of so great an error in one or the other naturally leads us to distrust the chronological accuracy of both. Some maintain that the whole

trouble arises from false interpretations; that Moses did not design to give family genealogies; that names which seem to be those of individuals, are doubtless in many instances names of tribes; and that from these occasional breaks in the chain it has become impossible to compute the time from Adam to Abraham. In this connection, the suggestion has been thrown out, that the events have transpired in the order recorded, but as Moses was aiming solely at portraying God's providences, he selected only typical men and times, designedly dropping out of his narrative whatever was not especially fitted to advance his purpose. And in this same connection, a hope has been expressed that the translation of the Bible into Arabic may result in unravelling the mystery that still shrouds Oriental methods of writing history.

A third theory is, that the first chapter of Genesis refers in general terms to the creation of Pre-Adamites, and that an indefinite period intervenes between that and the chapter following. It is thought that, had not the world been thus peopled, Cain would never have expressed fear that men would kill him should he be banished from home. It is thought, too, that otherwise it would have been impossible for him to have found either mechanics to build his cities, or families to inhabit them, or for him to have married, except out of the circle of his own sisters. It is also surmised that this interpretation throws light on that difficult passage in which "daughters of men" are spoken of as marrying the "sons of God," "sons of God" being rendered servants of gods, idolaters, the Pre-Adamites.

A still further theory is, that allegory and history are so intimately inter-

woven, that it is utterly useless to attempt to separate them. Another, and the last we will mention, is that our difficulties come from confused notions of interpretation and revelation; that so long as we hold to plenary inspiration, the questions of time will be but one of the many problems that will hopelessly perplex the thought and try the faith of believers; that Bible writers were all of them divinely inspired men, but were something more than mere passive amanuenses; that they retained the free use of every faculty, introducing into their books their individual peculiarities of literary style and of mental temperament, that revelation extended only to the moral and religious aspects of their themes, they being left to their own imperfections, their own limited human learning, when matters of simple history or science entered in. This class of thinkers contend that the moment we lose sight of these two distinctions, our footing becomes insecure. Still, it would be difficult for them to explain what some one has called "Moses' inspiration of reticence," his complete avoidance of that species of extravagance into which every other cosmogonist has fatally fallen. It is certainly not a little remarkable, that at every new advance in scientific investigation, new meanings have been ingeniously wrung out of these first chapters, suited to each new exigency.

While these many widely differing notions witness to the confusion in which this whole subject is yet involved, they also show some reconciliation possible, and encourage Christians to still hold firm their confidence, and with patience wait.

W. W. Kinsley.

LADY BURDETT COUTTS.

AT Highgate, that suburb on the Northern Height of London, about which the Howitts, brother and sister, have written so often and so well, there is situated, in its own grounds, the plain and rather quaint old mansion of the late Duchess of St. Albans. It is now the property, and for a portion of every year the residence, of a lady, famous for her wealth, her piety, her extensive benevolence, and her uncommon good judgment in the distribution of her charities. Her hand is to be seen in almost every charitable work in England and its dependencies. She has erected dwelling-houses for the laboring classes and market-buildings for the poor,—has built churches in needy rural districts and established bishoprics in the colonies,—has sent and is supporting missions to the heathen, and inaugurated and sustains the most useful archæological enterprise of the age—perhaps the most successful of any age—the Palestine Exploration. No woman under the rank of a Queen ever did so much for the Church of England: had she done it for the Catholic Church she would undoubtedly be canonized as St. Angela. This lady, recently ennobled as Lady Burdett Coutts, was born at the house of her father, Sir Francis Burdett, in Westminster, April 14, 1814, and received as her baptismal name Angela Georgina Burdett. Upon coming, strangely enough, to her vast inheritance in 1837, she added the name of Coutts, according to the conditions prescribed in the bequest. She possesses, of course, at her present age of fifty-eight, no claims to personal beauty, and probably never did. Twenty-one years ago, at the age of thirty-seven, when the charms of English women are in their maturity, she appeared to the writer to be a very unattractive person,—plain in features,

ungraceful in movements, wanting dignity of presence, thin in flesh, and dowdyish in dress. Neither is she a gifted or a clever, though a well educated, person. She has not fine eyes, nor a pleasant smile, nor an agreeable voice. And yet, lacking all these charms of womanhood, Lady Burdett Coutts, simply by the force of an admirably balanced character, into which sincere piety has been infused, has so managed her vast wealth as to produce the impression upon the minds not only of those who best know the manner of its distribution, but of those most likely to find fault, that she has achieved the success of having done the greatest good to the greatest number.

The history of Lady Coutts's succession to her vast wealth partakes considerably of the romantic. Let us trace it through its various steps. Towards the close of the last century, say from 1785 onwards, Thomas Coutts, whose place of business was a dingy old mansion near Temple Bar, in the Strand, was supposed to be the richest banker in London. He was then an elderly man, known all over England as "Old Tom Coutts," proud of his money and power of making it, arbitrary in manner, gross in habits, a "hunks" in disposition, but nevertheless possessing firmness, sagacity, exactitude, knowledge of men, and honesty, in uncommon degree. He was a widower, the father of three daughters, to each of whom he gave £20,000 on her wedding day. There had been a good deal of scandal about "Old Coutts's" attentions to Miss Mellon, a pretty actress at Drury-Lane, before Mrs. Coutts died. That these rumors were not entirely groundless, was shown by the banker's marrying the actress, between whom and himself there was the difference of forty-seven years, in three months after his wife's death. Then followed trouble enough. The

three daughters—Marchioness of Bute, Countess of Guilford, and Lady Francis Burdett—stood high in society, and would not compromise their position by taking notice of their step-mother. That which started in coldness grew shortly into differences. Quarrels followed. The former accused the latter of having wheedled a foolish old man into marrying her: the latter retorted by accusing the daughters of neglecting their father in his loneliness. Coutts sustained his wife. This enraged the daughters against him also. All intercourse between the families ceased; and upon a certain public occasion, the Countess of Guilford, encouraged by her sisters, refused to recognize her father. The insult stung the old banker to the quick. He had in his veins that Yorkshire blood that never warmed toward friend or relative when it had once been chilled. Returning home, he sent for his solicitor, made a new will, by which he cut off his daughters without a penny, and constituted his young wife his sole heir. In less than two months, Mr. Thomas Coutts was a tenant of Kensal-Green cemetery, and his widow, fresh from the green-room, where she had been accustomed to receipt for her weekly wages of ten pounds, became the possessor of more than three millions.

It was always said that Mrs. Coutts now behaved well. She certainly offered to divide one-half of her whole estate with her step-daughters, provided a reconciliation could be effected. This they scornfully declined, and preferred to try the law. A miserable failure to break the will followed. Mrs. Coutts then presented them with £20,000 apiece, and an ungracious reconciliation followed.

In 1827 the widow married the Duke of St. Albans. He was scarcely thirty years old, while she was fifty-two. Besides, he was a man of weak mind and feeble character, a spendthrift and gambler, and without presence or personal mark. But he had high social

position, and this, which wealth alone would not give her, the millionaire widow wanted. And she obtained it. To be the superior in rank of the daughters of her husband, was worth almost any sacrifice; and this marriage gave it. She took precedence at Court of the very ladies who for five and twenty years had never ceased to fling scorn upon her birth and breeding. And yet the sacrifice, after all, proved not to be an expensive one, since the Duke, perhaps in the hope of being enriched at her death, abandoned his evil courses, and to all appearance, during the ten years they lived together, was a kind and faithful husband.

This marriage, however, was so evidently unequal, that it became the occasion of much ludicrous remark, ridiculous caricaturing, and ribald jesting. The newspapers had their remarks, the clubs their witticisms, and ladies of quality their censures. Even the Grub-street drolls were not without their epigrams and caricatures. One of the least objectionable of the latter was that which represented the Duke as a sick baby in an old lady's lap—the old lady being his wife—writhing with pain, and the medical man, who had just finished his diagnosis, saying, "Do n't be alarmed, my lady; *he has only eaten too much melon!*"

It was not to be expected, of course, that there would be issue from the marriage, and the Duchess began to cast about for an heir to her rapidly accumulating estate, after providing for her husband, should he survive her. Of the three families that had been at variance with her, that of Sir Francis Burdett had become soonest reconciled. Lady Burdett visited at her house—the Burdett children ingratiated themselves into the old lady's favor, and called her grandmother—and the youngest, Angela Georgina, made her home more in the St. Albans mansion than under her father's roof. The Duchess, as she increased in years, wanted attention, sympathy, and affec-

tion. She found them all in the girl who, from the age of fourteen to twenty-three, was her constant companion and friend. After her decease, when her will was opened, that which had been long predicted was found to be true. The Duke, in addition to bequests of certain considerable estates in fee simple, received a life pension of £10,000 per annum. The bulk of the wealth of the old banker, then amounting to between four and five million pounds sterling, was given to Angela Georgina, youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, on condition that she should assume the name and arms of Coutts.

Since 1837, therefore, Miss (now Lady) Burdett Coutts has been known as the great heiress of England. Wealth so vast, falling to any one, is not without its temptations and dangers. Had a life of pleasure possessed attractions for her, she had the amplest means of enjoying it. As daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, a fine specimen of the English gentleman, and representative of an ancient Derbyshire family, which received its patent of baronetage in 1618, she had position in society. As heiress of the Duchess of St. Albans, she held rank at Court. And as possessing almost boundless wealth, she was the recipient of distinguished attentions. Among many offers of marriage she has received, one came gallantly enough from the Duke of Wellington. Tom Moore relates in his diary, that having seen Miss Coutts in all her splendor at a Queen's ball, he called upon her the following day, and found her preparing to send her dress back to the bank. "Would you like," she asked the poet, "to see it by daylight?" On his assenting, she took him to a room upstairs, where the treasure was deposited. There was a bracelet of diamonds that had been worn by Queen Anne, a brooch made for Mary Stuart, and the famous tiara of Marie Antoinette. Upon his asking Miss Coutts what altogether might be the value of

the dress and jewelry, she answered in her quiet way, "The associated value is, of course, not easily reckoned; but the intrinsic value is about one hundred thousand pounds." Happily for the best interests of many among the lower classes of Great Britain and her colonies, Miss Coutts had higher aims in life than the mere gayeties and frivolities of the fashionable world. From the first she seems to have felt that her riches were as a talent committed to her care, to be used in the service of the Giver, and for human good. It lies alike beyond the province and the knowledge of the writer, to say anything of the numberless private charities of this benevolent lady. For five and twenty years her secret bounty upon tens of thousands of the suffering has dropped "like the dew of heaven." "Like as a star, that maketh no haste, and taketh no rest," she has ceaselessly and noiselessly been doing good. Upon those outstanding public enterprises which have made her name honored throughout the world for philanthropic munificence, this article can only barely touch.

Rochester-Row, Westminster, twenty-seven years ago, was equalled by Seven Dials only in squalid wretchedness. It was the haunt of tramps, beggars, and thieves. Many of the miserable houses furnished tenements for twenty families and more. Miss Coutts purchased the grounds, and there erected the beautiful Gothic Church of St. Stephen the Martyr. It was opened in 1850. Its handsome spire, rising conspicuously over the neighboring buildings, attracts and pleases the eye of the visitor. An ecclesiastical district was assigned, a parsonage built, a living endowed, a working incumbent and two curates installed; and here now, instead of a neighborhood for pickpockets and burglars, is a settlement of the industrious laboring classes, and upwards of eight hundred children, boys and girls, receive here a good education.

Meanwhile the attention of Miss

Coutts was called to the state of the Anglican Church in South Africa. Among the twelve distinct Protestant missions laboring there, Episcopacy was not represented. No clergyman had been sent out, no bishop appointed, no funds for schools raised. To remedy all this, our heroine endowed the Cape-Town bishopric, saw the Rev. Robert Gray consecrated to the work as bishop, and has the satisfaction of knowing, during the early days of this new year of 1872, that twenty-three churches and forty-seven incumbents and curates are the blessed results of her work.

Then came the endowment of the bishopric of Adelaide, in South Australia, the fruits of which are to be seen in the seventy-six churches and chapels, the two hundred and twenty clergymen and deacons, all engaged in active duties, and the ninety-seven school-houses and schools, in a spot where, thirteen years ago, a few naked savages huddled themselves under the open forest.

The same thing followed in British Columbia, which was no sooner proclaimed a colony, in 1858, than Miss Coutts gave £25,000 for the endowment of the church, £15,000 for the bishopric, and £10,000 for the clergy.

During the year 1854 she directed her attention to "Training Institutions for Poor Girls." They interested her as she saw their working. She offered prizes. These stimulated the girls to become proficient in cooking, mending, housekeeping, management of children, and tending the sick. She then entered heartily into the work, and by her pecuniary aid, personal supervision, and great magnetic power, has set on foot a plan of schools for poor girls that promises to be of inestimable good to England. A recent address of this admirable woman to the girls of one of these training institutions, seems not only marked with ripened wisdom, but with timeliness sufficient to be quoted here in some of its passages:

"The influence," she says, "of a pious, sober, gentle, Christian-spirited girl, is not easily overestimated. Her example may keep alive the love of that which is pure in her brothers; and her sisters will unconsciously learn to imitate that which they love in her character. In this manner a woman, in early youth, begins to exercise something of a motherly influence in her small circle long before she has become herself the centre of a family. When once she assumes this position, she is, of course, the pivot upon which turn the domestic affection and welfare of her widened circle through the whole of life; for as it is in the mother that children must in childhood mainly seek for guidance, so she is the chief restraining power as the temptations of riper years succeed."

The model lodging-houses for the poor, named Columbia Square, where more than a thousand persons are supplied with every convenience, and the magnificent Columbia Market, opened some eighteen months ago by the Queen, were erected at a cost of £500,000, by Miss Coutts, in the squalid Nova Scotia Gardens, in Bethnal Green. From a period of great distress in this destitute part of London, that occurred in 1865, she seems to have adopted it as her own. Schools are established, and gin-palaces broken up; churches are built, and gambling hells ostracised; hospitals are founded, and cock-pits, dancing-rooms, and low theatres banished; industry is encouraged and street-begging done away with; clothing for deserving women, outfits for poor servants, comforts for the aged, and necessities for the sick, are constantly provided, and thriftlessness in every form discouraged—all with so much firmness, sagacity, and open-handed benevolence, that the most squalid and unsightly portion of the great metropolis in 1868, has become in 1872 almost a model of industry, cleanliness, and comfort, for any city in the world. Then there are the various institutions

for the reform of the abandoned, the associations to assist intending emigrants, the homes for impoverished gentlewomen, lying-in hospitals, infirmaries for special diseases, and societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, many of which are under her sole direction, and all more or less dependent upon her bounty. Indeed, her charities are multiplying so constantly with her advancing years, and the means by which she seeks to do good are so increasingly various, that it may be truly said,

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

In concluding an account that has omitted more than it has told of Lady Burdett's charities, one word should not be left unsaid. She makes no parade. Of what she is doing or is about to do, no letters are published in the newspapers, no deeds of trust announced to the public, no correspondence printed and circulated in pamphlets, no votes of thanks, lists of charities, nor portraits of potentates deposited in a mausoleum. So far as possible, it appears to have been her life-long purpose that in regard to her charities, her left hand should not know what her right hand doeth.

N. S. Dodge.

THE BEAULIEU TRAGEDY.

AN autumn morning on the Teche. Not one of those quiet, restful days, full of golden hazes and mellow distances, with the silent peace of far-off blue skies overhead and the gorgeous sacrificial robes of nature spread over the earth. Not one of those days, dreamy, delicious, where all divine possibilities seem within our grasp, and we lie in the midway pass between the "Dolorous City" of daily travail and the crowned peace of the Eternal Plains. Nor yet was it a gloomy November day, heavy with gray, chill mists and lengthening shadows — the latter time, when the year's work is over, and the faint throbs of the great mother's heart saddens her children as if the "ai, ai" of Demeter still echoed over the land.

No, none of these, but a morning in early October, that busiest, cheeriest month in Louisiana, which seems to gather the whole year's fulness of life into one rich sheaf. On the sugar-lands of the Teche on this particular day, the air was filled with the stir and sound of active life. The sharp metallic rustle of the cane falling beneath

the laborers' knives, the shouts and songs of teamsters driving the long-bodied, heavy-wheeled wagons to the sugar-houses, the puff and snort of machinery, and vast clouds of smoke rising from the immense *bagasse* chimneys, each and all made a part of the universal activity. Even the very cicadas in the long grass seemed disposed to swell the merry chorus with their high, shrill notes. A fruity smell of ripened orchards, mixed with aromatic whiffs of boiling cane-juice, was on the air.

Altogether the scene was cheerful and pleasant enough to attract the attention of the most indifferent spectator. A gentleman strolling leisurely down the road seemed to think so, for when he reached the Beaulieu estate (the finest plantation in the parish of St. Mary), he took the cigar from his lips, and mounting a little eminence drank in with delight every feature of the landscape.

To the left, and about half a mile from the road, the high-peaked roof of Beaulieu House rose above a dense mass of shrubbery. Groups of im-

mense live oaks stood on each side, and a distant rolling outline of forest canopy filled the background. There were no large trees in front; with commendable taste, the owner did not choose to intercept a single view of the silver Teche, on whose left bank the spectator stood. He looked at the little river curving and winding between sloping banks of vivid green, and a half smile parted his lips. He nodded toward the famous orange-grove of Beaulieu, its golden fruit gleaming through burnished leaves, as much as to say "Here I am again!"

No stranger, evidently, but some one renewing his acquaintance with familiar places.

The smile of recognition deepened into a little low laugh, as he stepped beneath the overhanging branches of an ancient oak and read, a name carved roughly in the bark.

"Even the wonderful flourish of the Y is still here," he said aloud. "How it ages a man to come back after a long absence! I feel like a ghost returning to my fleshly haunts."

If he felt like a ghost, not one whit did he *look* like one — that handsome man, with slender, well-proportioned figure, bronzed skin, and regular features. About thirty years of age, perhaps, with those undefinable lines of culture and refinement which mark good birth and good breeding, visible in every gesture and motion. The mouth, almost hidden by a blue-black moustache, was, however, too coarse; and in the changeful hazel eyes there lurked dire possibilities of ungovernable passions.

Perhaps because I knew Colonel Austin Eresby so well, I could never admire his handsome face. Where others raved about the well-turned head, with its wavy black hair, I could only remember the haughty, tyrannical gesture by which he used to dismiss his soldiers to unmerited punishment. When his splendid eyes were lauded, I thought of those very dire possibilities I have hinted at, springing into

life and leaping like lightning upon their victims.

Undaunted bravery and open-handed generosity go a great way among soldiers. His men were proud of his fame as a gallant chevalier, and did not scruple to avail themselves of his liberality; but even with all this there was no love for him. One poor devil, whose trifling offence he had visited with a "*peine forte et dure*," nicknamed him "Devil Eresby," and the *soubriquet* clung to him ever afterward like a burr.

To-day he was in his best and softest mood, until he threw open the large iron gate and entered the Beaulieu grounds. For a moment he paused in dismay, and a dark red flush of angry astonishment mounted to the very roots of his hair.

A wilderness lay before him — a wilderness of rare and beautiful shrubbery, to be sure, but so overgrown that the broad, circular gravelled sweep which led to the house was completely hidden. Thickets of rare roses were overtopped by pale rank daturas. Crimson oleanders seemed to smite through and through with poisonous red light the pure white jasmines which had twined up their stem. Japonicas were dwindling under the spines of monstrous cacti. Heliotropes were drawing stunted breath in the ranks of deadly stramonium.

It is a sad truth that the strongest forces of nature in the vegetable kingdom are the most noxious. Where the hand of man has planted and wrought until the very germs of wild poisonous life seem destroyed, give a few weeks or months of neglect, and the invisible and ineradicable power begins its work, stronger and more deadly for the short-lived triumph of better things. No primeval forest, where the foot of man never trod, can show such a flourishing growth of nettles and fungi as the deserted garden, once sown thick with useful and healing herbs.

It is probable that nothing beyond

angry impatience passed through Colonel Eresby's mind, as he paused and looked right and left for some outlet through this labyrinth. A little foot-path to the right directed his steps, and he walked rapidly on. In a few moments he found himself in a comparatively open space—a reminder of the old Italian gardens. Evergreens had been trimmed into all kinds of stiff and fantastic shapes: gothic chapels surmounted by crosses; peacocks with wonderful tails; lions rampant and couchant, but now grown into grotesque deformities. In the centre of the large square was a temple with verdurous roof, whence depended a natural curtain of the gray Spanish moss. The moss hung in festoons to the very ground, completely concealing from view any chance occupant of the temple. There was an occupant to-day, for at the sound of footsteps over the gravelled walk, a hand put aside the moss curtain, and a face looked out—a girl's face, with flushed cheeks, smiling mouth, and large gray eyes with yellow lights in them, like a topaz flashed through and through by sunlight. The two looked at each other—Colonel Eresby with cool, courteous indifference—perhaps a little well-bred surprise at finding a stranger in his uncle's grounds. Astonishment, recognition, delight, passed in quick succession over the girl's face. With a cry of joy, she precipitated herself almost into his arms, as, touching his hat, he was passing on.

"Austin, Austin! I'm sure, I know, it must be you. When did you come? How—?" And half sobbing, half laughing, the young lady's speech was cut short by strong hysterical symptoms. He held her off at arm's length and gazed into her face.

"I suppose I should n't be behind-hand in an act of recognition. I ought to say, 'I'm sure you're my cousin Yolande.' But by Jove, I really do n't know you. I *did* know that headlong rush of yours, Yola, though. I remembered the day you butted me into the

Teche, when you were in hot haste after a humming-bird. You never *could* calculate distances, you know; and I see you have n't improved, for I presume you meant a rush into my arms, and there you are, a yard off."

He drew her toward him as he spoke, and kissed her cheek.

"Oh Austin," with tremulous, eager voice, "I cannot believe this is really you. We heard of you last on the Nile. No one dreamed you were coming back this fall."

"Tired of vagabondizing, *Petite*. If seven years of exile is n't enough to make a man hunger for the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, set him down as incurable. I reached Fairlawn this morning, and did n't stop an hour at home. Just kissed my mother and came over here. But Yola, can this really be you?"

"You find me so much changed, then?" she answered with a happy laugh.

"Changed," he repeated softly, gazing at the oval face, with its pure contours and changing hues, the curved red lips and round dimpled chin, the tall figure, with its outlines and movements of perfect grace. "'Changed' is n't the word, Yola. You have been remodelled. Where's the old mould, Mademoiselle?"

"With the snub nose, and the wide mouth, and the gypsy hair you used to pull so much and so hard?" she asked.

"Yes, the ugly 'larva.' Only think, I used to call you 'Rousse'—lifting a lock of bright auburn hair, more fluffy than even the frizzled style of 1870 could justify. "But now I must give you a new name. Pretty, Beautiful, Lovely,—which shall it be?"

"Why not 'Charming,' at once?" she answered playfully. "Have you travelled over half the world to come back here to learn that there is nothing in a woman's *repertoire* she values half as much as what our German friends call *Besauberung*? But I

knew you, Austin. Let me see if you are changed," looking up into his face. "Three shades darker, certainly."

"I do n't suppose the sun of Arabian deserts is anything of a cosmetic," he answered, rather impatiently. "I dare say I'm as black as a negro. I'm sure I feel twenty years older since the day I took leave of you all on the terrace yonder, and rode to the wars."

"Do n't let us talk of those terrible times," she cried with a shudder. "It seems like a fearful dream. The battles, the agonizing suspense before the list of killed and wounded reached us; then your capture and imprisonment. Oh, Austin, what a jubilee we held when the news of your escape reached us! Then to know that you were safe in Europe!"

He did not seem to hear her, for his eyes were roving over the grounds, gathering gloomy shadows as they took in the details of the ruin everywhere.

"The effects of the new *régime*, Yolande, I suppose," he said, pointing to the rotting fences and tangled shrubbery. "I'd rather make my way with a *machete* through an Indian jungle or a Brazilian forest. I had heard matters were bad, but I never dreamed of this. It's worse than Fairlawn; and when I drew up there this morning, I thought nothing could be worse. I vow, I'm almost tempted to set off on another *wanderjahr*, and turn my back forever on this accursed country. How in God's name, Yola, do you and my uncle manage to live in this abomination of desolation?"

Miss D' Aubigny colored at the brusque, harsh tone, but tried to laugh away her cousin's ill-humor.

"The same old Austin," she said; "the same Mons. Groggnard, always impatient and unreasonable. We have had a hard struggle for daily bread, and have hardly noticed the changes which strike you. Of course all these things are painful to you, Austin. You return to find your poor father gone, your home desolated, and this

other home of yours a wreck and ruin. But at least *we* are unchanged. Let us walk on to the house. Poor Papa, how happy he will be to see you!"

"Why 'poor Papa,' in such rueful accents?" he asked, as they walked on.

Her luminous eyes filled with tears. "Oh, have n't you heard that Papa was thrown from L' Eclair three months ago, and broke his arm? He has never been well since."

"No, I heard nothing. I'm very sorry. But still, a broken arm, Yola, is n't such a terrible disaster in the hands of a good surgeon."

"Oh, he has had the best of care — A Dr. Werner, who has leased the Rosendale farm for two years. He has made some wonderful cures in the neighborhood."

"An old man, I suppose?" asked Colonel Eresby, carelessly.

"Not so very old," she said, hesitating; "not young, either. Do n't ask me his age, Austin, for to save my life I could n't tell whether he's thirty or fifty. I only know he's a very peculiar man — an encyclopædia of learning, and every one admires him."

"Like the eternal hills, I presume" — and Colonel Eresby's sneer was very ugly when he heard any man praised by a woman — "so clothed with perpetual verdure that no one pauses to inquire if æons or days have passed over them."

At this moment a sudden turn in the path brought them in front of the broad low piazza which surrounded three sides of the house. Two gentlemen were seated there; and one, with white hair and beard, rose hastily from his seat and advanced a few steps forward.

"By heaven! it's Austin!" he cried; and moving forward hastily, he threw his arms around Colonel Eresby in a close embrace. "Welcome back, my boy!" — a very decided quaver in his loud voice — "welcome back; but I only wish you had come two years

ago. Dr. Werner," turning to his companion, who stood hat in hand, as if about to leave, "this is my nephew, Colonel Eresby, whom I've bored you enough about within the last two months. He'll be able to talk to you about Germany."

They bowed; but Dr. Werner either did not or would not see Colonel Eresby's partially extended hand. He drew it back; but the fierce, searching look he cast upon the stranger could not detect the slightest intentional offence in his impassive face and courteous manner.

"I forgot the fellow was a foreigner," he thought. "They do n't understand our eternal hand-shakings."

He took another look at the massive proportions of the tall figure before him. The face was rough-hewn, but reminded him, in outlines, of the sculptured features of some old Egyptian king or priest. No flexible lines about the closely-shut mouth; no varying light in the eyes, as blue and cold as a winter's sky. An utterly expressionless face, save for the lines of mental and physical power which marked the broad forehead, the square chin, and the whole enormous physique of the man.

Mr. D' Aubigny grew noisy and loquacious in his delight at his nephew's return.

"So you're back at last, my boy! You ought to have stayed at home and helped your father fight out the new troubles. It was too much for him; too strong for all old men. The new wine bursts out of the old bottles, and I tell you it's mighty fermenting stuff. We old planters are of no use, sir; not a bit of use, under the new *régime*."

"It was my father's wish that I should not return," answered Colonel Eresby. "He had a large balance in the hands of his merchants in Liverpool, and insisted that I should use a portion of it in travelling through Asia."

"A whim," answered Mr. D' Aubigny hastily; "a ridiculous whim.

The truth is, he thought all such hot-spurs as you were better out of the country than in it whilst the work of reconstruction went on. He wanted to put as much land and water as possible between his son and his son's masters. You need n't look so black. You'll find out in time how hard it is to make bricks without straw."

"I do n't think I'll try the experiment," said Colonel Eresby haughtily.

His uncle laughed. "Then you'll choose some other vocation than planting in Louisiana. Pretty hard, my boy, to have your hands strike for higher wages in the midst of the rolling season, and make fine crops and yet not clear expenses. Do n't go, Werner," to that gentleman, who was moving toward the entrance; "I've done my grumbling, and Austin here will talk to you of that beloved Rhineland of yours. He was there a whole year."

"Not to-day; some other time." And with a bow which included the whole group, Dr. Werner unhitched his horse from a rack in front, and rode leisurely away.

Colonel Eresby drew a long shuddering breath, and threw himself at full length on a lounge. "So that is your *rara avis*, Yola, eh? I feel as if I had been in company with a huge polar bear. Why, the man is execrable. The very tie of his cravat is aggravating, and his voice rasps my nerves."

"He'll survive your dislike," she replied, with an amused smile at his warmth. "I do n't think anything troubles his immensity of mind or body. He always seems to me so immeasurably removed from human hatred or human sympathy either."

"Odin in the Ragnorok of the gods," he scoffed. "He looks to me like a man battered by fate into impassiveness. A German, you say?"

"A cosmopolitan, I fancy," replied Mr. D' Aubigny, "without ties, and going wheresoever his fancy leads him. But he's an excellent physician, and

a good, humane man, who gives more in charity than the richest planter in the parish. He's poor, too, I know."

"Of course, of course, he's faultless;"—and Colonel Eresby drawled out his words as if the subject bored him. "Only, he's one of my antipathies. I never reason them out, for there's no reason in them, you know. We had a St. Sebastian of Andrea del Sarto at home, and I hated it to such a degree when I was a boy that I punched out its eyes."

"You were always unreasonable, Austin," said his uncle, with grave rebuke, "and in nothing more than in your violent and unjust antipathies."

"Violent, yes; unjust, no," he answered. "My antipathies are intuitions. I never disliked anything in my life that at some time or other did n't work me harm, or strive to do it."

"Even harmless St. Sebastian," laughed Yolande. The smiling, half-satirical expression of his face vanished, and gave place to sudden gloom.

"Even St. Sebastian. We had a deserter in my regiment, a mere youth. I suppose I might have saved him, but he was insolent. He was tried, and sentenced justly enough; and as he knelt for his last prayer, I saw the raised eyes of St. Sebastian before me."

Yola shuddered. "The eyes haunt you, I suppose, Austin," she said in a low voice.

He laughed harshly. "What a little goose you are, Yola! No; only sometimes I wish I had saved the poor devil's life. I would have done it but for his impertinence."

"A life for a word," said Mr. D' Aubigny, drily. "Do n't look so horror-stricken, Yola my dear, as if you had never heard of military despotism before. Go and see about dinner, for your aunt is absent, and you must be housekeeper. Stay, do n't let anyone disturb Austin and me, for we have important business to settle."

She obeyed, not lingering long in the kitchen, where a despotic mulatress presided, who allowed no interference in her domains.

"If you 's gwine to gib orders 'bout dis here dinner, Miss Yola, s'pose you cooks it yourself," throwing herself down violently on a bench. "I 's here to tend to my business, and if my business is yours too, take it and welcome."

Yola hurried from the angry eyes of the fiery-faced dame, half-laughing, half-angry, at her enforced subjection to the kitchen potentate. She passed up the broad handsome staircase, leading from the wide entrance hall, and entered a long passage, running the entire breadth of the house, with large dormer windows at each end. Southern architecture decidedly, following no established style, but courting the cool breeze wherever it could be found. When the numerous doors on each side the long hall were open, on the hottest midsummer day, there was a cool draught, which makes the upper passage of a Louisiana country house the favorite resort of the family.

To-day, however, Yola paused, looked down the long array of closed, silent doors, and sighed heavily.

"Austin is right," she said, half aloud. "It is an abomination of desolation without, and an abomination of solitude within. Who, looking down this dreary vista, could believe that in former times there was often no room for the numerous guests of Beaulieu?"

Her eyes rested on the closed doors of the grand parlors, and she laughed a little nervous laugh, thinking how Colonel Eresby would look if he was introduced to their faded splendors; the dusty, tarnished brocatelle, and rosewood; the carpet, faded in patches; the stucco work of the ceiling lying in heaps on the floor. Her father had never allowed the rooms to be touched since a destructive raid of the Federals, at the close of the war.

Yola entered her own little sitting-room, whose windows looked out over

the front shrubbery, and the distant winding Teche, the Rio Verde of Louisiana. She looked around critically, searchingly, trying for the first time to see her surroundings through strange eyes. Her cousin's dismay at the changed aspect of things had left a painful impression on her mind. Here, in her own special domain, was she to be humiliated by that look of mixed anger and disgust?

There was certainly nothing in this modest room to awaken such feelings. The muslin window curtains were spotlessly white, the basket of roses which hung beneath them as fresh and dewy as their sisters in the *parterre*. In fact, there were flowers everywhere in the cosy little nook. A vase of rare exotics stood on an oval table, and on the carved brackets long slender-stemmed Bohemian wine-glasses held a rare lily, or a fragrant mass² of heliotropes and tube-roses. All was fresh and simple. The cream-colored India matting, chintz-covered furniture—pale gray ground, with azure corn-flowers—neutral-tinted walls, hung here and there with those relics of a better time, a few fine pictures and engravings—all were in harmony. A piano and well-filled music-stand stood in one corner, and books covered every available space, even the deep embrasures of the windows.

Yola drew a long breath of relief, and nestled down in the depths of a *fauteuil*.

"It's certainly cheerful enough here," she thought, letting her eyes rove from one object to another.

"Cheerful?" Yes, before she entered; but "brilliant" would have been a better word to the spectator who took in all the light and coloring which that half-recumbent figure lent and borrowed from the bright flowers, the sunlight, and all the other accessories, which pleased the senses in this apartment.

There are some women whose beauty and grace are so supreme, that the most bare and meagre surroundings

become a background to set them off. Others again only glow and sparkle into full possibilities of beauty, when their affinities for what is fairest and best in nature or art are gratified. The white-limbed Venus, in her self-conscious brightness, showed as fair to the eyes of men in the dusky Horsel, as when she rode the pink-tinged sea-foam under the blue skies of Greece. But the Pysche, even lovelier, drooped and faded over her dead butterfly and extinguished torch.

It must be confessed that Yola belonged to the latter class of chameleon-like women. Perhaps in her case it was fortunate, for had she not had an instinctive sense of the above truth, it is probable this sitting-room of hers would have remained as ruined and unadorned as the rest of Beaulieu.

For some time she sat quiet and musing. Then, in a sudden fit of restlessness, she sprang up, struck a few notes on the piano, shifted the vases of flowers from place to place, took up a piece of work and threw it down again with an impatient ejaculation, and altogether presented as pretty a picture of girlish pettishness as the calm autumn sun ever rested upon.

"How long is papa going to keep him down there, I wonder? It's two hours since I came up," looking reproachfully at the little marble clock, and then the next moment sinking hot and red into a seat, as a gentle tap was heard at the door.

"Open sesame," said a gay voice, and Colonel Eresby stood on the threshold, looking admiringly within.

"Upon my word, Yola," he cried, "your boudoir is perfect. Such a contrast to the other mildewed old rooms. I see you have 'Gerome's Crucifixion' there," and he approached and stood silently before a copy of one of the most suggestive paintings of modern times.

"Yes," she answered, "it conveys such deep meanings. Nothing but the shadow of a cross. See, the people have turned their backs to it, and are moving towards Jerusalem."

He laughed lightly. "The painter was a poet. The Cross is nothing but a shadow to-day to the multitude. They turn from the old effete superstitions, to the warming light of Truth."

"But surely *you* do not call Christ a superstition?" she cried, shocked.

"Of course not," with the same laugh; "don't look so horrified, *Petite*, it does n't become you. Come, sit down," and he drew her to a seat beside him. "Did I say your boudoir was perfect?" he asked, after a pause. "Well, it will be, if you allow me a nice quiet smoke in it, now and then. It's just the nest for a 'meerschäum's dream of fantasie.' Not now," putting aside the matches she handed him. "I will have mercy upon your roses to-day; besides, I have something to say to you."

Miss D'Aubigny did not answer, but the hand resting on the arm of the chair grew very tremulous.

"Yola, I have just read the letter my father left for me. Do you know its contents?"

"Yes." Her eyes bent to the ground, her fair face crimsoned to the temples.

He did not take his eyes from her face. It was a pretty picture, and this self-seeking man loved pretty pictures, even if they grew out of pain of his own causing. He took it all in—the drooping head, with its bright waves of hair falling over the flushed face, the curled eye-lashes, the graceful contours of the perfect figure. Nay, even her little foot, peeping from under her dress, with its arched instep, did not escape his notice. He seemed to be taking an inventory of his own possessions, and very well satisfied with it. By degrees, something that was not altogether admiration stole into his eyes and softened them. He took her hand.

"Were you glad to see me, *Petite*?" the voice as caressing as a kiss.

"What a strange question to ask, Austin. Of course I was glad."

With a sudden movement he drew her towards him, and pressed kiss af-

ter kiss upon her lips. Half-frightened, she struggled out of his arms, breathless and startled.

He recovered himself with a laugh. "Upon my word, Yola, you did n't blush so divinely in the old times when I kissed you."

"I was a child then."

"And a woman now, I suppose. Child-like innocence, fearing no harm, is n't in a woman's *repertoire*, is it? You ought to be ashamed to shrink from your own cousin and playmate in this manner. Think of the olden time, Mademoiselle."

"I do," she answered, smiling; "and if you had pinched me, Austin, it would have been more in character. I think you gave me twenty pinches to one kiss in those days."

"I was a sad cub, I dare say," his intent eyes fixed upon her's until they sank again, abashed before the strange look.

"Yola," he said, after a long pause, "my father's wish, written on his death-bed, should, I suppose, be as binding as his last will. But I will be frank with you. Had I returned finding you ugly and disagreeable, no power, human or divine, would have induced me to comply with his wish. As it is," his voice softening into tenderness, "I, for one, am anxious to obey him. *Petite*, do you love me well enough to be my wife?"

He asked the question with the easy confidence of a man who knows the answer beforehand; interested in the issue, but so assured of it that there was no more tremor in his pulses than the proximity of a woman's beauty might produce.

She answered him—how? With quick heart-throbs leaping into her throat, and choking down her words; with happy tears blinding her eyes, and thoughts clamoring, "Mine, mine, oh, thank God for this crowning bliss!"

Thanking God for what? That a man who would spurn her if ugly, coveted her fresh young beauty? That a life jaded by excess, sought eagerly the pastures of her pure love?

Women are always thanking God for some chaff which they hoard and gloat over as the golden grain. What matter if they starve upon the miserable husks? it is a thankful starvation, and one they are not willing to exchange for any other harvest field, however plentiful.

Colonel Eresby took in his own the little tremulous hands, clasping and unclasping in nervous agitation. He did not need any other answer than those mute signals, more eloquent than words. He was about to speak, when his uncle's loud voice resounded through the hall.

"Come along, Austin! I am waiting to show you my new *bagasse* chimney. Hurry up, boy, there's no time to lose."

As the door closed behind him, Yola rose from her seat. "Oh my love, my love," she whispered, "have I ever known the day when you were not my dearest and my best? If you had not loved me I must have died—died," and she repeated the word passionately, as if by this cold image of death she sought to balance the fulness of delicious life the last hour had given her.

Colonel Eresby, sauntering along by his uncle's side, apparently deeply interested in the "saving of fuel," "only half the labor," which met his ear, had yet time for some very pleasant thoughts.

"Not a hard pill to swallow," he mused. "She is lovely, stylish, and sweet-tempered. How desperately in love the little creature is, too! Not that a *grande passion* is desirable." A dark shadow crept up to his brow, and with a movement of impatience he threw his lighted cigar into the glowing fire-place.

"By Jove!" he muttered, as his uncle turned aside to give some direction to a workman, "that confounded German doctor haunts me. His accent brings back those accursed days on the Rhine."

He sank into a moody silence, from

which neither "*bagasse* chimney" nor new "feeder," nor any modern improvements in the machinery of the sugar-mill, could arouse him.

"I must go now," he said to Yola, when they returned to the house, "but look for me, *Petite*, early to-morrow, with the books and sketches I have promised you."

About noon the next day, Dr. Werner, riding up to the piazza, came upon the two cousins, so much occupied with the contents of a large portfolio that his approach was not noticed.

Yola looked up and saw him.

"Just in time, Doctor!" she cried, gayly; "Papa won't be back for a half hour yet, and you will have time for Austin's beautiful sketches. Isn't this queer?" holding up one for inspection, as he took his seat beside her.

"It is from the walls of the grottos of Eilythias," explained Colonel Eresby. "A representation of the old threshing song—

"Tread ye out for yourselves
The straw,
For the men who are your masters
The grain."

Dr. Werner took the sketch and looked intently at it.

"Typical," he said, in his cold, even tone. "A world-truth which was known before the adornment of Eilythias, and will never die out."

"Exactly," laughed Colonel Eresby. "There are some '*enfants gâtes*' (I fear I am one) who have an unconquerable desire to appropriate the grain, and leave the chaff to the treaders."

As he lay back in the large arm-chair, handsome, complacent, audacious, he looked the very incarnation of selfishness; a selfishness so intense that it affected no disguise.

Dr. Werner looked at him. It was an indifferent glance, neither reprov-ing nor contemptuous. He took up another sketch.

"That is Thothmes, the sitting statue, you know, that guards one of the entrances of Karnac. *Sedebit eternam que sedebit*. Do you know, Doctor,

that there is a remarkable resemblance between yourself and that venerable Egyptian?"

"Perhaps," he answered gravely, "by some law of evolution, I might have come out of the mummied dust of the Pyramids."

"For Heaven's sake," cried Yola, with a little shudder, "do stop such fearful talk; you are enough, both of you, to give one the horrors. Here, Austin, bundle up your Egyptian antiquities out of sight; I'm tired of the old fossils. I have n't a spark of interest in the people and things of so many ages back. Let us have the other portfolio."

Sketch after sketch was examined and laid aside. After the contents of the portfolio were exhausted, Yola, searching curiously into its recesses, drew out a small piece of paper, which had slipped down between the leather and the lining.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" she cried. "Oh, Austin, what will you give me for my *trouvaille*? You never would have found it but for me, in the place it was."

"Give you," he said, smiling, "not a dime. Of course it's some staring Magdalen, or some red and yellow monstrosity from the Louvre, that I hid out of sight. You know, Mademoiselle, you have n't a spark of artistic taste."

"Perhaps not. Let me look again before I set my price." She pored intently over the drawing, taking in all the details. A radiantly beautiful woman, with long yellow hair, crowned with green sea-weed and shells, stood on the very pinnacle of a high rock, and, with parted lips and alluring gesture, seemed to beckon towards her a vessel in the distance.

Yolande gazed at it with delight. "Slanderer, see here!" she cried, placing it suddenly before Colonel Eresby.

He sprang to his feet with a stifled cry. He was white to the very lips, and his breath came in short gasps. One moment only; the next the scared

look passed out of his eyes, though the unnatural strain of features did not relax. "Did I frighten you, Yola?" trying to laugh at her astonished face. "I thought it was a valuable Andromeda I had lost some time ago. Oh, I see what it is now; a fancy sketch, a mere bagatelle," and taking it from her hand, he tried to thrust it back into the portfolio.

"Allow me," said Dr. Werner, taking it from him. "A Lorelei, I see," in sharp, incisive tones; "taken at Bacharach, in 18—."

His gaze seemed to devour the paper. His heavy yellow eyebrows met in a dark frown.

"Do you remember Brentano's version?" he said to Colonel Eresby.

"Mein schatz hat mich betrogen,
Hat sich von mir gewandt,
Ist fort von hier gezogen,
Fort in ein fremde Land."

No answer. Colonel Eresby passed his hand two or three times over his forehead, like a man dazed.

"But she does not look grief-stricken," said Yola, absorbed in the beautiful figure on the rock. "Tell me the story of the Lorelei. I never heard it."

"Only an old German legend," answered Dr. Werner, his voice, still harsh and incisive. "She was said to be a sorceress, and was brought before the Archbishop for trial. 'What are thine accursed spells,' asked the priest, 'for bewitching the hearts of men?' In answer she unbound her glittering lengths of golden hair, drew the kerchief from her white neck, and looked straight at him with her beautiful eyes. 'Behold my only spells,' she answered; 'but they could not hold my lover, so I care not to live. Do what thou wilt with me.' Tradition says she was sentenced to a convent, but escaped from her escort of knights, who followed her up an almost inaccessible rock in time to see her beckon to a distant vessel, and throw herself in the sea. The knights could not descend, and all perished there. Whether

she was merely a deserted woman, or a Lorelei, an enchantress, each person can judge as pleases him."

"You have chosen the witchcraft version, Austin," said Yola to her lover, who, quite recovered from his transient emotion, sat a calm listener to the legend. "She looks too bright and happy to be a *delaissée*."

"I have forgotten what I meant," stifling a yawn. "The sketch is n't worth a thought."

"On the contrary," replied Dr. Werner, "it has so much merit that I am going to ask you for it for a few days. I wish to make a copy."

The eyes of the two men met. The German's cold, steelly, inscrutable; the other's filled with a fierce desire to grapple with this stranger in deadly conflict. He half stretched out his hand to grasp the paper, and then withdrew it with a careless laugh.

"Oh, of course," he said, "it's only fit for waste paper. It is n't of any value, save for the lights and shadows of the rock. Return it to me when you've done with it." He thought to himself, "Fool, fool, to startle at a shadow in this manner."

"I cannot wait to see Mr. D'Aubigny this morning," said the Doctor, rising. "I may meet him on the road, and he is getting so well I shall have to dismiss myself."

"Oh, Doctor!" cried Yola, "what will Papa do without you?"

"He does not need me," he answered gravely. "I am always ready, should he do so."

He held Yola's hand one minute in a friendly grasp, made the usual icy bow to Colonel Eresby, and the next moment was out of sight.

"I believe that man hates me, Yola," drawled her cousin. "I'm sure I do n't know why; but I'm sure, too, I detest him cordially."

Dr. Werner rode rapidly out of the Beaulieu grounds. Outside the gate he dropped the reins on the horse's neck, and with a sudden movement threw his arms aloft. "At last!

at last!" he cried aloud, "the chase is over, and the prey is reached. I knew he must come here, sooner or later. I would have waited ten, twenty, fifty years for him. I was sure of him before; but to-day, with this," touching the pocket which held the sketch, "and his quailing, devilish face at the sight of it, I knew that Monsieur Richaud and Colonel Eresby were one and the same. I have tracked him well; and now, when, how, shall I crush the viper?" A wild, scornful laugh rang through the peaceful autumn air. "What, am I growing impatient?" he muttered, "I, who have waited so patiently, so long, for this hour?"

From his vest pocket he drew a small box, and from the box a quaint twisted gold ring, with a motto. He held it up to the light. "*Treu und fest*," he muttered. "Still here the little stain. After so long, *leibchen*, I can speak thy name; I, who dared not even think it before he was in my grasp. Oh, Hildegard! Hildegard!" and with a deep, dry sob, which shook his whole gigantic frame like a storm-wind, the man buried his face in his hands.

For only a brief minute. The next, he rode on, head erect, and face as immobile as ever. A few words every now and then escaping from between his clenched teeth, told the subject of his thoughts. "Not that way," he muttered, "he might kill me first, and then go unscathed. No, I must bide my time. When the blow will be deadliest and hardest, I will strike. The girl is in love with him. She is a good girl; but what do I not spare her when I crush him? Who had pity on thee, Hildegard? Let her, too, drink of thy cup," and he gnashed his teeth like a madman.

* * * * *

The dreamy, delicious October days passed on, as such days will, each fairer and sweeter as they drew near their close. One evening, the last of the month, Yola stood at the iron gate,

and looked wistfully down the road. I do n't think she gave even a passing glance at the wonderful crimsons and purples in the sunset clouds—crimson and purple which kissed the river's breast, and left it flecked and chequered with red and black stains. No, she saw nothing but the figure of her lover approaching in the distance.

As he rode leisurely through the luminous haze, to her eyes heaven or earth could offer no fairer sight than this smiling, audacious man, who drew rein at the gate, and, dismounting, took her in his arms.

"You here, Yola?" he asked with surprise; "why, what is up, that you've come all this way to meet me?"

She laughed and colored. "I did n't want you to bring a hornet's nest about your ears. You see, Aunt Annie thinks it is n't right for you to come this evening."

"Because we're to be married to-morrow, I suppose;" and he laughed long and loud. "Why, what a decorous old Tabby she is, to be sure. But you balked her, *Petite*, and came to meet me. It's nicer out here, at any rate, and we can sit under that oak tree on the bank of the river."

"Impossible this evening," she said. "I have but a few minutes to stay. I came here, too, to tell you that Papa has consented at last to have the ceremony performed in the old chapel over Quicksand Creek."

"What a whimsical girl you are, Yola," playfully pulling her ears. "It would be so much nicer in the house than in that dirty, disused little church over there."

"I was christened there," she said reproachfully, "and you know, Austin, poor mamma is buried there."

"Oh, I forgot;"—carelessly—"no guests, I presume, but the family?"

"None; at least—Dr. Werner, of course, if you call him a guest. You've got over your dislike for him, have n't you?"

Only sleeping, child. He has not

crossed my path since the day after my arrival here. But then, I've been so happy, Yola, for the last two weeks, that I think I would have grown indifferent to my worst enemy."

He had grown very fond of her in his way. She was so lovely, and loving, with a little tender shyness which was irresistible to a man like him. She did not parade her devotion to him, but in a thousand little graceful ways it made itself known to him. On this, his wedding eve, he did not give a single sigh for the liberty he was about to lose. Perhaps (Colonel Eresby was somewhat lax) he might have thought that the liberty he most enjoyed was not of a kind to be curtailed by the wedding bond, as he interpreted it. At any rate I prefer thinking that this evening he was nearer being a good true man than at any previous period of his life.

As he kissed Yola good-bye, he said, and thought, how delightful it was to know that the next kiss would give him a life-long claim to her sweet lips.

His foot was already in the stirrup, when he called out suddenly: "Look, Yola! look yonder in the west!"

A sudden change had come over the bright sunset sky. An arch of intense blackness spanned the western horizon, cleft at intervals by lurid flashes of lightning. The sky was of a dull copper hue, and the water, the trees, the grass beneath it, were all tinged with the same sickly color. The wind had risen in short sobbing gusts, which rose, and wailed, and died away into a breathless silence.

"Signs of tempest," called out Colonel Eresby, vaulting into his saddle. "Do you remember, *ma mie*, the old adage, 'Happy the bride the sun shines on?' Now you're going to have weeping skies, or I'm no prophet. See that those will be the only tears shed on the occasion."

He kissed his hand to her, and rode off, gay, *debonnaire*, with snatches of song borne back to her on the wind.

At last the snatches shaped themselves into the refrain of a wild Breton melody:

"Ride ye, speed ye, soon or late,
Breast the rolling river;
Do what man can do; yet Fate
Holds the game forever."

Miss D' Aubigny felt a little nervous thrill as the well-known words met her ear,—the refrain of a ballad as full of fantastic horror as those *Basse Bretagne* ballads usually are. She would not acknowledge it to herself, but those few wandering notes haunted her in her homeward walk, and were her last thoughts as she laid her head on the pillow that night.

The wedding day dawned dark, lowering, with low-lying rain-clouds and dreary gusts of wind at long intervals. At noon the same copper hue was visible in the patches of sky not obscured by the black storm-clouds. Every sign portended the gathering of one of those terrible tempests which at certain intervals devastate the Gulf States.

The few friends assembled at Beau-lieu made a desperate effort to be genial and witty, but in the face of the depressing influences of the weather it was a failure. The older ones approached the window and gazed intently at the signs of the weather.

"I say, D' Aubigny," cried one of them, "if the bride does not hurry, there will be a general soaking of wedding finery."

Mr. D' Aubigny hastened up stairs, and in a few minutes reappeared with his daughter on his arm. The bright, happy beauty of Yola was softened by the folds of the lace veil which hung to her feet; but the old accredited pal-lor which tradition awards a bride as her portion, was certainly wanting in this case. Never had the light in her eyes been more radiant, never the flush on her cheek deeper.

As they were about to enter the carriages, she looked up with dismay to the sky.

"Oh Papa," she said, "I did not

notice before the threatening weather. Had we not better send for Father Avenard here instead of going to the chapel?"

"Too late," answered her father; "the priest has been waiting at the chapel for the last hour. We will have to hurry, that's all. Austin," turning to his nephew, who stood near, "can you not give Dr. Werner a seat in your carriage? Only your mother is in it, you know. I sent Black Jim an hour ago to see if the chapel was ready, and the rascal rode the Doctor's horse, and hasn't returned."

"Certainly," answered Colonel Eresby, turning to Dr. Werner, who stood near, "most happy; and here is the carriage."

Dr. Werner stood for a moment as if irresolute, and then hastily sprang into the carriage, taking a front seat, but facing Mrs. Eresby and her son. A little vague, purposeless chat, and then long silences.

"What a strange ring on your watch-guard, Doctor," said the lady; "is it a family relic?"

He took it off and handed it to her. "Yes, a family relic," he said, noting closely Colonel Eresby's indifferent gaze fixed on some far-off object. He did not even glance toward the subject of discussion.

"Yes, a sad relic," continued the German; "a wedding ring, though it does not look like one. Well, it was not a real wedding, like this happy occasion, but a mock-ceremony, which sealed a fair innocent girl to ruin and death."

A violent start, and Colonel Eresby aroused from his reverie, fixed his eyes upon the ring, and then turned them, wild, fierce, questioning, upon the man before him. He did not seem to notice, and continued in his cold, even tones:

"She could not bear the shame; for you see, Madam, though her people were poor and ignorant, they were very proud of their good fame. Her

seducer had borne a feigned name, though she found out his real one afterwards; and when she knew that her shame would soon be public, she stabbed herself. Here is the stain where she pressed her poor little hand to the wound. Her betrothed — for she had had a betrothed who loved her better than life — arrived after a long absence in England, the day of the terrible tragedy. He took the ring from her dead hand, and swore to follow her murderer to the ends of the earth. He found him."

"And then?" questioned Mrs. Eresby.

"I don't know," shrugging his shoulders; "one was killed — I do not remember which. The ring has come down to me a precious legacy."

They had now reached the bridge, and as Mr. D' Aubigny had decided it was unsafe for carriages, the party descended. For a few minutes Colonel Eresby and his enemy were alone.

"I understand you now, sir," said the former between his clenched teeth. "Are you going to make a scandal here, or will to-morrow serve your turn? I am ready for you."

The German turned his inflexible face toward the speaker.

"I have the right to choose my time and place. I will not lie in wait for you like an assassin."

He then turned away and busied himself in securing his horse, which Black Jim had turned loose on the bank of the creek.

Like a man in a dreadful dream, Colonel Eresby crossed the bridge, and with Yola on his arm entered the chapel which stood only a few yards from the stream. Mechanically he took his place at the altar; mechanically he made the necessary responses. He was only aroused to a perception of his surroundings, when, at the beginning of the benediction, the long-pent fury of the storm burst forth with a violence which threatened to destroy the little building in which they were assembled. The words of the priest

were inaudible, and it was only by a sign that they knew the ceremony was over.

The lightning flashed in one continuous glare of livid light, the wind howled, and the rain poured like a sea of waters falling upon the earth. The terrified women cowered at the foot of the altar, and the priest, quite as much frightened, strung together his invocations in a most incomprehensible manner. Yola, a little paler, clung to her husband's arm, and by her looks (for not a word could be heard) strove to convince him of her courage. As for him, he was glad of the dangerous episode, even if he went to eternity with that tender soul clinging to him in the dark passage. As he stood there, holding her closely to him, his whole life, with its bad realities and its wasted possibilities, passed before him like a rapid and shifting vision. Not pleasant thoughts; so, placing Yola on a seat, he strode to the door.

The storm had suddenly subsided into hoarse, sobbing murmurs. Nothing but the rush of the swollen waters was to be heard.

"The storm is nearly over," he called out; "a little patience, and we will be out of prison."

"The waters are rising!" shouted Mr. D' Aubigny, who was looking out of the back window. "Look there, and see how rapidly they are coming up!"

The chapel stood on a little island formed by a curve of the creek; and looking back they saw a steady sweep of water almost up to the foundation of the little building.

"It's coming up with a rush!" cried one of the gentlemen. "The chapel will never stand the flood."

"Then we must make a run for it in the rain," said Colonel Eresby cheerily. "The wind has lulled, and it will only be a wetting, after all. Let us cross the bridge immediately, and wade to the carriages."

He hastened out, half leading, half carrying Yola, as sudden gusts

of wind would almost make her lose her footing.

They were a few steps from the bridge, when a sudden harsh grinding sound arrested them. A sharp crack, the rending away of heavy timbers, and then a deafening crash as the bridge toppled over into the hell of angry water beneath. Nothing was left but a single arch, which spanned the stream.

There was a general cry of consternation.

Colonel Eresby was always cool and self-possessed in any extremity.

"Do n't be frightened," he said to Yola. "An active person can cross that arch. I will go first and try it, and come back for you and my mother. You see, gentlemen, nothing can be easier; and those among us least liable to become giddy can assist the others. Only, we have no time to lose, for by Jove," (looking back,) "the water is up to the chapel."

He threw off his coat, and without pause or falter traversed the trembling arch to the other side. As he reached it, he waved his hand in triumph, and turned to re-cross it. Dr. Werner had followed his movements with eager eyes. He, too, had thrown off his coat and advanced to the foot of the arch, as if to follow. As he saw Colonel Eresby returning, he sprang upon the narrow timber and moved slowly but steadily toward him.

"For God's sake, Doctor, what do you mean?" cried every voice. "Do n't you see it's too narrow to pass? Are you mad?"

Not a word, but a mocking laugh and a steady progress onward. When Colonel Eresby saw him approaching, his first impulse was to retrace his steps, and meet his foe on less perilous grounds; but that was impossible, for the narrow pass admitted of no turning. He understood that then and there was to be the duel *a l'outrance*; and when did the gallant old Eresby blood quail before

man or devil? He understood, too, that this man, whatever wrongs he had to right, had given himself no undue advantage. He measured him coolly as each step brought them nearer to each other, and thought if the German had the advantage in height and strength, he was decidedly his superior in agility. Upon that more than anything would depend safety in the perilous pass.

The spectators on the bank, struck dumb with astonishment and dismay, saw the two men, with stealthy, wary steps, reach the centre of the arch. They paused for a few seconds, face to face; then with a loud, ringing cry from Dr. Werner, "At last! at last!" he threw himself upon his adversary. The deadly struggle began; not a long one, on that narrow foothold. They lost their footing, and grappling together, fell from the arch — one, with a hoarse cry, down among the fallen timbers and the churning flood. The other hung by his hands to the arch for a minute, and then he too dropped in the creek. They saw him disappear and then rise again near the shore, which by a few strong strokes he reached. As he staggered to the land, they saw by the gigantic stature that it was the German; but the other was — *where?* Down among the heavy timbers of the bridge, with a deep gash cut from the forehead to the brain. "Done by some of the sharp edges of the wood," said his horrified friends, who, forgetting peril, had crawled over the arch to his assistance. But whatever did it, he was stone dead, as his mortal enemy must have seen, for his face was above the water, and his body wedged in between two logs.

In the midst of the confusion, the muffled sound of a horse's gallop reached the ears of the horror-stricken people who in vain were striving to restore animation to the helpless body of the luckless bridegroom. They knew it was the German, and no time was lost in pursuit; but from that

day to this, he has never been heard of. With him and the dead man lay the secret only guessed at by others.

Poor Yola had sunk into happy unconsciousness at the very beginning of the struggle. The fainting-fit did not pass away until, by some means, she had been safely borne over the broken bridge and laid in the carriage in her father's arms. She opened her eyes and looked up. His heart died within him at that scared, wild, questioning look, and he buried his face in his hands.

She seemed to comprehend, and with a shrill cry relapsed again into insensibility. One fit followed another; and then came a long season of low-muttering delirium. It, too, passed away, and the unhappy girl came back to life — if *that* can be called life where the pulses play, but where memory and perception are forever banished. It is a harmless insanity. She moves restlessly through the ruined grounds of Beaulieu, twining the grasses and flowers into fantastic wreaths, with which she decorates the moss-drapery of the rustic temple in which we first saw her.

Sometimes, too, at sunset, her white face is seen at the great iron gate, looking expectantly down the road; and her thin, tremulous fingers twine together in the old nervous manner; but she never speaks. Whether the organs of speech are paralyzed, or whether it is her insane will to be silent, no one knows. She is tenderly guarded from harm, but no restraint is placed upon her movements.

If, whilst wandering along the banks of the beautiful Teche, you see a white-robed figure (she always wears white) amongst the shadows of the Beaulieu trees, you will notice that the tall form is bowed and decrepit as that of an old woman. She is only nineteen, but her bright hair is streaked with gray.

It is, alas, an o'er true tale I have told you. Had it been a fancy sketch, the end would have been different; for I would have adjusted the balances of Fate differently, nor broken a true, pure heart for a villain's sake. At any rate, these heart-dramas are not infrequent among the Creoles of Louisiana, though few reach the proportions of this dark Beaulieu Tragedy.

M. B. Williams.

THE UNITED STATES NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.

IT is now many months since the *Polaris* sailed from our shores on her perilous voyage towards the North Pole. Since her departure various communications have appeared in the public prints, throwing discredit on the expedition, and reflecting severely on the character and qualifications of its officers. The principal one of these articles, and that which in a great measure has inspired all the others, was given to the public in the "*Overland Monthly*" of September last, under the avowed au-

thorship of Dr. David Walker. A reply, correcting its misstatements, and doing justice to Captain Hall and his subordinates, appeared some time since in one of the daily papers of Cincinnati, and was written by a gentleman thoroughly conversant, not only with the present composition of Captain Hall's party, but also with the history of Dr. Walker's temporary connection with the same. Since then the erroneous statements have continued to appear, not only in the newspapers of this country, but also in foreign jour-

nals, and they recently formed the substance of an editorial in one of the most prominent and largely circulated illustrated weeklies of New York. The old saying, "that error travels leagues while truth is getting on its boots," is seldom better exemplified.

Although no amount of detraction can affect Captain Hall and his comrades at the present time, is is yet unsatisfactory to the well-wishers of the expedition, as well as to the national feeling of all of us as Americans, to hear it misrepresented, and the possibility of its success denied. It is but simple justice, moreover, to those who are absent, and cannot speak for themselves, to correct misrepresentations, and set matters right before the public. I cannot expect to do much more than reiterate the statement of facts already so well given by the gentleman referred to, but I may perhaps do a little to spread correct ideas more widely.

Dr. Walker, the author of the paper in the "Overland Monthly," is an Irish medical man, who held the position of volunteer surgeon on the yacht *Fox*, under McClintock. The Arctic experiences, which in his opinion entitle him to claim that, with the exception of Dr. Hayes, he alone in this country "possesses the experience and information with which it is desirable to approach this matter"—I quote his own words—are comprised in one winter of helpless drifting down Baffin's Bay, and another in landlocked winter quarters in Bellot's Straits. Since then he has filled the position of contract surgeon in the United States army, at posts in the western part of our country. He does not appear very prominently in the account of McClintock's voyage, and seems to have taken no very great part in the various sledge operations which resulted in divulging the fate of Franklin and his men. He receives honorable mention, however, as meteorological and magnetical observer, the duties of which he performed in addition to

those of surgeon, and which would naturally keep him for the most part at the winter quarters of the ship. As far as actual Arctic out-door life is concerned, I have no doubt that there is many a man in the city where his article was published, whose experience is far greater than his own.

When the appropriation from Congress had been secured, and Captain Hall appointed by the President as commander of the expedition, Dr. Walker made application for the position of surgeon naturalist. His previous Arctic experiences insured the ready acceptance of his offer, and he joined the party at Washington. He had been there but a short time, however, before it became evident to Captain Hall that their harmonious coöperation was impossible, and the difficulty was finally terminated by a public order from the Secretary of the Navy, detaching him from the expedition on the grounds of incompatibility with his superior officer. From all the facts which have come to light in regard to this matter, we cannot think that Captain Hall was in the wrong. The commander of such an expedition, above all others, requires to be in harmony with his subordinates, and to exact the most unquestioning obedience. If Dr. Walker had lost confidence in his superior, his duty, in the light of his experience, would have been to withdraw while there was opportunity, and not, remaining in the service, to sow discord and destroy the confidence of his associates. The secret of the whole difficulty is probably to be found in that same high valuation of himself which appears in the commencement of his article, in the words we have already quoted.

Of course Dr. Walker's opinion of the present *personnel* of the expedition is a low one. He publishes to the world that its chief is a man unfit for command, unused to sea-life, incapable of making accurate observations, and accustomed only to comparatively mild temperatures; its sailing officers

illiterate seamen, and one of them not even that; its astronomer a mere tyro; and the meteorologist an enlisted soldier, and therefore unfit for his work. I will notice these criticisms in detail.

Captain Hall has already added much to our knowledge of the geography of the northern regions; by his own individual exertions he has supplemented the discoveries of the very expedition of which Dr. Walker was a member. His geographical determinations have already stood the best of criticism, although made under the disadvantages of sledge journeying, and alone. It is, we think, extremely doubtful whether he can find lower temperatures than he has already experienced, as temperature does not, by any means, in the far north, decrease inversely with the latitude. His experience in sledge travelling is likely to be of the utmost service to him, since it is by that means alone that he expects to reach the Pole. His experience of command, it is true, has heretofore been only with small parties, and the present expedition is on a much larger scale than any of his previous ones; but it must be remembered that he is in perfect accord with his sailing officers, upon whom the immediate command will devolve, and two of whom are old friends and comrades on his former passages to and from the North. From a personal acquaintance with Captain Hall, I see no reasons for doubting either his capacity for command or his ability to inspire his fellows with confidence. It is admitted that he possesses indomitable energy and boundless enthusiasm; and I may add, a thorough knowledge of the difficulties in his way, and the best means for their removal.

Captain Buddington, the sailing-master, and Mr. Chester, the first officer, are spoken of as mere whalers, and it is broadly hinted that, as such, they are unfit to hold command on a vessel engaged in a scientific expedition; but it is admitted that they are well fitted for their work of navigating the ship through the ice into advan-

tageous winter quarters. The sneer at whalers would come with better grace from one who had never taken part in an expedition for Arctic discovery, which owes so much to the labors of a Scoresby and a Penny, both whalers, to say nothing of our countryman Captain Long. If the inducement to map out the Polar regions had been equal to that of filling the ship with oil, and doing their duty to their employers, American and English whalers would long since have left but little for government exploring expeditions to accomplish.

Mr. Morton, the second officer, is rated by the author of the article as a landsman—a good steward, perhaps, but therefore no seaman; a *non sequitur* which can be best appreciated by those who have, what Dr. Walker seems to lack, a little knowledge of the character of the men who follow the sea. If many years of sea service make a landsman, then Mr. Morton is one; and as to his qualifications for the post he fills, I have the favorable judgment of his superior officer, Captain Buddington, certainly a competent authority on matters of seamanship. I need not speak of his record as an Arctic explorer; in that his reputation is already world-wide.

In regard to the scientific corps of the expedition, I may commence by supplementing the good word given Dr. Bessels, by simply saying that very general satisfaction was felt and expressed in scientific circles when he assumed its direction. Dr. B., though still a very young man, has made himself favorably known to the scientific world by original investigations, and has already honorably connected his name with Arctic discovery, having been scientific director of the German expedition to North Spitzbergen and the neighboring seas in 1869. Under his direction we may look for results at least in some measure commensurate with the hopes and desires of the scientific men of the country and of the world. His assistant, Mr. Bryan,

who is to take charge of the astronomical and magnetical observations, is also a young man, but a thorough mathematician. In order to obtain full practical instruction in the use of the various instruments, he remained behind when the expedition sailed, joining it afterwards at Disco, in the Congress. The latest communication from Dr. Bessels gives a highly favorable account of him, stating that he had already successfully commenced the work assigned him, and expressing the opinion that he would do it well. Besides his general knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, he has had special instructions in each particular branch of the department under his charge. The difficulties incidental to the climate, and the peculiar circumstances under which the work must be done, can be obviated by no amount of preliminary training; in this respect Mr. Bryan is on an equality with the most experienced astronomer who has never worked in the Polar regions, and his own enthusiasm and natural pluck are the best auguries of his success.

Mr. Meyers, the meteorologist, the incompetent "enlisted man" of Dr. Walker, is a member of the corps of observer-sergeants, under the chief signal officer of the army, in which he ranked among the very first in point of ability and attainments. His condemnation by his critic appears not to be based upon any personal knowledge, but seems merely an *a priori* judgment, from the fact of his being an enlisted man. It is unnecessary to explain the *status* of observer-sergeants; there is one in every principal city in the United States, and they are known by their works. There is no reason for fears that this branch of science will be neglected, or that the observations will be vitiated by any incompetency of the observer. Like the others, Mr. Meyers is a volunteer on the expedition, having been detailed in accordance with his own request, for this service, and is an enthusiast both in respect to Arctic exploration and also in the department under his charge.

Besides these regular members of the scientific corps of the expedition, there are two gentlemen on the *Polaris* who are capable of performing the duties of assistant in scientific work, and who, rather than forego the opportunity, have taken the position of common seamen, or rather landmen, on the vessel. The first of these, Mr. Noah Hayes, is a land surveyor from Indiana, a quiet, unassuming man, whose merits are best shown when work is required; thoroughly inured to hardships and habits of discipline, having served three years in the Union army. Though he shipped before the mast, it is understood that he is to assist Dr. Bessels in his scientific work, and I will venture to predict that he will prove in all respects a most valuable member of the expedition. The other, Mr. Mauch, is a young German, as I understand, the brother of the distinguished German traveller, Dr. Karl Mauch, and himself an accomplished practical chemist. The remainder of the crew are well-selected men, the doubtful characters having been weeded out before the departures from our shores. Few, if any, have had much experience of wintering in the far north; but this, I think, is to be regarded rather as an advantage than otherwise. In support of this opinion we have the authority of at least one experienced Arctic navigator, Sir Edward Belcher, who speaks very decidedly against the practice of selecting men for voyages to the Arctic regions because they have been there before. In the case of the officers it is well enough, and at least the captain should have the advantage of previous experience; but the case is otherwise with the men. Sailors, even the best of them, are proverbially careless and unmindful of hygienic precautions; their occupation is one of continued hardship; their systems are not generally fortified by previous healthful and generous living, and they do not, for the most part, have the *morale*, so to speak, of men in the higher walks

of life. There are, to be sure, some men who seem insensible to hardships, and impregnable to Arctic cold; but these are not sufficiently numerous to justify the hope that they will form any considerable proportion of even a selected crew. Previous records of men's northern experience are very unsafe guides. Many of those who return from one Arctic voyage with vigorous health, and constitution apparently unimpaired, would be among the first to succumb to the hardships and exposures of a second. As a further consideration, old stagers are often inclined to indulge in dismal reminiscences and gloomy vaticinations, which have a very demoralizing effect upon the others. Fresh blood is required for arctic exploration, at least for the greater part.

In all the preparations for the scientific work, the selection of outfit, the obtaining of the same, and in the instruction of his assistants, Dr. Bessels has had the fullest and most hearty coöperation of all the scientific men in Washington; those connected with the various bureaus of the government, and the officers of the Smithsonian Institution. In accordance with the law authorizing the expedition, which directed that its scientific operations should be prescribed by the National Academy of Sciences, a committee of that body was appointed by the President, Professor Henry, which drew up detailed instructions in each of the several departments of science, and these were given to the officers, together with the general directions from the Secretary of the Navy. They comprise instructions in meteorology, by Professor Henry; in astronomy, by Professors Newcomb and Hilgard; in general physics and magnetism, by Professor Hilgard; in natural history, by Professor Baird; in geology, by Professor Meek; and in glacier observations, by Professor Agassiz. Although the principal and main object of the expedition is geographical discovery—and in this it is like all

others, excepting only those in search of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane—there need be no fears that other departments of scientific research will be neglected. The general orders from the Secretary of the Navy direct that every possible facility be given for fully carrying out the instructions of the National Academy; and the latest words of Captain Hall to the writer, previous to his departure from Washington, were in regard to his intentions in this respect.

Captain Hall's object is to reach the Pole; let us now look at the probabilities of his success. His orders leave the route optional, after passing Cape Dudley Digges, in North Baffin's Bay. His intention at first was to make an attempt by way of Jones's Sound, a route which has as yet been unattempted by arctic explorers. Inglesfield and Sherard Osborne, to be sure, sailed up this Sound for a limited distance, and the latter makes a statement to which he gives some credit, of a whaler having penetrated to an estimated distance of one hundred and fifty miles, still finding open water. The route offers the certainty of the exploration of a large extent of coast line, at present totally unknown; but it can hardly be called one which, in the present state of our knowledge, promises well as to the prospect of reaching a high northern latitude. The reverse of this, however, is the case with the Smith's Sound route, which is the one Captain Hall has finally adopted. This, although the one advocated by all the eminent English authorities, may be called pre-eminently the American route, since it is by American expeditions, and by them alone, that it has been attempted and its advantages ascertained. It offers a secure and accessible wintering harbor in a higher northern latitude than any other known locality on the surface of the globe except West Spitzbergen, and it has over that locality the advantage of a line of coast still trending directly northward. If the expedition should find the ice wanting

in the Sound, or in a condition that the vessel could be forced through it, a more northern wintering place than even Spitzbergen affords, might be reached. Captain Sherard Osborne, the great English advocate of this route, gives the statement that the steam whaler *Arctic*, of Dundee, was high up in this Sound in the summer of 1867, and still found open water. Should Captain Hall have the same good fortune, he might perhaps force his ship into the open sea of Morton and Hayes, and even reach the Pole itself. This, however, is scarcely to be expected; the expansion of Peabody Bay, with its thick-ribbed floes, and the great iceberg feeder, the Humboldt glacier, flanking it on the east, will very probably prove an obstacle even to steam power. Sledge travelling is mainly to be depended upon; and it is on account of its advantages in this respect that this is considered the most favorable route. The first requisite is to have stationary ice or comparatively level snow-covered land to travel upon; and this is afforded by the eastern shores of Grinnell Land, with its permanent ice-foot, which we know extends as far as nearly 83° north latitude. Many, and I think I may say a majority, of the best Arctic authorities, do believe in the existence of a general open Polar sea, though local patches of open water are admitted. If they are right, it seems highly probable that, in case the land fails to extend to the Pole, the extreme nothing may be reached by travelling over the ice-pack. It was in this manner that Parry made his attempt from North Spitzbergen in 1827; and though the ice was all the time rapidly drifting southward, thus cutting down his latitude, he reached a more northern point than any other explorer before or since.

The latest news from the expedition is given by private letters from Captain Buddington and others, at Upernavik, from which place the *Polaris* sailed on September 5th. This does not appear to be too late in the season for the ves-

sel to press northward through Melville Bay, and if the condition of the ice was in any degree as favorable as the reports we have received would indicate, it seems highly probable that Captain Hall reached Port Foulke—where he is probably spending the present winter—very little later than Hayes in 1860. In that year this harbor was open, to all effects, until October, and it does not seem likely that there has been any trouble in securing winter quarters at this point for the present expedition. Of course, if the ice is favorable, Captain Hall has pressed still further north; but this is a possible, rather than a probable, contingency. From this point preliminary operations, such as forming *caches* of provisions in advance, can be carried on, and next spring the grand exploration can be commenced under the most favorable auspices.

Leaving out altogether the element of possible and especially fortunate contingencies, and considering only the facts which comprise our present knowledge of the Polar regions, the Smith's Sound route appears to offer by far the greater number of chances of reaching the Pole. The reasoning in the recent favorable report by Lieutenant Payer, in respect to the open sea east of Spitzbergen—the route now advocated by Dr. Petermann and Captain Bent—does not appear at all conclusive. He found open water nearly as far north as the 79th parallel, more than two degrees south of the point which others reached the same season. These seas have been traversed year after year by scientific expeditions, whalers, and fishermen; and although there are vague traditions of very high latitudes having been reached, there is no authenticated record of any vessel having penetrated farther than $81^{\circ} 30' N$. We may expect this to be thoroughly tested, however. There will probably be other private or public German and English expeditions in that direction during the coming summer. In the mean time let us hope,

and I think circumstances will justify the hope, that our American expedition will at least have its share of the honor

of solving the great geographical problem of the age.

H. M. Bannister.

INSTINCT IN ANIMALS

CHARLES DARWIN, in his "Origin of Species," Chapter VII., says: "An action, which we ourselves would require experience to enable us to perform, when performed by an animal, more especially by a very young one, without any experience, and when performed by many individuals in the same way, without their knowing for what purpose it is performed, is usually said to be instinctive." He adds: "I could show that none of these characters of instinct are universal." That is not strange, for few "characters," or better, characteristics, of any object are universal.

Professor B. Jaeger, of the College of New Jersey, describes instinct as "The faculty which belongs to all animals, and by which, from internal impulse and without instruction, they perform certain actions tending to their own support or that of their offspring."*

Herbert Spencer, in his "Treatise on Education," page 38, says: "While yet in his nurse's arms, the infant, by hiding its face and crying at the sight of a stranger, shows the dawning instinct to obtain safety by flying from that which is unknown and may be dangerous; and when it can walk, the terror which it manifests if an unfamiliar dog comes near, or the screams with which it runs to its mother after any startling sight or sound, shows the instinct further developed."

So the young partridge will bury itself in the leaves of a forest, and

wholly cease chirping, when alarmed; and even though hatched by artificial heat, will show the same instinct. The young chicken exhibits less fear. The oriole hatched in a sparrow's nest will yet build according to the laws of architecture observed by orioles. The young duck hatched by a hen will plunge into the water, the young chicken hatched by a duck will stop at the shore.

Young snapping-turtles will bite as soon as the egg-shell which confines them is broken, and before they leave it. They bite, as it has been said, after they are dead and before they are born.

Who has not heard of the mathematical investigation by which it is proved that out of a given quantity of material, say wax, vessels of uniform thickness to contain the largest quantity of fluid, say honey, must be hexagonal? The honey-bee is a scientific economist and architect, and makes a comb which is a collection of hexagonal cells. "But," says a certain Mr. Teztemeler, before the Entomological Society of England, "round cells pressed together would become hexagonal, and therefore the bee shows no mathematical instinct." But who presses the round cells together? And how are they pressed together uniformly on all sides? And would not building so as, when pressed together, they would be just right, be wise?

Professor Agassiz ("Journey to Brazil," page 118) describes the working of a little coffee-tree insect constructing a cocoon, and attributes the accuracy

*The "Life of North American Insects," by B. Jaeger, p. 16. New York: Harper & Brothers.

of the lengths of the thread to the length of the insect's body; and then suggests that perhaps the honey-bee cannot help making her wax-cells hexagonal, on account of her bodily structure, and not by instinct. This is only conjecture, and he adds: "Their social organization, too intelligent, it seems, to be the work of any reasoning powers of their own, yet does not appear to be directly connected with their structure." Professor Agassiz recognizes instinct as a great and wonderful and unique power.

The provision of parent animals for their young in many cases simulates a knowledge that cannot have been acquired as human beings learn. This is especially remarkable in those insects which store up food to be eaten by their young in the larva state. The solitary wasp will make a hole and collect a number of grubs, and then deposit with them a few eggs, which will in due time hatch into worms and find just food enough to last them till they shall be developed enough to provide for themselves. Can it be possible that the wasp, in her resurrected state, remembers the good time she had when a worm, feeding on a similar supply of grubs? And has she now a sufficiently noble "disinterested benevolence" to supply a like store for her progeny, whom she is never to see except in the shape of those eggs?

It was formerly thought that instinct is in all cases unimprovable. Voltaire says: "The bird builds her nest, as the stars fill their orbits, by a principle which never changes. Is it man alone that changes?" So Martyn Payne, M.D., an acute and comprehensive writer, says: "Many special peculiarities concur in demonstrating an absolute distinction between the rational mind [of man] and instinct. The latter, for instance, always moves, in each individual species of animal, in a particular, unvarying path, but differently in each species of animal. It never diverges to improve its original endowments, or to add a gain

which it did not possess in its infant condition. It is then nearly as perfect in its operations as at mature age; nor does one generation of animals gain upon its predecessors."*

This opinion was once undisputed; but of late, exceptions to this law are discerned. Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace has attempted to show that some birds gradually change their habits in building their nests. The author of "The Vestiges of Creation," in his chapter on the "Mental Constitution of Animals," makes the same assertion. "The bee and bird will make modifications in the ordinary forms of their cells and nests when necessity compels them. The alimentiveness of the dog can be pampered up to a kind of epicurism." Perhaps no observer will deny that animals have a mental power that can be educated; but this does not diminish the wonderfulness of their instinctive sagacity, that surpasses the power of man.

Wonderful as instinct is, it is not infallible. It often deceives its subject, and leads him to ruin. The hen will sit upon artificial eggs, or even in an empty nest. Insects will deposit their eggs in substances that seem like their natural *habitat*, though innutritious or even poisonous. If it is a superior intelligence, it still frequently works blindly, and always by general laws.

Darwin and his school endeavor to show that it is "improved habit," though what the beginnings of the habit are, and why it should improve, they fail to explain. This reasoning reminds us of the long-sought "perpetual motion." It considers a complex fact denuded of mystery if it can only be spread sufficiently thin, over a large space or a long time. It is a cheap way to solve a mystery to say that it happened naturally, out of reach and out of sight.

Man often avails himself of the instincts of animals to improve his own knowledge. As Smeaton built Eddy-

*"The Institutes of Medicine." By Martyn Payne, M.D. Page 123.

stone Lighthouse on the model of the trunk of an oak tree, the best form in nature to resist a force constantly assailing it on all sides, so Dolland formed his achromatic telescope on the model of the human eye. Duhamel built a bridge by letting in a piece of stronger timber for the middle of the under surface, getting his hint from the structure of a shin-bone. These are, however, imitations of inanimate nature, rather than of instincts. But the use of pigeons to carry the mail, both in ancient and modern times, avails itself of the superhuman power of these birds to find their way in calm or storm, without quadrant or compass, over land and water, hundreds of miles, to reach their companions and homes.

Instinct is mental. It leads, when normal, to actions essential to the safety of the animal and the propagation of its species and provision for its young. It never looks higher than that. It always has suggested to the healthy human mind the doctrine of final cause, or a higher superintending Mind; and it always will.

Man has, perhaps, instincts as wonderful as any animal; but in a civilized state they are unnecessary, and therefore dormant, but should occasion require, could again be re-developed. Man is brother to the worm, but also has a new and independent class of mental abilities, in which the animals, mostly dependent on instinct, have no share.

E. O. Haven.

DUKRAH THE DWARF.

[Adapted from the German of Wilhelm Hauff.]

IN the days when good fairies still lived on the earth, and in an illogical sort of way occasionally righted the wrongs of human kind, there dwelt in the city of Bagdad an inn-keeper, by name Mustapha. He was a stern, matter-of-fact sort of man, and not a little proud of his stalwart frame and handsome face; and it was no small mortification to him that his only son, Dukrah, was a deformed and puny dwarf. Moreover, Dukrah had no aptitude for business, but was fond of looking at the moon, listening to the singing of birds and the murmur of waters, and making foolish reflections thereon in the form of verse. Such being the father and such the son, and there being no mother to be an angel of reconciliation between them, it was no wonder little Duk received what the sailors in the East call "monkey's allowance"—more kicks than coppers.

However, everything earthly, good or bad, must come to an end; and so it came to pass that one fine morning, by the death of his father, little Duk found himself his own master. Although he had little except life for which to thank the stern inn-keeper, he wept for him as for the best of fathers; and when the days of mourning were ended, as Bagdad was no longer pleasing to him, set out to seek his fortune. He travelled many days, meeting with no adventure, and least of all finding the expected good fortune, till his slender stock of money was nearly exhausted. One day, as, footsore and weary, he pursued his way, he saw lying by the roadside a pair of shoes and a walking-stick. The shoes were better than his own, and little Duk put them on; but the walking-stick seemed to him of no good, and he left it lying there. But no sooner had he started again on his

journey, than the stick got up, and in a queer kind of hop, marched steadily along by his side.

Now little Duk had neglected every part of his education except the reading of love-stories and fairy-tales; and so here he at once "saw an elephant,"—which is the way they have in the East of saying he "smelt a rat,"—and knew that here at last was the long-sought good fortune. He was so busy looking at the stick that he had not at first noticed how fast he was walking; but now, when he tried to stop, he found he could not, for his shoes went walking on of themselves, hurrying him on at a pace that terribly fatigued his little body. "Whoa! whoa there!" shouted he, as he had heard the camel-drivers say; and sure enough he stopped at once. The stick stopped too; and taking it in his hand he lay down under a shady hedge. He soon dropped asleep, for he was very tired; and in his dreams the good fairy came to him and said that when he had the shoes on he could run faster than any man in the world, and that if he turned three times round on his heel and wished himself anywhere on earth, he would be there in a minute. She told him, also, that the walking-stick was an old miser, who during his lifetime had buried much money, and was now condemned to live in this shape for a hundred years, and to tap three times on the ground wherever any money was hidden.

Here was good fortune indeed! and just in time—for all his money was gone. Walking along, pondering how he should make use of his new possessions, he came to the outskirts of a large town, and in a beautiful park saw an immense crowd of people assembled. They were shouting and carrying banners, and holding high holiday. He asked a kindly old man what it all meant, and was told that it was King Walabulali's birthday, and that there were going to be games in his honor. "Particularly," said he, "is there to be fine running; for great runners have

come from all the countries in the world, and the king is to select fifty of them for his private messengers and body-runners. In half an hour the running is to begin." "Tell me," said little Duk, "where they start from. I want to run too." At this, the man—though he was a good man, and did not like to make fun of a stranger—could not help laughing aloud. But little Duk persisted, and at last, when many warnings not to make himself laughed at, and the information that the last ten of the runners were to receive fifty bastinadoes each, had failed to alter his desire, the old man took him to the master of the King's house, who had charge of the games.

Little Duk made known his request; but Ali Baba, the chief eunuch, asked him fiercely how he dared to drive his fun with him, and ordered him fifty bastinadoes. But little Duk begged so earnestly to be allowed to run, and promised that if he were among the last ten he would be willing not to be bastinadoed only, but to lose his head, that at last, with many doubts as to what the King would say when he saw this puny little dwarf among the stalwart runners, Ali Baba consented.

And now the runners came to the lists; and although they were all anxious to win the prizes and escape the bastinadoes, scarcely one of them could help laughing or saying something witty at the expense of the silly little dwarf who set himself up for a runner.

When the signal was given, which was done by a beautiful princess dropping a handkerchief, away they all ran. Each of them had a better start than little Duk; but he overtook them, one after another, and reached the winning-post fresh and cool, three minutes before the swiftest of them, hot and panting, got there.

The King was mightily astonished, but still he kept his word, and little Duk became the chief of his messengers. He was soon a great favorite; for he was very faithful, and carried

messages with inconceivable rapidity. But his fellow-servants envied him the King's favor; and this made the good-hearted Dukrah, who loved everybody and wished to be hated by none, very sad. Moreover, he had so little knowledge of the world that he thought he could win their affection by giving them money; so he determined to use his stick, about which, in his happiness in the King's favor, he had almost forgotten.

He had heard the King's father had hidden money during an invasion of his enemies; and so, day by day, he went carefully all over the garden; and sure enough, one day the stick tapped on the ground three times. He marked the spot, and went at night with a spade and pickaxe, and dug, and dug, till at last he came to a big box full of gold, and so heavy that he could not lift it. He filled his pockets and the skirts of his dress so full that except for his magic slippers he could not have moved from the spot, and after covering the spot up again as before, hastened joyfully to his chamber.

"Now," thought he, "they will like me;" and he was very glad. On the morrow he gave them all handsome presents; but to his surprise, though they took his presents, they only hated him the more; and the treasurer, who was just now in a tight place to make up the King's accounts and keep his own pickings concealed, headed a conspiracy to accuse little Duk of having stolen the money from the King's treasury.

The King told them to watch, and if possible catch him in the act. Not long after, little Dukrah's generosity having exhausted his supply, he went again in the night to the buried treasure. His envious fellow-servants came upon him just as he had dug down to the box, and carried him before the King, and said they had caught him in the act of burying money he had stolen. His defense was, that he was digging the treasure not *in*, but *out*—at which bare-faced assertion, the King could not restrain his wrath.

Poor Dukrah was now shut up in prison; and even if his feet had not been too sore from the bastinado, he could not have turned on his heel, for he was fast chained to the wall, and was told that in three days he must die.

On the second day he begged to be taken before the King, thinking it better to live, even without his stick, than to die. He told him how he had found the treasure; and though at first the King would not believe him, after having secretly hidden a piece of money, and seen the stick tap for it, he was convinced. Unluckily, he happened to think about the running, and swore he would only give him life and liberty if he also told him about that. So poor Dukrah was obliged to confess it was all in his slippers, and that any one else could run as fast if he only had them on. But he said nothing of turning three times round and wishing himself away, nor did he tell him how to stop.

The King put them on and ran about till he was tired; but when he wanted to stop, he could not,—and little Duk could not deny himself the small revenge for his bastinadoing and imprisonment, of seeing him run. But he paid dear for this little gratification; for when at last he made the shoes stop, the King was greatly enraged, and said imperiously that though he had promised him life and liberty, he should get out of his kingdom in twelve hours, or be a head shorter. But the slippers and stick he had placed in his royal treasury.

Now little Dukrah was in a sad plight. He trudged along wearily, the more so that for months he had been used to tripping along gayly in the magic slippers; but at last he came to the boundary line, for the Kingdom was not large.

It was now evening, and he was beginning to feel very hungry, for he had tasted nothing since morning. As he was wondering where he should find lodging and supper, he suddenly spied

a fig tree, with fine large figs growing on it. He ate heartily, and then sat down to rest. Shortly after, hearing the rippling of a brook, he went to wash off the dust and sweat of travel, when, to his astonishment and disgust, the brook reflected his head with a large pair of ass's ears on it. He put his hand to his head, and there sure enough were the large fair ears of the patient donkey. This only was wanted to complete his misery. He had fooled away his good fortune, and now to be told of it in this emphatic way by his good fairy, was too hard to bear. Being only a poet, and not a philosopher, he threw himself on the ground and cried. He soon cried himself to sleep, and slept soundly till morning. Then he awoke, and listened to the birds singing, and wondered whether they were mocking him. He listened and listened, and still they seemed to say, "Apples are good! apples are good!" He looked round, and a short distance found an apple tree full of ripe apples. He ate one, and was just going to bite another, when a wasp flew out and stung him on the ear. He put his hand there, and oh, joy! the donkey's ears were gone, and his own were back again.

Here was another ladder to good fortune. He stained his face and hands brown, and then gathered a large basketful of the figs and apples, and set off back to the King's palace. A kind camel-driver gave him a lift on one of his spare camels, and by noon he was sitting among the fruit-sellers at the King's gate.

The King's steward came, as usual, to buy fruit for the King's table, and there was none so fine as little Duk's. He bought all the figs, but would not have any of the apples.

Now, the King was a great glutton, and after dinner, when he saw the fine figs, he was much delighted, and dealt them out carefully with his own hand. Each princess received two, the great lords two, the Sultana four, and he himself kept all the rest. By and by

one of the young princesses said, "My! how funny you look, papa!" And they looked round on each other, and saw they all had donkey's ears; and now they were in great consternation, and the King sent forth and made proclamation, that to any one who could disenchant the Sultana and his family should be given whatsoever he might choose out of the King's treasury. Many physicians came, and gave the King and the princesses many bitter draughts, and burned incense, and scrawled cabalistic characters; but all to no purpose. At last came also little Duk, with his basket of apples, disguised as a foreign doctor. The King would not believe he could be thus cured; but when he saw one of the princesses eat an apple and lose the ugly ears, without waiting to see them tried on anyone else—for he was very selfish, and afraid there were not more than enough apples for himself—he hurried Dukrah into the treasury, and said he might have what he liked if he would only cure him.

Little Duk gave him the apples, and began to walk round to where he saw the stick and slippers, as though he would examine everything before choosing his reward. But he had no sooner got round to the slippers than he stepped into them, and pulling off the big wig and beard, in which he had disguised himself, exclaimed: "I am Dukrah, O wretched King!" turned three times round on his heel, and wished himself in Bagdad.

The King was astonished, and very vexed; but still he consoled himself with the thought that he had at least got the basket of magic apples, and he began to eat. But it was all in vain, for the fig tree was a descendant of a tree that grew in Eden, and if anyone who had acted foolishly ate of it, donkey's ears grew on him, which, however, went away again as soon as he ate an apple, if he had not fallen into a rage and said something impious; but if anyone who had done wickedly ate of it, there was no cure for him;

but he must wear long ears until his death.

Little Duk had grown wise by experience. He told no one in Bagdad about his stick and slippers, but looked quietly round for gold, and with the riches he soon thus acquired, he built a mosque, and an asylum for

the blind; and no poor man ever came to his door and went away unfed, and without a gift of money; so that at last the Caliph made him a Pasha of nine tails, and everybody for a hundred miles round Bagdad spoke the praise of good Pasha Dukrah.

Theodore West.

CONCERNING UMBRELLAS.

THE oldest book that I have been able to see having any mention of the umbrella within its pages, is "Fynes Moryson's Itinerary," printed by John Beale in the year 1617; and I quote the following passage from it:

"In hot regions, to auoide the beames of the sunne, in some places (as in Italy) they carry vmbrels, or things like a little canopy, over their heads; but a learned physician told me that the use of them was dangerous, because they gather the heate into a pyramidall point, and thence cast it down perpendicularly vpon the head, except they know how to carry them for auoiding that danger."

Rare old Ben Jonson refers to them by name in a comedy produced about this same time. In the play "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," by Beaumont and Fletcher, it is also spoken of. In 1630 Michael Drayton refers to them in the following stanza:

"Of douds I haue a dainty paire,
Which, when you please to take the aier,
About your head, shall gently houer,
Your cleere browe from the sunne to couer,
And with their nimble wings shall fan you
That neither cold nor heate shall tan you,
And, like umbrellas, with their feathers
Shield you in all sorts of weathers."

John Collop, M.D., in his "Poesis Rediviva," published in 1656, mentions it: "Each sown vmbrella is, and his own sun." The following passage is taken from the fourth edition of Blout's

"Glossographia," which was published during 1674:

"Umbrello (Italian *ombrella*), a fashion of round and broad fans, wherewith the Indians (and from them our great ones) preserve themselves from the heat of the sun or fire; and hence, any little shadow, fan, or other thing, wherewith the women guard their faces from the sun."

In 1708 there was published a "Dictionarium Anglo-Brittanicum," by a man named Kersey, in which is this:

"Umbrella, or umbrello. A kind of broad fan or skreen, commonly us'd by women to shelter them from rain; also a wooden frame cover'd with cloth, to keep off the sun from a window."

In the famous "Tatler," of October 17, 1710, Swift thus sings of them in his well-known description of a city shower:

"Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge the devoted town;
To shops, in crowds, the draggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy;
The Templar spruce, while every spout's a
broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach;
The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty stride,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's
side."

They are mentioned in Phillips' "New World of Words," seventh edition, 1720. It would appear, judg-

ing from many facts well known to all of us, that womankind has been much alike in every age and every country. We are led to this remark because of the following true statement: For some forty or forty-five years after umbrellas were first introduced, no man was seen with one over his head, and never in his hand, save as he held it over some fair ladie; but there appeared at length a gentleman who dared withstand the ridicule created by carrying an umbrella over his *own* head; and after a short length of time there sprang up, as rapidly and instantaneously as mushrooms, a considerable body of imitators. But to this first venturesome intruder upon the female territory belongs all the credit and honor. This brave man (for he *was* brave) was named Jonas Hanway, who was born at Portsmouth in the year 1712, and died September 5th, 1785. He had travelled — for that time — quite extensively, in Persia and in the East generally, and was in delicate health, although a remarkably handsome man. He was a social reformer and philanthropist, and the founder of the Magdalene Hospital in London. He endured very much unpleasant ridicule because of his encroaching upon the domain of womankind, in thus daring to hoist an umbrella over his own head. Having returned from Persia to London about 1750, he brought with him the umbrella which he had used there. He carried it for nearly thirty years before they were in anything like the common use of our time. There is a portrait of Hanway, with an umbrella over his head, as the frontispiece to his book of travels that was published about the year 1753. In 1752, General Wolfe (who was made a General after this) in writing from Paris, said:

"The people here use umbrellas in hot weather to defend themselves from the sun, and something of the same kind to secure them from snow and rain. I wonder a practice so useful is not introduced in England (where there are such frequent showers), and especially in the

country, where they can be expanded without any inconveniency." It is probable, though, that at this very time they were in some slight use in London, of which fact he would quite likely be ignorant. In Knight's valuable Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences, it is stated that umbrellas "were well known in London a century since." This would be about 1760 or 61; and the statement seems to be borne out by the following note in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates: "For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without being branded effeminate. At first a single umbrella seems to have been kept at a coffee-house, for extraordinary occasions — lent, as a coach or chair, in a heavy shower, but not commonly carried by the walkers. The "Female Tatler" thus advertises: "The young gentleman belonging to the custom-house, who, in fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella from Wilks's Coffee-house, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's *pattens*!"

As late as 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who wrote his own life, informs us that he had "a fine silk umbrella, which he brought from Spain; but he could not, with any comfort to himself, use it — the people calling out 'Frenchman! why do n't you get a coach?'" The hackney coachmen and the chairmen, with the usual *esprit de corps*, were clamorous against their portentous rival. He says, also, that "At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady if it rained, between the door and her carriage." One day when this man was walking with his sister at his side, she was compelled to quit his arm because of the abuse he drew down upon himself and his umbrella! He adds, however, that he "persisted for three months, till they took no further notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use theirs, and then the English; now it is become a great trade in Lon-

don." If he considered the trade in them "great" at that time, what would he think of it in later years? for according to a writer in Chambers' Cyclopædia, the exports from London *alone* amount to the value of two hundred thousand pounds; whilst, instead of being effeminate, it is considered a good sign of poverty, or, at least, of improvidence, to be without one. Since the author, in the volume just mentioned indited his article, the trade and general business in this commodity has vastly increased, and bids fair yet to do so with every incoming year.

In very many — in fact the majority — of early books, umbrellas are most always described as "portable pent-houses, to carry in a person's hand to screen him from violent rain or heat."

In 1782 Dr. Jamieson introduced it into Glasgow. The one he had was made of heavy wax cloth, with large cane ribs, and was a most ponderous article, we would all think at the present day. He had procured it in Paris, where they were in comparatively common use, and had been for some little time before.

Gay, in his "Trivia, or Art of Walking the Streets of London," published in 1712, thus notices their use by the English:

"Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad—
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid."

Niebuhr, who visited the southern part of Arabia, tells us that he witnessed a great prince of that region returning from a mosque, preceded by some hundreds of soldiers, and "that he and each of the princes of their numerous family caused a large umbrella to be carried by his side." Samuel Burder, in his "Oriental Customs," published in 1807, refers to it in this manner: "*Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain?* It is usual in the summer season, and upon all occasions, when a large company is

be received, to have the court of the house (which is the middle of an open square) sheltered from the heat of the weather by an umbrella or veil, which, being expanded upon ropes from one side of the parapet-wall to the other, may be folded or unfolded at pleasure. The Psalmist seems to allude to some covering of this kind in that beautiful expression of stretching out the heavens like a curtain."

In the "Himalayan Journals" by Hooker, he says: "The umbrella consists of a large hood much like the ancient boat called a *coracle*, which, being placed over the head, reached to the thighs behind. It is made of platted bamboo, enclosing broad leaves of Phrynium." The first one seen in Bristol, England, was about the year 1780, and was *red*; probably it came from Leghorn, as there was then a large trade between the two places.

In volume 87, page 387, of the "Quarterly Review" (London—1850) is found this rhyme:

"Umbrellas pass of every shade of green;
And now and then a crimson one is seen—
Like an umbrella ripened!"

Anyone desiring a full account of the article in all its parts, by referring to Herbert's "Engineers' and Mechanics' Encyclopædia," will find the same.

In the very valuable and interesting volumes of "Notes and Queries," a correspondent says: "In the hall of my father's house at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, there was, when I was a child, the wreck of a very large green umbrella, apparently of Chinese manufacture, brought by my father from Holland somewhere between 1770 and 1780, and, as I have often heard, the first umbrella seen at Stamford. I well remember, also, an amusing description given by the late Mr. Wary (so many years consul at Smyrna), of the astonishment and envy of his mother's neighbors at Sawbridgeworth, in Herts, where his father had a country-house, when he ran home and came back with an umbrella which he

had just brought from Leghorn, to shelter them in the church porch, after the service on one summer Sunday. * * * I conjecture that it occurred not later than 1775 or 1776. As Sawbridgeworth is so near London, it is evident that even there umbrellas were at that time almost unknown."

In the collection of paintings at Woburn Abbey is a full-length portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Bedford, who afterward married the Earl of Jersey, taken about the year 1730. She is represented as attended by a black servant, who holds an open umbrella over her head. In all Eastern countries it has ever been considered as an emblem or indication of royalty; so none need be ashamed to be seen with an old or dilapidated umbrella in their hands—because, the older it is, so much the better—showing quite conclusively the very ancient and royal pedigree of the bearer!

The distinctive appellation of the Mahratta princes, who reigned at Poonah and Sattara, was *Ch' hatra pati*, or "Lord of the umbrella." In Ava, a country adjacent to Siam, the king designates himself, among other numerous titles, as "Lord of the Ebbing and Flowing Tide, King of the White Elephant and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." This last title, though absurd to us, is supposed to relate to twenty-four States or Provinces combined under the rule of this king—the umbrella being specially a royal emblem in Ava.

Loubere, who went to Siam as envoy from the King of France, describes the use of umbrellas as being governed by very curious regulations. Those umbrellas resembling ours are used principally by the officers of state; while those several tiers in height (as if two or more of them were fixed on one stick) are reserved for the king alone.

As late, even, as October 22, 1855, the following was the superscription of a letter addressed by the King of Burmah to the Marquis of Dalhousie, Governor-General of India: "His

Great, Glorious, and Most Excellent Majesty, who reigns over the Kingdom of Thuma-paranta, Tampa-dipa, and all the great umbrella-bearing Chiefs of the Eastern Countries."

Beatino, an Italian herald, says that a vermilion umbrella in a field argent symbolizes dominion.

It was without doubt used by the judges (sitting in the Basilica) at Constantinople, where they were usually carried, as one of the insignia of the judicial office.

In Persepolis, in Persia, are some sculptures supposed to be as early as the time of Alexander the Great; and on one of these is represented a chief or king, over whose head some servants are holding an umbrella. At Takhti-Bostan are other sculptures, one of which is a king witnessing a boar-hunt, attended by an umbrella-bearer.

Recent discoveries at Nineveh show that the umbrella was in use there, it being common to the sculpturings, but always represented open and never shut. The same is to be seen upon the celebrated Hamilton vases preserved in the British Museum. I many Chinese drawings, ladies are represented as attended by servants holding umbrellas over their heads.

In Cowper's "Task," published in 1784, there are two separate references to the "little shadow":

"We bear our shades about us; self-deprived
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an Indian waste without a tree."

And the description of the country girl who dresses above her condition in society, concludes as follows:

"Expect her soon, with foot-boy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care."

Pansanias and Hesychius report that at Alea, a city of Arcadia, a feast called "Scieria" was celebrated in honor of Bacchus, in which the statue of the rosy god was carried in procession, crowned with vine-leaves, and placed upon an ornamental litter, in which was seated a young girl carrying an

umbrella, to indicate the majesty of the god. In Morocco it is also the distinguishing sign of sovereignty.

In the churches that were built by the early Christians, or those rebuilt on the foundations of such churches (called basilicas), a large umbrella is generally suspended; and it is said that the cardinal, who may take his title from them, asserts the privilege of having an umbrella held over him in all solemn processions.

"Umbrellas were first made of oiled silk, and when folded were not used as walking-sticks (as now-a-days), but had a ring at the top and a round handle, like a hearth-brush. They were generally carried under the arm, and often slung across the back; the ring served for hanging them up, and occasionally for carrying them."

During 1844 there was published in Paris a small book entitled "*Essai Historique, Anecdotique sur le Parapluie, l'Ombrelle, et la Canne, et sur leur Fabrication, par Rene—Marie—Casal; Fournisseur de L. S. M. La Reine des Français.*" But I regret to say that I have been unable to see this volume, which, I doubt not, contains many interesting and curious facts concerning the subject. In the "Memoirs of the reign of George II.," Horace Walpole, in narrating the punishment of Dr. Shebbeare, for a libel, in 1758, says:

"The man stood in the pillory, having a footman holding an umbrella to keep off the rain."

The same, or rather a continuation of the same case, is found in Burrow's Report as follows: "Proceedings in the Court of King's Bench against Arthur Beardmore, under-sheriff of Middlesex, for contempt of court in remitting part of the sentence on Dr. Shebbeare."

The affidavit produced by the Attorney-General stated: "That the defendant only stood *upon* the platform of the pillory, unconfined and at his

ease, attended by a *servant in livery* (which servant and livery were hired for this occasion only) holding an umbrella over his head all the time."

Mr. Justice Dennison, in pronouncing sentence on Beardmore, did not omit to allude to the umbrella.

Chambers' Cyclopædia says: "As a shade from the sun, the umbrella is of great antiquity. In the sculptures of Egypt, Nineveh, and Persepolis, it is frequently figured, closely resembling the chaise umbrella of the present day. In the East, however, its use seems to have been confined to royalty; but in Greece and Rome it was more extensive. The custom was probably continued in Italy from ancient times; but at the beginning of the seventeenth century the invention appears to have been little, if at all, known in England."

* * * They were at first all brought from abroad, chiefly from India, Spain, and France."

Gay, in his "Trivia," already quoted, again refers to the subject in this way:

"Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shade,
Safe through the wet in clinking pattens tread."

A lady, writing quite recently from Edinburgh, describes a novelty in the way of parasols; and I have no doubt that the reader will agree with me in the thought that it would have completely astounded the Londoners who first saw the umbrella (a large parasol) in the hand of Hanway. "It was made entirely of bright green silk, over which were laid peacock's feathers—the eye-feathers of the tail, one over the other—till the whole thing was a glowing mass of coloring. The fringe was the upper part of the feather in a double row, and the whole effect was gorgeous. The handle was carved work, tipped by a tiny peacock in gold and enamel, with gems (sapphires) for eyes. The price was seventy-five dollars; and it was as perishable as it was beautiful."

G. E. Patten.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

PRESIDENT-MAKING.

THE "off years in politics" are gone; this is an *in* year, and the party whips begin to give crispness to the political atmosphere. "Please make haste, gentlemen, you are wanted in your seats." If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, it will soon be folly to use them. A presidential campaign is a discussion with sticks; nobody reasons, everybody lies as hard as ever he can, and the forces are in the nature of clubs. When the war opens, it is presumed that recruiting is over for this time, that the facts of the case and the rhetoric of the statesmen have adjusted voters to their places in opposing ranks. Nothing remains but to see who can make the most noise and demolish the most character.

Ordinarily, the recruiting would go on until the close of the session of Congress, and that would occur in July. But that immense statesman, Mr. Morton, has conceived a plan for abbreviating the agony of himself and his friends by the whole space of sixty days. Congress will, therefore, we suppose, adjourn on the 20th of May, all schoolmasters will be at once mustered out of service, and the drill sergeants will be armed with gads of unusual length and withness. If one has a word to say of the merits of the case, he must speak quick or be too late to be heard.

The most striking fact in the situation is the absence of any real political issue in the programme of the majority. "It is not safe to trust those fellows; we are the people, and wisdom will die with us," is about all that can be collected from speeches in Congress and leaders in Administration journals. Next in order of importance is the open war made by the Administration upon the Republican party of 1860. The men whose courage, eloquence, and statesmanship furnished the party with the means of its earliest victory, are, with few exceptions, obnoxious to the President, and are

regularly belashed through the columns of his organs; while the party is led by men who first perceived the goodness of the cause when it achieved success, or men always distrusted by the people, supported by a few timid souls deterred by dread of change in political associations from plain political speaking. In short, there are two Republican parties.

The cause of this separation is ostensibly personal. The President has followed most of his predecessors in making his term of office secure his re-election. A man with thirty thousand places in his gift must be a fool if he cannot with them buy the majority of both houses of Congress. "The best civil service in the world," and the multiplication of offices during the war, have brought us to this pass. If there are men in the dominant party who cannot be bought and who cannot approve a San Domingo blunder, it is only necessary to upbraid them with personal "cantankerousness." Several thousand journals in the pay of the Government—in ways that are dark, and through tricks that are vain—will repeat the cry until people believe it. Let no man dare be eminent or wise; we have changed all that. The test is party loyalty; and that means favoring the re-election of the President. On no question have Sumner, Trumbull, Schurz, and their fellow exiles from favor, parted company with the Republican masses. They opposed San Domingo annexation, and it is dead. They favored investigating New York Murphyism, and an investigation was ordered, when the voice of the country thundered a protest against the policy of the Administration. On other issues, the Administration has been forced by public opinion to adopt the policy of the "soreheads"—as they are gracefully styled—and to claim an honest purpose to effect precisely the reforms for the advocacy of which the old leaders have been mercilessly abused. To honest

minds it must be perfectly clear when such facts are considered, that only personal reasons occasion the bitter hostility of the Administration. The whole business tells us plainly that our political life has descended to a lower plane; and that the new and vast enginery of centralization, put into operation since the war, has given power to the ring that controls the vast treasures of the nation to crush the most conspicuous merits and maintain its own ascendancy, until the people awake to a sense of the political duties of an emergency.

The renomination of President Grant and his re-election are foregone conclusions. Who can wage war with thirty thousand placemen and the treasury of the United States? Nevertheless, there are strong reasons for encouraging a vigorous, manly, and rational opposition. The lines for future political parties must be drawn, and the party of the future must lay its foundations and gather its adherents.

It need not be proved that no political principles are put forward by the Administration. The creed of the Republican party as it was is universally accepted. Its ideas have become fundamental law; and this Administration has not been asked to do a day's work in this field. The South remains much as the war left it: prostrated by a long struggle, covered with desolate places, and inhabited by some millions of new citizens without political education. The several evils under which the South groans are subjects for the medicine of time and forgetfulness. No stroke of statesmanship can remove the difficulties or soothe the passions that must play until sleep falls upon a generation. Amnesty will, of course, be granted; the Republican party, so-called, will not leave that for an issue.

The Administration has not put itself into formal language on the questions really before the country; and yet so far as its acts can determine, it has taken its place. The creed of this section of the Republican party is substantially the following:

1. A strong government; that is, centralization.
2. Protection to Home Industry; that is, taxation for the benefit of rich men.
3. The use of political power to promote party ascendancy; that is, Snappism.

4. The control of the judiciary by political manipulation; that is, if the Court decides wrong, add members who will make it decide right.

5. Increase of centralizing agencies; such as Postal—Telegraph, Savings Banks, etc.

Few readers will fail to see how and when the party in power made its record on these points. It may be needful to remind some, that the same week that witnessed the inauguration of the so-called Civil Service Reform at Washington, saw one set of Custom-House officers organizing a Legislature at Albany, and another breaking up one at New Orleans. Whoever believes these principles to be wholesome should support the Administration; whoever denies their soundness ought to find himself another place—if it be only to keep silence on election day. To draw plain party lines is to render it easy for people to keep in their places; to be all things to all men may sometimes serve their salvation, but it cannot come to good in politics. It is to organize hypocrisy into a science, and to fill the land with moral rotteness.

Questions about persons are easily settled when principles are at stake. Horace Greeley will joyfully support President Grant upon a Protective platform, while he will support him languidly on any other.

What ground is there left for an opposition?

1. Strict construction of the Constitution and the maintenance of the legitimate authority of the State governments.

2. The thorough reform of our revenue laws, so as to establish in practice the doctrine that duties shall be levied only for revenue.

3. The independence of the Judiciary.

4. A real Civil Service reform, which shall make it the pride of a citizen to serve his country well; of a Member of Congress to do that which the people elect him to do—make laws.

If the lines are drawn on these issues, we shall all know what to do with our votes. If two conventions, equally national, were to take up these antagonistic positions, we should all be ready to vote in thirty days. President Grant would be chosen for a second term; but the opposition would probably choose his successor.

Both the old parties are dead. The Republican survives in name, as the Democratic long did after the death of its old enemy, the Whig party. The gentlemen who are in power propose to retain the old designation, imitating in this the Democrats of 1860. A mighty stir has been caused by a proposal that the Democrats shall now at last imitate the Whigs of 1856-60, by a passive policy. What they may do is perhaps still open to conjecture; but no course could be more consistent with political decencies or more harmonious with the precedents of our political history. The Whigs of 1856 found some of their ideas in the Republican party, and wisely left others to future adjustment. So the Democrats of 1872 will find in the party to be formed at Cincinnati some of their oldest and best approved doctrines. The new party will be a new instauration of the best parts of Jeffersonian democracy.

The Reform party will, if it come to form, be a reconstruction of the Democratic party as it was before the rise of the Sla-

very question, reinforced by new ideas won from more recent history.

But what if the Cincinnati meeting shall justify the prophecies of its foes, and construct its utterances so as to disguise the real issues, and to gather in the malcontents from all quarters? What if Democrats are asked to resign leadership in the sole interest of victory? What if we are given only the MAN of Philadelphia and the MAN of Cincinnati;—no real basis of ideas being laid down for our election? Then sensible men, who share the views of the supposed opposition, will stay at home on election day and let the fools bruise each other to mutual satisfaction. A political party that contains Horace Greeley and David A. Wells will be about the most unwholesome organization ever formed in this country: it is not enough that these men are personally above suspicion; their union in a new political party would impeach the motives of each; it would impeach the motives of an archangel.

D. H. Wheeler.

CHANGE OF CREED.

EVERY now and then the community is startled by the defection of some leader of public thought from his chosen creed. Men proudly pointed to by a party as exponents of its principles and examples of its superior formative influences, suddenly renounce those very tenets, deny their efficiency, and go over to the ranks of their opposers.

It is true that "the logic of events" sometimes carries individuals, and even parties, to practical conclusions from which they would once have recoiled with horror. Thus many of us became, almost in spite of ourselves, abolitionists and advocates of negro suffrage, and may yet, in the same way, incredible as it now seems to us, come to favor woman's suffrage. Such changes, however, are only the natural sequence of thought, and come not with observation. It

is the unlooked-for defections that attract attention,—conversions for which no cause is apparent to an inquisitive public.

When such changes take place in a man's political principles, he gets little credit for deep convictions of duty. Political proselytes are so rare, except when motives of aggrandizement or preferment are patent to the most casual observer, that they are usually looked upon with distrust by good men of all parties.

But for changes of religious faith there is more difficulty in assigning causes. It is an incidental proof of the general estimate put upon the purity and highmindedness of the clergy, that their changes of creed seldom subject them to suspicions of unworthy motives. In spite of sensational newspaper items in regard to "clerical rascals," "swindlers," etc., in spite of the Reverend

Chadbands of the fiction writers, and their occasional counterparts in real life, the public seems to be pretty thoroughly convinced of the general uprightness and integrity of the clergy. Though with good natured satire it notes the petty vanity of the popular preacher who courts the crowd with sensational sermons, or seeks notoriety by parading conscientious scruples; though it bars its arrow for the "Pharisee who loves greetings in the market and to be called of men Rabbi, Rabbi," it after all makes charitable allowance for the weakness of the flesh, and silently confesses the power of godliness in the very men whom it satirizes.

Hence it comes to pass that the community is stirred with profound interest, when a man of high position and commanding influence comes before his church with a solemn renunciation of its cherished doctrines. Forthwith, pulpit, press, and parlor begin to put forth speculations and advance theories respecting the probable causes of such an act. The conclusions arrived at are as varied as the prejudices and passions of the eager inquirers.

Whether the curiosity that pries into a man's motives for change of creed is essentially less vulgar than that which busies itself with his household economies, whether the public has any more business with the reckonings of his conscience than with the balancings of his ledger, may admit of argument. It is quite certain that plausible pretexts will be found for investigating both should opportunity offer.

It may be alleged, too, not without show of reason, that the clergy, in assuming the position of teachers and guides of mankind, are in a measure responsible to the public for the character of their teaching. If a minister maintained last year the doctrine of the unity of God, and this year teaches the trinity; if he now proclaims universal salvation, where before he threatened the wrath to come; if he now immerses, where he once sprinkled; or if he denies all outward baptism, and accepts, with the gentle Quaker, the inward cleansing of the Spirit; if the Churchman becomes a Sectarian, or the Anglican goes over to Rome; the public interest requires that he should "give a reason for the [new] faith that is in him."

The least that his former friends and allies can expect of the deserter of their cause is an explanation, a frank statement. He owes it to them to assign just cause for conduct so inexplicable. Has the long-time recipient of their favors a right to quit their patronage?

These attempts at an understanding result, as "explanations" usually do, in greater mystification and misunderstanding, if not in harsh recriminations. No man, however delicately and tenderly he may do it, can give the true reasons for breaking the ties that bind him to friend or church, without speaking unpleasant truths and uttering words that will rankle, perhaps long after they are forgotten by the speaker. But these so-called explanations are not confined to the persons principally interested. Every statement of the convert is caught up by the advocates of the cause he espouses, and used as a fresh proof-text in support of its peculiar doctrines. The history of the Church is ransacked for other shining names to precede his in the long roll of proselytes to which, fortunately for its denominational pride, almost every sect can point. The divisions and dissensions of the Church which he has quitted are freely commented on; the inconsistencies and unscripturalness, not to say the dangerous and infidel tendencies, of its doctrines are fully set forth, and confident predictions are hazarded of its speedy and disgraceful dissolution.

Religious dogmas at once find a prominent place among the topics of the time. Be the convert to Romanism, and you shall hear the horrors of the inquisition, the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary, the crafty wiles of Jesuitism, rehearsed from thousands of pulpits, and trumpeted by the Protestant religious, and even the secular, press, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, while the Catholic organs swell high Te Deums over the fresh triumphs of Holy Church and the Blessed Mother of God. Does a Huntington assume the gown and bands, or an Ellis adopt a liturgy, the fact is chronicled among the items of every "Church paper" in the country, as highly significant, and as pointing unmistakably to a not distant future when all worshipping assemblies will, if they do not recognize the

apostolic succession, at least regulate their devotions by the Book of Common Prayer. On the contrary, does a Tyng or a Cheney vary from the prescribed forms but a hair's breadth, and all the "Puritan Recorders" and "Zion's Heralds" hail it as a harbinger of the simplicity of Gospel order. Does a Collyer step from Methodism to Unitarianism, pæans of praise arise at this bold pioneer movement in the direction whither it is fondly believed the whole advancing host of the faithful church militant will speedily follow.

So the wheel turns around. Now it is orthodoxy that is losing its hold upon the people; now it is liberalism that is dying of its own dissensions; now it is close communion that offends the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and now infant baptism that infringes upon the natural rights of the child and puts him in a false position; now it is crosses and candles that corrupt simplicity, and now blank, bare walls that chill devotion. Change and interchange — the process goes on like the perpetual oscillations of the earth on which we tread, sea and land sinking and rising, continent and island shifting around and giving place to ocean and gulf, yet ever keeping the relative proportions in the main unchanged.

The Luthers and Husses and Wycliffes have not uprooted Romanism, or the Cromwells and Miltons and Mathers, Anglicism, or the Wesleys, Calvinism, or the Backuses and Judsons, Pedo-baptism, or the Spurgeons, Close communion, or the Huntingtons and Osgoods and Hepworths, Unitarianism, or Mr. Edward Towne, Orthodoxy.

There is a tendency in the churches, not only to overestimate the *prestige* conferred upon a denomination by a religious proselyte, but also to overrate the man himself. Thus, some men of moderate ability and respectable reputation in their own sect, have, by a transfer to the opposing party, suddenly reached a height of fame utterly unlooked-for by themselves, and quite astonishing to the friends of their first love. It is not improbable that some humble Christians have experienced sore smittings of conscience, and had strong wrestlings with spiritual pride, at seeing themselves thus thrust into places above men naturally

their superiors and better qualified by wisdom and experience to be leaders in Israel. It may be possible, too, that some modest and sensitive spirits are deterred by this very dread of religious lionizing from giving utterance to their honest convictions. The crown of the modern martyr and the *clat* of a new fellowship would be to these insupportable.

The same (shall we call it morbid?) conscientiousness that holds back some men from confession of a new faith, goads on others of a different cast of mind to bring prematurely to light their struggling convictions and give them a local habitation and a name. These fledglings of orthodoxy or liberalism (as the case may be) might have gone on for years developing before the very eyes of the congregation, wholly unsuspected as of alien birth, had not the scruples of the pastor compelled him to confess their parentage and affiliations. The hated name once spoken, and the magnitude of the heresy excites instant alarm. Forthwith the unfortunate truth-teller finds himself thrust out with his embryonic creed, an object of distrust to zealous of both parties.

Then again a certain happy blindness, a childlike unsuspectingness, the exact opposite of the sensitive introspection and craving for approval just described, sometimes leaves a man alone and out of sympathy in the house of his friends. Too much engrossed with Christian activities to be very attentive to the technicalities of the creeds, clinging almost instinctively to the tenets of the fathers, and scarcely heeding the winds of doctrine that modern philosophers and scientists have set a-blowing, the good man, in some crisis of his spiritual career, casting about for a friendly arm to lean upon, is astonished to find himself almost alone among his brethren. "New men, strange faces, other minds." He scarcely knows whether this great change is in himself or in his brethren.

There are, if we mistake not, insensible changes of creed constantly going on in all our churches. How can it be otherwise? Vitality implies growth, and growth is change. Larger experience, broader culture, and above all, practical Christian work with men of differing faiths, must modify

the beliefs of a man, unless he be one of those happy mortals who, as Charles Lamb phrases it, "have no falterings of self-suspicion," who "be they orthodox, have no doubts, be they infidel, have none either."

Upon closer acquaintance each representative of opposing sects finds his brother's heart life "better" (both agree in the term) than his intellectual creed. However contrary to our methods of reasoning and contradictory to our notions of what ought to be, it is nevertheless true that "Christian experience," the inner life of the soul, is pretty much the same, with whatever creed it be joined. In the pious meditations of Fenelon or Jeremy Taylor, in the self-abnegation of Madame Guyon or Mary Ware, in the hymns of Luther, the allegories of Bunyan, the fervors of Wesley, or the inner quiet and stillness of John Woolman, we find, as saith the Scripture, though a difference of "administration," "the same Spirit."

So, as we have before said, the more the churches are brought together in common Christian labor, as in the Christian and Sanitary work of the late War, or in the Relief work and Christian Unions of our cities, the more do they assimilate in habits of thought. If they make no changes in their own creed, they at least come to view their neighbor's creed more charitably. The liberal Puritan loses his horror of stained glass and Christmas wreaths, the liberal Churchman can "tolerate" a prayer without a book and a "chapel" without an altar, the liberal Trinitarian finds to his amazement that the name of Christ is not held in contempt by all Unitarians, and the liberal Unitarian discovers that good morals are accounted of some worth by those who preach "faith without works," the Old School Presbyterian grasps the New School by the hand, and the divorced are once more united.

Shall we thence infer the worthlessness of creeds, the folly of changing them, the impossibility of fixing them? As well infer from the same varieties and modifications of opinions in regard to the sciences of medicine, politics, æsthetics, etc., the uselessness of systems and standards, the folly of forming judgments or opinions concerning them. Shall I, because there

happen to be Allopathists, Homœopathists, Hydropathists, and other pathists, decline all faith in the science of medicine, and refuse to select any one of these systems as my rule of practice?

We may, from the fact that men of equal learning and piety, and professing to be actuated by the purest motives, have arrived at different conclusions in regard to various matters of Christian faith and practice, gain a hint to hold our own views with modesty and charity. We may even suspect the possibility of the existence of heights of observation to which we have not yet climbed, or depths of experience that we have not fathomed, and bear in mind that for finite minds new heights and depths and lengths and breadths of infinite truth will stretch upward and onward and outward through all the eternities.

It would be more creditable to our Christianity if those changes of creed to which the clergy of various faiths feel from time to time impelled, were received with a little less exultation by the gaining party, and a little less reproachful criticism by the losing.

Resorting to the columns of secular newspapers to utter personalities in regard to brother clergymen, or even to set forth the tenets of one's own church is, to say nothing of good taste, neither conducive to charity nor promotive of a more general diffusion of really Christian knowledge. The minister who helps his people most effectually in Christian thinking and living, who "allures to brighter worlds and leads the way," is not as a rule he who meddles much with personalities. If we would analyze the workings of our own minds, and study the springs of our action, we should perhaps find that the sermons which have done us the most good are not those which we have heard in regard to Mr. Hepworth's change of creed, Fisk's career, or Tweed's disgrace. We grant that it is the province of the minister to hold up examples of warning, and point to the retribution that follows evil doing. Still, the principle is the same. Sensational sermons are not the sincere milk of the Word, and do not satisfy the hungry soul.

Changes of creed, except among the clergy, attract little attention now compared with that awakened by them in the good

old times of our ancestors. Differences of faith that would have arrayed in deadly hostility the kindred whose names we trace in the Records of our family Bible, now scarcely ruffle the domestic life of their descendants. The time has gone by when the parent disowns the child that dares question the creed of his ancestors, and when the wife must choose between her husband and the God of her conscience. Is this growing indifference to creeds the offspring of religious apathy, or the child of a

wiser charity? Which is better, the old way or the new?

"I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then;
His force of love is still unspent,
His hate of sin as imminent;
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds.
* * * * *
Still struggles in the Age's breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He?
Or look we for the Christ to be?'"

Sarah L. Bailey.

GREATER BRITAIN.*

NO one seems to us to divine more truly than Dilke the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Not often has John Bull shown such generous appreciation of his American younger brothers and their ocean-bound heritage in the West.

It is hard to forget such sentences as these: "In all history there is nothing stranger than the narrowness that has led us to see in Canada a piece of England, and in America a hostile country. For purposes of commerce and civilization, America is a truer colony of England than is Canada. There is perfect beauty, wondrous fertility in the lonely steppe [western prairie]. No patriotism, no love of home, can prevent the traveller wishing here to end his days. It is to this continent [of America] that you must come to find the Englishman in the full possession of his powers. When English rural laborers commence to realize the misery of their position, they will find not only America, but Australia also, open to them as a refuge and future home."

In these utterances we hear the ring of an English voice, clear of all insular prejudices. We also hail Dilke as the apostle in our Mother Country of many American ideas. He has followed Lord Bacon's advice, that a traveller prick in some flowers

of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country. Hence his clarion voice thunders in Tory ears truths long unheard, concerning disestablishment alike of Church, Royalty, and Peerage. Yet we are pained to see in his whole-souled work many inaccuracies, unavoidable perhaps, considering the rapidity of his journey, but which we would be glad to find corrected in future editions.

Dilke says (Vol. I., p. 204): "The capital of Nebraska has been fixed at a place two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest settlement." The truth is, that a radius of two hundred and fifty miles from the point fixed on as the capital of Nebraska, would include the capitals of the States of Iowa and Kansas, as well as that of the Territory of Dakota, with nearly half of the State of Missouri, a region inhabited by no less than a million people on the day when the site of the Nebraskan capital was decided on. That capital is only fifty-five miles from Omaha and Nebraska City.

Its site was fixed August 14th, 1867, and on that day there was no spot in the State of Nebraska so much as "two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest settlement." It was fixed within five and thirty miles of the Union Pacific Railroad, which, before the close of that year, had been finished five hundred miles westward of the Nebraskan capital.

*GREATER BRITAIN: A Record of Travel in English Speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dilke's object was to show that the location of the Nebraskan capital was ill-chosen. But the logic of events proves it to have been well-chosen. That place has already become a railroad centre, having three lines completed, to Omaha, Plattsmouth, and Nebraska City, all on the Missouri River, a fourth line running a hundred miles west, and a fifth connecting it with the south of the State.

Moreover, Lincoln, the Nebraskan capital, stands in the gulf stream of migration westward. This appears, because 22,151 homesteaders and preëmtors, each of them representing a family, if not actual yet prospective, and hoped-for in the near future, have filed claims to farms at its government land office; while thirteen hundred more actual settlers have lately bought lands in the same capital, of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company.

The land where Lincoln is built was given gratis to the State, to be used as the site of its seat of government. Of that land, eight hundred acres were sold by the State for about four hundred thousand dollars, and in 1871 were assessed for taxation at five hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars—a conventional valuation, less than one-third of their real worth at present.

Sir Charles Dilke left the United States well nigh a year before the location of the capital of Nebraska was fixed. It is hence a curious inquiry where he obtained his information on this subject. Could it have been from the *extravaganzas* of editors who advocated the claims of rival sites?

Again, Dilke remarks (Vol. I., p. 204): "A newspaper appeared suddenly, dated from 'Lincoln City, centre of Nebraska Territory,' but published in reality in Omaha."

But Nebraska had been a State for more than half a year before Lincoln became the capital, or even received its name. How unlikely it is that a State should be called a *Territory*, and that in a paper published in its principal city! The paper which appeared suddenly after Lincoln became the capital, as I am informed by a man who had to do with it from the very first, was never once either printed or published in *Omaha*. The first number of it was printed

in Nebraska City, but all succeeding numbers were printed in Lincoln itself. There is a file of that paper before me, and its first number is so unlike all the others, that it evidently issued from a different press.

Again, Mr. Dilke greatly underrated the munificence of our Homestead Bill. What manner of boon did he think it? He says (Vol. I., p. 202) that it "allows an occupant, when he has tilled land for five years, to purchase it at one and a quarter dollars an acre." Were this price really charged under the Homestead Bill, all land hunters would have said to the Congress that passed it, "Thank you for nothing." It is more than fifty years since one dollar and a quarter became the standard price of government lands, and besides, as many acres have been sold at this price to non-residents as to occupants. But the Homestead Bill is ten times as generous as Dilke. It charges the settler, at the highest, only twenty-two dollars for one hundred and sixty acres; but usually so much less that homesteads are commonly styled "fourteen dollar farms." Seven pence, then, are not so much less than five shillings, as the real price of a homestead acre falls below what Dilke had imagined it to be.

How true it is that the hand and head cannot say to the foot, We have no need of thee! In the matter of homesteads the parliamentarian might have learned a lesson from the most ignorant of his countrymen he saw on homesteads as he crossed the continent. There must have been some among them even unable to write, yet who, before they turned their backs on Great Britain, had ascertained to a penny how cheaply they could become landlords in our *Greater Britain*.

One would hope that the first page of "Greater Britain" does not strike its key-note, for we there read, "Governor Winthrop fixed the site of Plymouth, Massachusetts." In truth, the site of Plymouth was fixed ten years before Governor Winthrop landed in America. And he never had any more jurisdiction over it than over Montreal. Nor was Plymouth in Massachusetts at all till seventy-two years after its site was fixed.

Dilke speaks of Salt Lake as "*sinking*

year by year" (Vol. I., p. 156). But I was told on the banks by old residents, that farms which they used to till are now always under water; and I learned from Clarence King, the United States officer who had just surveyed it, that Salt Lake has risen twelve feet since twenty years ago, and now covered six hundred square miles more than it then did.

Milwaukee is declared in "Greater Britain" "Norwegiantown," and Chicago "Canadian" (Vol. I., p. 215). But of 18,478 families relieved since the Chicago fire, only *ninety* are Canadian; and of 71,440 inhabitants of Milwaukee, only about 4,000 are Norwegians. Moreover, among more than a million people in the entire State of which Milwaukee is the metropolis, only 40,046 were born in Norway. Besides, of the sixty churches and upwards in Milwaukee, only two, and those among the smallest, are Norwegian. Yet Dilke says: "Milwaukee is a Norwegian town. The houses are narrow and high, the windows are many, with circular tops, ornamented in wood or dark-brown stone, and a heavy wooden cornice crowns the front. The churches have the wooden bulb and spire which are characteristic of the Scandinavian public buildings." He walked through the city of bricks, then, and never saw one of its world-famous *bricks*. He must be twin brother of him who could not see the forest for the trees.

Dilke pronounces the dome of the national Capitol *marble* (Vol. I., p. 32). Every American ought to thank him for this mistake, since that dome is in fact nothing more than *cast-iron*.

But no statement is more astounding than that "on the American [trans-continental railroad] line, there is little coal, if any." In fact, the coal belt on that line is five hundred miles broad. It has given name to two stations—Coalville and Carbon; enough has already been mined, not only to feed the railroad machines, which are all coal-burners, but to supply the needs of all the non-wooded region between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean.

One or two cases of chronological *hysteron proteron* are noticeable, where Mr. Dilke, as Hudibras has it,

"Makes former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after."

Thus, he says that Governor Gilpin, "*after* taking an active share in the foundation of Kansas, commanded cavalry in the Mexican War." (Vol. I., p. 98.) The Mexican War ended in 1848, and Kansas was not founded, even as a Territory, until 1854. Such a muddle makes one think of the answer, when it was asked whether Captain Cook was killed on his first or second voyage, which was, that it was on his first voyage, but that he immediately started on his second.

By a similar anachronism, his travelling companion, Dixon, is said to have had a county named after him in Nebraska (Vol. I., p. 115). But according to official documents, Dixon County in that State had been so named for eight years already when Messrs. Dilke and Dixon first saw the Missouri.

I doubt whether authority can be found for such statements as that, while Dilke was in Leavenworth, a man was hanged by a Vigilance Committee in Council Bluffs (Vol. I., p. 205); or that it was *Connecticut* which defeated King Philip (Vol. I., p. 108); or that the Unitarians are very strong in Chicago (Vol. I., p. 265). They have only four churches there, among hundreds, and in a population of 300,000.

But I am half ashamed of these meusing criticisms, for such lapses as I have commented on are only spots on the sun. Many men have been better linguists than Shakespeare, so well. In like manner, many British travellers have gained more precise knowledge of multitudinous facts regarding America than Dilke has gained, but no one of that legion has more fully understood or more genially appreciated or more willingly commended that American Union which already contains more English speaking people than any other section of Greater Britain, and which he holds will in sixty years from 1868 be filled with two hundred and fifty millions of Englishmen. Meantime, we bid him Godspeed in his crusade for Americanizing England in the matter of king, lords, and church. A quarter of a century after his first earth-embracing tour, may he again circle the globe, and, at every step, behold his bright prophecies concerning Greater Britain fulfilled!

James D. Butler.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HIS CHURCH.

I HAD never seen Henry Ward Beecher and his Church, so I thought that I must go and have a look at them. A crowd of church-goers—the men in clean shiny collars, shiny gold-studded shirt-fronts, shiny gold-buttoned wristbands, shiny hats and boots, and speckless cloth; the women in very light-colored and very festive attire, with plenty of jewelry and other embellishments, as a rule—soon filled every inch of sitting and standing room in the car; and as we glided on towards Fulton Ferry, I began to think that the New Yorkers were getting to be better church-goers than of old. I found out where they were all going, when, after crossing the ferry in company with another crowd which they found there, they all streamed up the street towards Beecher's Church. After a brisk walk to get ahead of this one, I found three other larger crowds besieging the three front entrances to the church, and the vestibule still more densely thronged with struggling people. Finding myself unpleasantly pushed about by those who were trying to get seats in the body of the house, I gave up the idea of sitting there, and turned towards a staircase near me, up which people were going, but in fewer numbers; and by making use of a certain mysterious "open sesame," which I am not going to divulge to any inquisitive reader, I induced an attentive usher, whom I found there, to pass me into a gallery seat, directly in front of the reading desk. As soon as I had settled myself and taken breath, I looked around me. I could not see a vacant space in the whole building. Above and below, a vast crowd were seated as compactly as possible. A group choked up each of the four doors, of which two are placed at each end of the gallery; and below me I saw these gatherings duplicated at the doors opening on each side of the reading desk, whilst stretching far inside was a vista of heads and upturned faces. And on the floor and on the steps of the platform on which is the reading desk, a number of persons were seated. This throng was repeated at the main entrance of the church in still larger proportions.

Looking at the arrangement of the front seats below, I thought of the pit of a theatre. The seats farther back, under the gallery, made one think of the stalls in some of the Paris theatres; while the tiers of seats rising above each other, in the upper part of the building, were like the upper rows of boxes in an opera house. Then the speaker's platform below carried out the delusion, being a miniature stage with a carved wood desk and an arm chair as "property." From it the speaker can be seen to much better advantage than on the stages of many popular theatres; and the arrangement altogether is excellent. So are the arrangements for lighting the building. They could not be better. The general effect is that of a fine concert chamber, which is favorable. The church is, however, saved from being given over entirely to this effect, by the studied plainness of its finish and a judicious chasteness of decoration. Plain white wood-work, surmounted by the rim of red velvet which cushions the top of the gallery front, runs around it as a sort of wainscoting. The walls are of a pearlsh tint. The reading platform seems covered with green moss; and the dark, heavy, carved front of the organ looms up in the face of the church, being the only bit of dark coloring about the inside of it.

A rustic stand of lovely fresh red and white flowers, nestled amid their own green leaves, was placed on one side of the reading desk. Flowers are the Sabbath thoughts of Nature—therefore the most fitting adornments of the Sabbath house of God.

I thought that there was much less constraint visible in this monster assemblage than one finds in ordinary large churches. The feeling that usually obtains among church-goers—among the women especially—is that during the service the eye of man, as well as of God, is constantly and critically upon them. So one dares not lose one's self for a moment, even in prayer, nor for a moment forget one's surroundings! There is less of this in a very large crowd, where all personalities are more or less levelled down; and less of it at the Plymouth Street Church than in any other that I have ever been in.

While I was turning this matter over in my mind, I became suddenly aware that the minister had entered and was seated in the arm chair before his desk. I had seen only one indifferent picture of him in some years, but there was a something in the free, strong setting back of the fearless head on the independent-looking shoulders, by which I recognized him at once, and which I can only describe as the Beecher look. The face seems to come on you fresh from the free, healthy winds that have been blowing over it, and that the man has been wrestling with; and it is likewise a free, healthy face, indicative of all sorts of soundness and of vital out-come, and with but few traces of nervous suffering upon it. I think I have never seen a countenance and a figure more expressive of that rare blending of physical and mental wholesomeness which go to make Mr. Beecher's individuality so incisive, joined as it is to a certain sturdiness — an old-fashioned sturdiness — which peeps out all over him, from the tip of his combative nose down to his active feet. Without ever having seen him walk, I should fancy that he went along at a half trot, half stride.

This sturdy, wholesome energy, and strong motive power, give his every word, when he wills it, a magnetic ring, and his every gesture a magnetic thrill, which draws his audience irresistibly into rapport with him. I thought, as I looked at him, of a blending of an old Plymouth farmer and an old Plymouth minister — all the stoutness and homeliness of the one, without his commonness; and all the stern intentness of the other, without his narrowness. In the stead of these, a free fearlessness of mind which questions the universe; and a soul so unspoiled as to be able to rightly interpret its replies. And he has another new element in which his blended prototypes were deficient: a sanguine, alert hopefulness, born of harmony between his mental and physical nature.

I saw only the latent power, till he got the kernel of his subject well out of its husk; but he raises his voice as he goes on, and you have a chance of appreciating his forcible and fascinating, but perfectly natural, style of gesture. He just reaches without overstepping the boundary where the

oratorical merges into the theatrical. In point of gesture, his manner is the best I have seen out of South Italy, where the people excel in natural and expressive pantomime. Mr. Beecher's popularity depends partly on his superiority in this off-set to eloquence of voice. Physical elasticity, a mental glow, and a perfect command of the nervous forces, are necessary to graceful and eloquent gesticulation; and without appropriate and agreeable gestures, a public speaker loses half his hold upon a crowd. It is a painful ordeal, which spoils the hearing of the best conceived speech in the world, to see a man making little, peevish, contracted, or spiteful motions with his limbs and body, or jerking himself about in a spasmodic manner, or indulging in lifeless, monotonous flourishes, while he is talking of great things. And nowhere do we see this oftener than in our own country.

About Mr. Beecher there is no feverish excitement, no impatient essays at working up a subject. * * Just here I began to feel as if I were seated under a receiver from which all the air had been exhausted. My head was heavy and my breathing stifled. I looked around, and saw that of the ranges of windows on either side of the church, some had the upper sashes drawn down about a foot, and that the entrance doors were open though choked up by the crowd. And this was all the inlet afforded to the outer air for the lungs of three thousand people and more, in October! I felt seriously inclined to strike for oxygen, but that Mr. Beecher held me as the Ancient Mariner did the Wedding Guest. I have an old quarrel with churches and sextons on this same subject of ventilation. I had ceased to look for any improvement elsewhere, but here, where so many innovations founded on common sense had been introduced, I did expect to find the laws of hygiene more closely consulted. It is horrible to convert God's audience chamber into a torture room — for such you make it when you pack three thousand persons closely together, and only allow them fresh air enough for one hundred. And then people cannot think why they feel so badly in church. They reproach themselves for their dulness and drowsiness, and imagine that they are wicked when they are only

asphyxiated! The injury resulting to the health of delicate persons in this way is often serious.

I have no doubt some people will be greatly shocked to know that my mind was indulging in all these rambling reflections—these profane vagaries—during sermon time. But I went to study Mr. Beecher, his church, and his surroundings, and not to take notes of his sermon; and towards the end of the service, my thoughts wandered away again to a material subject.

Now, thought I, if on some day or night when this church is crowded as it is now, there should arise a cry of fire within these walls, what would happen? There are three doors—not wide in proportion to the size of the building—which constitute the only outlets for all practical purposes. I suppose there are other outlets in the rear of the building, but these are not the ones towards which a panic-stricken crowd would certainly rush. No, the front entrances would suggest themselves simultaneously to the minds of all but the *habitués* of the church. Think of the dense throng in the gallery choking up the four narrow doors that open out upon the staircases—crowding headlong upon each other down the stairs, and swelling and damming up the living, struggling stream pouring out of the main body of the church below, into the narrow vestibule at the entrance! Imagine this impatient crowd dividing itself into three currents, setting

towards those three narrow outlets, their sole means of bodily salvation, and over a thousand people to be disgorged through each of them in the shortest possible space of time, and their outgoing impeded by the throng around the doors! You need not tell me that a fire seldom happens in a church. That is not at all to the point. A false alarm of fire may be raised at any moment, in any public building; and in such a case as this, the panic would be likely to do as much mischief as the reality,—as in the Manchester mishap in 1868, where a hundred persons were crushed or trodden to death in the confusion induced by a false cry of fire, in a building where the means of egress were insufficient; but no more insufficient in proportion to the number of people than those provided by the Plymouth Street Church.

I had time to think over all this while waiting for the crowd before me to thin somewhat. And even in going out with all the rapidity consistent with decorum, it took a long time to empty the house. If the three main doors were arranged so that the whole front of the church could be thrown open at a moment's notice, the provisions for such an emergency as I have spoken of would not be at all too bountiful.

But we can hear only one Beecher. Therefore, in defiance of bad air and of insufficient means of egress, people will continue to crowd to hear him.

Howard Glyndon.

THE "LADIES' CAR" HUMBUG.

THAT ancient and venerable abomination yclept the "Ladies' Car" has not yet entirely passed out of existence. There are still a few railroad managements so far behind the rest of mankind in the march of progress, as not to have yet discovered that an institution, established from the seeming necessity of the rough war-times, not only has accomplished its mission, but was, even in its inception, based upon a false principle, and opposed to every truth of human nature. To be sure, at a

time when every train was more or less sprinkled with soldiers *en route* to or from their regiments, among almost every squad of whom there were, unfortunately, some black sheep who *would* drink whiskey at every stopping-place, and, in consequence, between stations offend noses polite with the fumes of vile liquor and worse tobacco, and ears polite with language not the choicest, to assign a special car to ladies and their escorts, and turn a key between these noses and ears polite and their offenders,

seemed the most obvious remedy for such evils. Yet the result by no means justified the expectation. For the fact seemed forgotten that there are boors among civilians as well as among soldiers, and that these boors, whether civil or military, if only accompanied by their Samantha Janes, must necessarily be admitted to the "Ladies' Car," where they were quite as likely by their uncouth manners to prove offensive to the refined as the unattended soldier in a car where ladies were mingled among the passengers; and that this class, proportionately as often as any other, travel in company with their wives, daughters, and sisters. Moreover, tobacco - chewers and whiskey-drinkers as often travel in female company as non-consumers of those commodities.

The fact is, the presence of woman is a humanizer. In her absence, men are prone to neglect those amenities of social intercourse, those little niceties of demeanor, which her presence enjoins, and, particularly in travel, where each is expected to look out for number one, to become coarse, careless, and unmindful of the tastes and comfort of others. A promiscuous assemblage of males is proverbially unclean, and it is only the presence of the other sex, softening and restraining the brute instincts of mankind, that renders our passenger cars endurable. This influence is felt to a certain extent, by even the lowest and most abandoned; rowdies and roughs, however depraved, are affected by a certain feeling of shame at unseemly behavior in the presence of ladies. Hence the result of excluding those without female company from the ladies' car was, as might have been expect-

ed, to reduce all the other cars of the train to a condition little better than that of a respectable pig-sty; while the condition of the ladies' car itself was in no whit improved thereby, nor rendered any more respectable than that of all the cars—if we except only the smoking car—in a train where the exclusion did not prevail. In a word, on the exclusive system there is but one ladies' car in the train, and all the rest are *pens*; on the non-exclusive system *all* the cars, except the smoking car, are ladies' cars.

Again, such a system is a rank injustice to a large class of cultivated and refined travellers, whose greatest misfortune is in being compelled to travel minus a female appendage. Excluded from the only decent car, they are forced to ride in a carriage filthy and offensive in the extreme, in an atmosphere reeking with nauseating odors, while the veriest drab, or the most brutal rough who chances to be accompanied by his mate, enjoys all the comfort and cleanliness which he may perhaps not be capable of appreciating, and of which his betters are deprived. For in this democratic land, the line cannot be drawn between the cultivated and the boor—the clean and the unclean—but only upon the basis of sex. The "Ladies' Car" was a mistaken idea, as well in the war times as in these days of peace. It is a relic of barbarism which has nearly died out, from its own inconsistency with the ordinary principles of humanity; and we trust the day is not far distant when every vestige of it will have disappeared.

Egbert Phelps.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

AT LAST: A Christmas in the West Indies.

By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

It is a standing joke in certain English circles, that no human being can ever hope to be quite as wise as Lord Malmesbury looks to be. But whether this saying is psychologically and physiologically applicable or not, it is certain that many people who look much less wise are far better versed in English grammar than his lordship. The despatches which he indited while British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, displayed a wisdom so obscured by bad grammar and faulty syntax that the unlettered public was often no less puzzled than amused by them. At the same time, it may perhaps be urged in extenuation that this shortcoming has always been a hereditary family failing with the Tory politicians of England. All the examples which Cobbett cites in his "Grammar for the People" to show what errors should be avoided by the learner, are exclusively culled from the Speeches from the Throne and other State papers inspired by Tory ministers, and he especially selects such among them as enjoy a classical reputation. Lord Malmesbury, it is true, bears no such reputation, even if there is no lack of Latin quotations in his speeches and the pamphlets published under his name. The didactic tone which he employs on public occasions to inculcate truths that none care to dispute, proves, however, how widely his own estimate of his intellectual capacities differs from that of the majority. Thus, in an address delivered by him the other day, before his county Agricultural Society, he set out with this truism: "Human nature is weak and subject to error"—an axiom which the champions of Infallibility alone will, perhaps, be inclined to controvert. Still, the conclusions which both parties draw from these premises are the same, though they reach them by different processes of reasoning. The Infallibilist says that, because the Pope is infallible, and all other men are liable to error, we should surrender our

reason, convictions, and independence to his authority. Lord Malmesbury says, or rather takes it for granted, that because all men are weak and subject to error, we should be led to the fountain of truth by one that is infallible, and that man is he. Here we have such a distinction without a difference, that there is hardly a choice between the Infallibilist and the lord. But the tenants and squires of the Agricultural Society no doubt listened with devout faith to the oracular utterances of their president. They no doubt as implicitly believed his assertion that the revolutionary godlessness of the times was altogether owing to the circumstance that people no longer read history. After denouncing those agitators who are now lifting their impious hands against the House of Peers, he therefore implored his hearers to read and study English history—in the Malmesbury sense, of course; for otherwise this human proneness to error might lead them to infer from history that a hereditary chamber has really outlived its usefulness.

But Lord Malmesbury's refreshing trust in history is, unfortunately, not shared by a man who was especially called and salaried to honor and popularize its study in England—the Rev. Charles Kingsley. By one of the many University reform acts which have become a stereotyped feature of British legislation since 1833, and which have at last grown to be so numerous that the desired reform is completely lost sight of, the University of Cambridge was compelled, sorely against the will of its Dons, to establish a chair for modern history. It is said that, to signify their disapproval of this interference and of the whole series of reform acts, the reverent and pious guardians of *Alma Mater* selected for their first professor an individual whom they knew to be unfit for the place. Indeed, their choice hardly admits of a more charitable construction than this: for Mr. Kingsley, a well-endowed country clergyman, who used to season the enjoyment of a fat benefice by charitable orthodoxy and belletristic romance, had certainly written many

novels and a few theological essays; but not even his most enthusiastic admirers would have called him a historian. In truth, we have Mr. Kingsley's own confession that his historical studies began and ended with his professorship.

As a romancer, Mr. Kingsley exerted at one time a by no means insignificant, if transient, influence over English literature and the English public. But his novelistic laurels soon withered. He was gradually forced to take a back seat, partly by more sensational writers, partly by the pregnant events of the period, and partly by that history itself which he confessedly detests. Yet for a quarter of a century he occupied a prominent place in English letters; not merely as the author of "Westward Ho!" "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," "The Water Babies," and other popular books, but as the founder of a school which made the romantic glorification of muscular Christianity its specialty. It was the hero-worship of Carlyle, bounded by the rules of British Christianity, poetized by the magic of brute strength—the Carlylean hero in the cassock of the priest. The ideal hero of the poets and theologians who drew their inspiration from Eversley Rectory, was the muscular Christian, with sledge-hammer fists and irreproachable catechismal reminiscences, equally at home in the saddle and the Bible,—a mighty hunter before the Lord, and an eloquent expounder of dogmatic problems to impressionable young ladies; usually a young curate, with long dark hair and large melancholy eyes, deep chest and huge limbs, who would thrash, on his way to church, a set of bucolic ruffians into a wholesome state of orthodox meekness, then slip on the surplice, bound into the pulpit, run his muscular white hand through the masses of his dark hair, and electrify the congregation with a fervid burst of eloquence. This muscular curate of the Kingsley school, it is hardly necessary to add, after he had passed through two volumes of thrilling adventures, would always be rewarded in the third, for his athletic and theological achievements, with the hand of the richest heiress in the county, and a lucrative benefice.

This school is no more, or has so com-

pletely lost its hold on English literature that it now possesses only a purely literary interest. The heroic curate, who was once the principal character of the novel, and committed such havoc among the female hearts of the real world, has lost his fascination for the reader of fiction, having been superseded by heroes of a less harmless kind. Out of sheer disgust, some of the muscular Christians have gone over to the sensationalists, and conformed to the capricious tastes of the day; an example which their master himself disdains to follow. He and his brother, Henry Kingsley, whose romances are of the same class, and betray rare narrative powers, still stand firmly by their colors. But though muscular Christianity is out of fashion, it would be unfair to deny that it was justified as a reaction against the mysticism imported from Germany, and the cant which it was not necessary to import, and from both of which it purified English literature and society. This school naturally opened the door to exaggeration, and was even caricatured by certain imitators. In the hands of Charles Kingsley, however, it preserved always its originally attractive poetical form. The author of "Westward Ho!" and "At Last," is gifted with fine powers of observation, a decided genius for painting nature, and a brilliant imagination, which revels in the wonders of the tropics—traits which amply compensate us for his whims and hobby-horses.

Charles Kingsley is a poet; nor was he anything more when the soured *Senatus Academicus* suddenly made him a historian and placed him in the professorial chair. Strange to say, the suspicion that he might not be adapted for a post so entirely at variance with his life-long pursuits, tastes, habits, and character, never seems to have caused him a moment's uneasiness. When writing fiction, the words came to him readily enough; he was able, without long preparation or serious study, to make a witty dinner speech, and preach an eloquent sermon; why, then, should he not be able to reason, write, and talk, as readily and well on historical subjects? He felt, therefore, not the slightest hesitation in accepting the tendered position, and began his studies (or what such a man would call

his studies) and his lectures at one and the same time. It is very characteristic of Kingsley that he should have selected Carlyle for his teacher and guide; not only because the latter's hero-worship harmonized best with muscular Christianity, but because the stylistic gymnastics of Carlyle's historical philosophy offered no insurmountable obstacles to such a clever stylist as he felt himself to be.

But he was to learn better. The words no longer came to him so easily; and though his lectures were perhaps well enough for the Cambridge undergraduates, they would not content the critical outside world, which indulged in disparaging remarks about the professor who had learnt nothing of history and had forgotten all his romance. To save his reputation and to confound his critics, he deemed it at last necessary to make an extraordinary exertion, and to publish the fruits of his historical researches, in the "*Ancien Regime*," a volume of moderate size. But it may be boldly asserted that the whole work contains not a single fact based on independent inquiry; not one original reflection or theory. All its facts, ideas, pragmatism, and ratiocination, were taken from Carlyle and de Tocqueville, and became Kingsley's only in those few cases where he had mis-conceived his authorities. The deductions which he drew from his compilation are, however, unmistakably his own, for they contravene all that Carlyle and de Tocqueville have inferred from the same arguments and facts. Mr. Kingsley closes with the gloomy prophecy that the whole world is going to the bad, except England, whose aristocracy has been strengthened by the new reform act, and whom a salutary church government shields against the forces which undermine the other political systems of the Old World. Carlyle, *per contra*, always places England at the head of the nations which are going to the bad, and can see nothing good in the State Church; while de Tocqueville, as every child knows, has an abiding faith in the future through the saving grace of a democracy purified and consolidated by bitter trials.

Historical criticism is evidently not the *forte* of poets, great or small. Kingsley himself had ultimately to recognize that he

was out of his sphere at Cambridge, and to resign his post. He was, however, not displeased with himself, but with history. It was not he who had unworthily represented historical science, but history was unworthy to be represented by him. He was all right; but history was all wrong. In a recent public lecture, he summed up the total of his learned experiences at Cambridge, and the cause of his resignation. When forced by his position to an independent investigation of history, he discovered it to be so full of lies that he abandoned his chair in disgust, and vowed to have nothing more to do with such a tissue of falsehoods. He resolved never again to trouble his head with these things, if he could possibly help it. It is hardly possible to conceive a more comical end to a historical university professorship than Kingsley's. For ten whole years he had stood before the learned world as the representative of historical wisdom at one of the great English universities. For ten successive years he had pretended to imbue the flower of the British youth with the spirit of history; to inspire them with a love of liberty and country. All at once he shuts up the book, flings it at the heads of his hearers, and turns his back upon them with the peevish declaration that history is all a humbug, a lie, and a pretence! What must have been the feelings of Lord Malmesbury, the profound judge and oracular exponent of historical truth, when he heard this blasphemy?

Happily freed from the wiles and snares of this treacherous science, Mr. Kingsley lost no time in flying back to the arms of his old love, and in consoling himself with a pilgrimage to the land of his cherished fancies. History happened to be at that moment in such gigantic birth-throes that its frightened apostate could think of nothing else than to run away. In December of the memorable year 1870, while the whole world waited with bated breath for the development of the grand historical drama which was being enacted in France — while historical justice asserted its disputed rights in colossal catastrophies, and shivered the hypocritical lie, the boastful pretence, with pitiless blows — the Rev. Charles Kingsley cried "Westward Ho!" and sailed in a

swift steamer for the West Indies. There he buried himself, after a brief cruise in the Caribbean Sea, on the island of Trinidad; and the result is the book whose title appears at the head of this notice.

For forty weary years the author had dreamed, sang, and written of the marvels of this lovely insular world, without ever having been permitted to set foot on the soil of the promised land of his fancy. Nearly all his heroes had—for shorter or longer periods—been made pious, strong and happy men by battling and conquering in this earthly paradise. What could, therefore, have been more natural than that he should have longed, in the evening of his life, to convince himself by personal observation how far the scenes so often described by him corresponded with his poetic conceptions? and it was beautiful Trinidad which eventually set the seal of truth upon these gorgeous visions. There he found all things exactly as he had imagined and described them in his youth—a terrestrial Eden, in perfect keeping with the canons of the Eversleyan poetry and theology. He sat there in the tropical forest, where the crash of the falling trees resembled the voice of God; a solemn tone that pursues him who has heard it once, forever. There he discovered, among the planters and traders, a still unalloyed muscular Christendom; there he met, in the fantastic, good-natured negro population, which lives in poetical indolence, that picturesque sub-stratum which the muscular Christian hero needs to attain his full growth. All these were precisely as they had appeared to his romantic vision in the quiet rectory at Eversley. In his delight that no battle-cry, no discordant tone, from the blood-stained fields of the world's history, reached his ear through the surf of the purple seas which enclose the flowery island, he was supremely happy, and poured the rose-color which involuntarily overflows from his surcharged heart, with lavish hands over everything he saw and described. That other travellers should see just the opposite of a paradise in the decayed and impoverished West India Islands, that he cries for help which incessantly resound through the Blue-Books from the white people in this former Eden of slavery,

should tell a different tale, did not mar his enjoyment in the least. Those were miserable perversions of history, of whose worthlessness his professorial experiences at Cambridge had fully convinced him. All is admirable, perfect; and if there is occasionally something that will not entirely square with the Eversley standard, he turns and twists so long ideally and stylistically, that the difficulty is got over.

This enthusiastic admirer of the West Indies seems to have been charged with a confidential government mission. Ill-disposed persons had spread from time to time slanderous statements about the condition of the coolies imported from India and China to replace the picturesque negroes on the plantations, and had gone so far in their malice as to assert that this new form of human slavery was even worse than the old. Mr. Kingsley was therefore instructed by Her Majesty's government to employ a portion of his pleasure-joint in getting up a truthful report on the condition and treatment of the Asiatics. But if the ministers were really sincere in their philanthropic solicitude, they were hardly more happy in their selection of a commissioner than the Cambridge authorities had been in theirs of a professor of modern history. Mr. Kingsley only describes what his own eyes see, or imagine they see, through the rose-colored spectacles of optimism. He speaks, therefore, only of Trinidad; but if the *pars pro toto* is a permissible figure of speech, his observations must be understood as applying to the whole archipelago. At Trinidad the coolies are excellently treated. Government inspectors, missionaries, and planters, all fairly rival each other in making their sojourn an endless joy. These poor heathens can no longer sigh for Nirwana. The Christian Eden in which they live can leave them nothing to desire. Mr. Kingsley has no doubt that these poor Asiatics will soon be as good and pious as the blacks who cultivated the Lord's vineyard before them. In spite of this, he concedes, however, afterwards, that some of the latter are very superstitious and ignorant.

But, with all these foibles, Charles Kingsley is a man of many excellent parts. His "At Last" is an anachronism, like himself, but presents all the faults and

virtues of the Eversleyan muse, which almost obliterates the former by the beauty of its magnificent descriptions of nature.

LORD BANTAM; A Satire. By the Author of "Ginx's Baby." Author's edition. New York: George Routledge & Sons. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This "Satire" is connected with the more successful *Ginx* by the motto,

"I had forgot one half, I do protest,
And now am sent again to speak the rest."

Ginx's proletaire and Lord Bantam were both babies once, and as they are the two ends of England, it is well enough to recount their history. We do not precisely perceive the "satire." John Dryden would not have known it by that name. That the two ends of England are too far apart, is not new; if Lord Bantam helped to draw them together, or seemed likely to do so, the book might be pleasant reading. The lesson of it, however, if there is one, is that all attempts to level proceed by hypocrisies above, impotent wraths below, and a general confusion of purposes that defeat each other. In both books the author misses the main question, and so leaves us hopeless. Dickens made as true a diagnosis, and inspired hopeful effort to reform, which has had beneficent issue. We even doubt whether the author of "*Ginx's Baby*" has comprehended the real difficulty in that child's case—that is to say, *Ginx* himself. The education which people receive before they are born is too stubborn a thing for our novelists; else Dickens would have cured England of *proletaires*.

ROUND THE WORLD; Including a Residence in Victoria and a Journey by Rail Across North America. By a Boy. Edited by Samuel Smiles, author of "Character," "Self Help," "Life of the Stevensons," etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This business of juvenile books is getting serious; if the boys take to writing them we shall soon want a big fire to rid us of an insupportable burden. Not that the books will be worse than the men and women produce for boyish delectation: that could not well be. But there may be too much of a good thing. We have speculated

about this juvenile book-making after this fashion: What chance would Robinson Crusoe have had in the world, if De Foe had made him on purpose for boys? What chance would De Foe have had to be heard of in this day, if juvenile books had abounded two hundred years ago as they now abound? What would have become of mankind, if for two centuries it had been making books for young people at the present rate?

The present book is of the boy's kind; that is, it deals with strange countries and odd experiences—all the things that the average boy never sees are seen and handled by young Smiles. He went into out-of-the-way places, and roughed it as boys love to do, and a spice of danger now and then made him happy—when it was over—as is the custom at sixteen. It falls in with our notions of probabilities that the boy did not write a book on purpose; it grew, the book did, out of letters written home and a log kept on sea voyages. So it is really a boy's best report of what he sees and feels, made good because not spoiled by obtrusive self-consciousness. A sensible father edited the work in a sensible way, and the result is a charming book worth a hundred of the popular juvenile works.

The sensible father must have presided over the cram displayed in working up Chicago; but the hotel "tout" who showed the lad over the city as it was, must have impressed the boy's imagination. For example, he says: "In one street I passed a huge pile of dead pigs in front of a sausage shop. They go in pigs and come out sausages." If we could only have that boy's faith, how much happier we might be!

We notice some English that we had supposed to be Southwest American. For instance, "*Every one* takes ice in *their* water in winter as well as in summer." Perhaps the lad picked it up somewhere "round the world."

WHEN AND HOW; or a Collection of the More Recent Facts and Ideas upon Raising Healthy Children. By Dan Newcomb, M.D. Chicago: Arthur W. Penny & Co.

This is a plain, sensible book upon the

most important question of the time. It ought to be read by everybody, especially by young mothers. We know a mourning Rachel whose deepest sorrow is that she did not know how to take care of her first born; and she has many sisters. There are other and deeper questions concerned in the business of providing our successors with healthy bodies, and Dr. Newcomb's book will help plain people, who are willing to be guided by common sense in the production and rearing of offspring.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SOUL AND INSTINCT AS DISTINGUISHED FROM MATERIALISM. With Supplementary Demonstrations of the Divine Communication of the Narratives of Creation and the Flood. By Martyn Payne, A.M., M.D., LL.D., Professor in the Medical Department of the University of New York; author of "The Institutes of Medicine," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

CHICAGO AND THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION. By Elias Colbert and Everett Chamberlin. With Numerous Illustrations, by Chapin & Gulick, from Photographic Views taken on the spot. Cincinnati and New York: C. F. Vent. (J. S. Goodman & Co., Chicago.)

PLEASURE: A Holiday Book of Prose and Verse. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

WATER AND LAND. By Jacob Abbott, author of "Marco Paul Series," "The Franconia Stories," "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

BORDER REMINISCENCES. By Randolph B. Marcy, U. S. Army, author of "The Prairie Traveller," "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by George Cruikshank, John Leach, and H. K. Browne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE AMERICAN BARON. By James DeMille, author of "The Dodge Club," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE RAILROAD AND WAREHOUSE COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS. For the Year ending November 30th, 1871. Springfield: Illinois Journal Printing Office.

FAIR TO SEE. A Novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. New York: The American News Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

BLADE O' GRASS. By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Joshua Marvel," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

PATTY. A Novel. By Katherine S. Macquoid, author of "Rookstone." New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

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TWENTY YEARS AGO;

A STORY OF REAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

CHAPTER VI.

MARY JOHNSON.

THE summer glided by; the golden-brown autumn, with its hazy skies, followed her; and winter, with his snow-mantle buttoned with ice, walked abroad on the prairies.

The sun of a January morning rose upon Buntingville and its environs as it rises only on prairie landscapes in the depths of winter. The sky was clear as crystal; and the whitish gold of the sun's disc, just lifted out of the snows far away to the eastward, was beautiful beyond thought.

It seemed so distant and so fair that the fancy of a poet would have made it the sun of some other world—a luminary never seen before, and seen now in virtue of a strange *mirage* of winter snow and air; as if the horizon there in that almost boundless wild had been carried away in the night, and the vision of a new and lovelier world had been granted, by peculiar grace, to the happy mortal who stood on a new mount of transfiguration.

The people of the village might have seen all this, for their breakfasts had been eaten before dawn, and their la-

bors were begun with the first movement of "Aurora, rosy-fingered daughter of the morning," to put back the night-curtains of the chambers of the east. I grieve to express the opinion that they did not see it. A wise man once defined ignorance as a habit of overlooking what lies directly under one's nose, and wisdom as the habit of seeing these things. The people of Buntingville were generally out of doors at sunrise, but few of them had ever seen that marvellous event.

John Brackett looked out of his window that morning, and saw and felt the transfiguring effect of snow and air. The snows were drifted deep in the streets, and had been for days; and it was holiday weather with the blacksmith. No need to hasten down to duty, and he lingers for worship. There is a shade of sadness on his face, as he murmurs:

"How strange that so glorious a world should be wasted on the people that tenant it! Some day the master will give us all notice to quit, and fill it with a better tenantry."

He might have indulged in more croaking of this sort, but just then his meditations were rudely broken off by

a loud halloo in the streets. Looking out, he saw a carriage standing a few rods down the road, its two horses floundering in the snow-bank. The shout was a cry for help. Brackett took in the situation at a glance, and began to make a hasty toilet in order to go down to the rescue.

Let us precede him. The carriage is a rather stylish two-seated livery coach. On the rear seat are two ladies, evidently mother and daughter. On the front seat, holding the reins, sits a stout gentleman of sixty; and a driver is floundering up from behind. The wet flanks of the horses and the wheels choked with snow show plainly enough that many a lesser drift has been toiled through; and a villager knows without asking that the company spent the last night in a little town dedicated to one of the wicked saints, situated on the banks of a river three miles away from Buntingville, and consisting of one half-finished and half-rotten linn-wood shanty. He knows further, that, having shivered through the darkness, they have improved the earliest light by an effort to find a warm fire and any sort of a breakfast. In the mean time, 'Squire Fence has heard the reported call for assistance; and, having leisurely expostulated with his wife on the folly of people who never know when to stay at home, makes his appearance on the platform, and answers the still louder call.

"What's wanting, stranger?"

"A pretty question, that!" cries the indignant traveller. "Help us out of this snow-bank, up to your door."

The 'Squire yawned lazily, and answered deliberately:

"Don't take *orders* here. In fact, it can't be done. Take your horses off, and lead them single file in a path you see over there, down to the barn."

"Well, well! have you nobody to help me? Send me an ostler, and let me get my wife and daughter into the house."

"Can't send a man — gone off to the woods. You've got a man there, what more do you want?"

This was not particularly hospitable; but the 'Squire's round body was not at all adapted to plunging through snow-banks, and the traveller was obliged to pocket the insult for future settlement.

In the mean time John Brackett has floundered through the snow, and comes up to the carriage and says kindly: "Better let your driver hold your horses while we get the ladies out. They must be very cold."

"Well! I'm glad to find one human being in this town. Much obliged to you, sir. Here, 'Ma, Mary, let us have you out! But, my good friend, how are they to get through the snow?"

"If the ladies don't mind it, I'll carry them over. If not, we must wait till I can shovel a path."

"Oh, don't wait for that!" says a sweet voice from within the carriage; "I shall die with the cold!"

At that voice, John Brackett started as if a bullet had struck him.

He wraps the coat closer about his face, and pulls the cap lower down on his forehead, as he approaches to lift a light form from the carriage, and to bear it, tenderly as a mother bears her child, into the parlor of the hotel.

The necessity to return for the mother justifies his leaving her with the remark:

"You'll find a fire in the stove, Miss, I think."

"Oh, do don't wait; get Ma in, please, you good man!"

Ah, what music was even that praise from her lips!

The mother is brought in, the fire replenished, and preparations are making for a breakfast. The family, gathered around the rude box-stove, are already making unfavorable remarks about Buntingville.

"I'm sure they are not all so heartless," says the daughter. "That kind man who helped us is as good as the landlord is mean and impudent."

But here comes the landlord himself, preceded by his round belly. He is a little chop-fallen, and as nearly

ashamed as it is possible for him to be. He discovers that he has made a grave mistake in the quality of his guests, and pours out apologies which consist principally of self-laudations — as apologies are apt to do. He soon learns that his guests are Mr. Johnson, wife and daughter, come to Buntingville to settle, and grows polite.

In twenty minutes he knows all about the family, and is already gloating over the great news he has for his fellow-townsmen.

"Well now, landlord, you have put me through the catechism, it's my turn. Who is that good fellow that picked us out of the snow?"

"A prime good fellow, sir! Not a better man in Buntingville, sir."

"Very likely; indeed, I only hope there may be many as good as he seems to be. But who is he?"

"John Brackett, my partner, sir."

"Ah! there are two of you in the hotel, and he is the *active* partner. Yes, yes, I see."

"Not that, exactly, sir. You know I do several kinds of business, sir. John Brackett runs a blacksmith shop for me."

"John Brackett, blacksmith!" exclaimed the three guests in one breath.

"Can it be *our* John Brackett?"

"It's impossible," said Johnson, after a moment's meditation. "And yet, I did think I had heard that voice. The same name, the same trade. It is a little strange. But our Brackett went to Cuba, you know. The name is common enough. Landlord, where did this blacksmith come from?"

Now, that was just about the most mortifying question that could be put to the 'Squire. He had exhausted vainly many little arts that never failed before, in quest of that little fact.

"Can't tell you that, sir; you know I'm not a Yankee."

"No, I did not know it: you seemed inquisitive enough five minutes ago, eh? You know pretty much all about me, I guess."

"The fact is, this one is a little queer

— sort of dazed, I sometimes think — as though the world had not used him just right."

"The world has an ugly trick of carelessness in that matter, my friend; but you seem to have got on its sunny side. Plenty of land, I suppose, to make a rich man of you by and by?"

"No: not much land; plenty of lots. The fact is, sir, owning land is not just the thing. The poorest man I know of has three thousand acres of land. Fact, sir! Buy lots, sir, if you want to make money."

The 'Squire was looking after the main chance. He did not love his lots so well but that he was willing to sell them.

He stumbled, however, on a great fact, when he said that the man with the most land was poorest. To be land-poor is the poorest poverty; for a man never gets pity, help, or charity. The smiling acres yield him harvests of taxes, and his rent-rolls are in the books of the assessor.

Johnson returned to Brackett. "I suppose I shall have a chance to see and thank this blacksmith for his kindness to us?"

"Oh, yes: he boards in the house; nothing easier. I'll tell him you'd like to see him."

And the portly landlord withdrew, more humiliated than he had ever been before in his hotel career.

Few observant persons have failed to notice how quickly the relative positions of two men are settled in these first interviews. The landlord had an uncomfortable feeling, as he left the room, that this stranger was his superior; and began to question whether he might have political aspirations. He was ill at ease. There was a larger man than himself in Buntingville. It was noticeable, too, that as he left the room his massive form, instead of helping him to bear up under the defeat, only seemed to increase its obviousness. Like a great army in a panic, his size rendered the rout more complete.

Two considerations had induced Johnson's emigration from the East — the health of his wife, and a farm near Buntingville, acquired by loaning money that was never paid.

The daughter Mary, being a person of some importance in this story, claims a more careful notice. Miss Mary Johnson was twenty-one years of age, and a New England beauty. Her face had that perfection of outline, that just mean of coloring, that nice mingling of repose and vivacity, which are recognized as the charm of New England girls. The form, neither robust nor sylphic, was set to the same graceful form-music.

There was no artificial paleness, no roast-beef rosiness. She was remarkably healthy (we fear some of our readers will dislike her for it); and if she falls sick in the progress of this story, it will be a dispensation not of the author, but of Providence. Her life had passed in the midst of cheery competence; while she had been nurtured in all the homely New England economies, she had never known real want or deprivation of a material good. Her father began life as a thrifty farmer. He thrived so well that his name figured in the title of a village bank; and a cottage in town was added to his domestic establishment, though he never alienated his homestead, which in time became a summer residence. A New England Academy gave Mary a liberal education, which, added to her personal charms and sterling good sense, made her a model Yankee girl.

Mary had certainly found out that she was, in Yankee phrase, handsome. Few girls with tolerable looking-glasses fail to discover whether or not they have personal charms. True, the Puritan stock take care to keep such information from reaching their maidens through external sources. American young men seldom know how to compliment their fair friends; and the fittest praise is set down by their grave elders as grossly improper, and tending

to the culture of vanity. Mothers know how to be proud in silence of these expanding human flowers; and fathers seldom even make these pleasant discoveries. It is perhaps not strange that fascinating sinners of other stocks regard New England morals as rather unamiable.

I by no means approve the notion that the knowledge that she is beautiful must make a woman vain. Certainly this was not the case with Mary. She lived on, a light-hearted, conscientious and dutiful girl, feeling that she had one more gift than many of her sisters, to use well and wisely.

Her education had given her the American belief that it is a woman's privilege to know wisdom. So she read and studied and thought, in blissful ignorance that all this might unfit her for her proper place in the world. She had opened for herself fountains from which to draw comfort if a great life-failure were to be her lot, and was equally prepared to be incentive and inspiration to a loyal man, if Heaven should graciously allot her the priceless treasure. So Mary may be safely left with her books.

Nor need we fear that her cheeks will fade and her form grow slight; for she had not learned the nonsense of book-gotten declines — the book getting the credit for what over-feeding and under-working have produced. Nor will she get the parliament and stump-speaking mania; for only womanly ambition is possible to our Mary.

CHAPTER VII.

BITTER-SWEET AND SWEET-BITTER.

The next morning John Brackett was ushered by special invitation into the little parlor of the People's Hotel. Mr. Johnson, his wife, and Mary, were seated close to the rude box-stove, trying to enclose and exclusively enjoy the feeble heat which it emitted. It was bitterly cold; and each was declaring that New England winters had never pinched them so closely.

It was no wonder that in such a ricketty affair as that new-old hotel anyone should be cold. Small chance for charging it upon the climate.

The faces of all were averted as Brackett entered; for the prominent interest was to keep their faces to the fire and their backs to the door.

The youngest head turned first at the sound of footsteps, and Mary recognized John Brackett.

"Oh, Pa! Ma! it is *our* John Brackett!" and going up to him, she put both her little hands in his, and looked up with her child-woman face, oh, so supremely beautiful to *him*! Looking frankly into the abashed face, she said:

"How kind of you, John, to be always where you can be good—to us!"

Brackett was in Paradise and the Inferno at one and the same time. The touch of those little fingers was electric—divine. For the rapture of that one moment, he would not have taken years of ordinary bliss. Into it seemed poured the whole happiness of a whole life; the past having been held in bank, and the entire future having been drawn upon for this hour.

The hand he had never expected to clasp; the face he waited only hoping to see in Paradise; that voice, —always music—what then, when it spoke only gratitude to *him*? These were his for this brief but blissful moment.

But his joy was a Siamese twin of pain. He must conceal this ecstacy. At the risk of both worlds, he must not betray his secret. To restrain himself—what a task was that! Oh, for an anvil to pound, as at other times when that voice had charmed him! Oh, for a gate to open, or a fire to mend, or a horse to strike—anything to cover a retreat!

The intense desire to protract this delight, the conscience telling him it must cease,—here were pleasure and pain at war, and his breast the battle-field. He had great self-control; how else

could he have lived six months in Buntingville without having an enemy? What had his whole life been but a teaching of patience and a culture of self-mastery? The conflict ceased; but he never knew how long he held that hand, or whether it was surrendered or withdrawn. The hazel eyes were turned upon him, half-inquiringly, half timidly, as though his inward vehemence brimmed over into the face and startled her.

Console thyself, John; it is not the truth she sees.

He spoke, at length:

"Thank you, Miss Mary, for your kind words; but I hardly know what you mean."

"I mean, you stupid man, that you were very good to pick us out of the snow yesterday. You have forgotten, I suppose. You do good deeds so often that you forget every night what you have done every day."

"Do you think I really ought to be mindful of such a very little service as that of yesterday?"

"Oh, of course not. If we were of any consequence, it might be. But poor little Mary Johnson! Please forget that you found her in a snow-bank, and pardon her for thanking you for taking her out. But here are father and mother. They must do their own thanking. I hope they may get on better than I."

And with a bounce, and a mock offended look, over which a sea of smiles seemed ever to be breaking, she took him by the hand and led him up to the stove, dropping the hand as she approached it, and stooping to catch some of the feeble heat.

"You naughty fellow, to keep me so long in the cold, and then to refuse my thanks! It cost me so much, too, to get them ready. I'll never take the pains again. Next time it shall be, 'John Brackett, you chief of sinners, humble yourself and be ashamed! You did a kindness yesterday, and ought to be greatly disgusted with yourself! How dare you be good?'"

Happy for Brackett that the old man took his hand and engaged his attention, that Mrs. Johnson had to be greeted, and that the curiosity Mary refused to display took interrogative form on the lips of her parents.

"I am much surprised to see you, John. I thought you were in Cuba. Rather too cold for that meridian I think, this Buntingville?"

John was ashamed now. There had been a little deception. He colored, hesitated a moment, and replied:

"Mr. Johnson, I believe I never gave you reason to think me given to deception. You cannot believe there are bad reasons for my being here; so let us say no more about it."

"Oh, there is a mystery, is there?" said Mary, looking up roguishly from her cowering position by the stove. "A bit of romance, I dare say. Now, John Brackett, how dare you excite my curiosity? I was going to ask you about it; and then I thought you would tell Pa. But now I am to be kept in ignorance. How long is this purgatory of mine to last?"

"It is not possible, Miss Mary——"

"Please to say 'Miss Johnson,' sir! I do n't tolerate familiarities from strangers!" broke in Mary, with a frown and a smile chasing over it, like ripples submerging a stone on a sea-beach.

"Miss John——" began Brackett; but the dearest voice came in again:

"Now, can't I ever teach you anything, John Brackett? My name is Mary! I do n't mean to be *Miss*-ed all my life."

And she grew more charming as she bantered these jests.

What could Brackett do? Every word and gesture and smile made him more happy, and yet increased his pain. Could he obey, and call her "Mary"? No: that simple name implied all that his heart coveted, and which his common-sense declared unattainable.

The light-hearted girl was increasing the delirium of his joy and pain;

but she did not *know*. The slightest suspicion of the fact, whatever else it might have done, would have toned her whole manner into the finest accord with his bitter need. Does it not oftener happen than we believe, that the people who please or pain us are unconscious of their work? May not a man trample over my heart, pressing out the wine of joy or grief, and never know that his spiritual feet are emurpled and all his raiment stained? What wonderful wisdom is needed to attune us to our fellows in the communion of brotherhood and fellowship!

But all this was becoming more painful every moment. In all battles between Gladness and Sorrow, Sorrow wins at the last. Joy may tilt one lance well; but he comes to the second encounter feeble and languid. The blacksmith found a relief in his practical nature.

"Why, you are shivering here! let me look after the fire."

He stooped down and opened the stove to ascertain the condition of things. While he was looking at the green sweating wood, turning it over and putting it aside to make room for a more combustible material, Mary was patting her dainty foot close by his side.

The foot bade fair to trouble him as much as the hands had done. How could he help a side look and a thrill of pleasure? Besides, the foot rested unconsciously on the very wood he wanted to put into the stove.

"Please take your foot away?" he said, laying his hand on the first billet. But he had another reason for wanting the tempting thing out of the way.

"How awkward I am, to be always in your way, Mr. Brackett!" and her face bore the nearest approach to a genuine sadness he had ever read there, — as if some inward sense which she could not read into consciousness, spoke for her that most painful truth.

The fire was soon blazing warmth and comfort through the room; and

Brackett sat down between father and daughter.

Mary spoke first: "Now, I am going to be serious. It seems so good for you to be here—as though you had a presentiment, and came all the way from Cuba just to be where you could be useful to us, knowing how stupid it would be here on this cold prairie. I am laughing, and I feel more like crying for joy: for you are such an old, old friend, it almost seems that I had lived before the flood, and known you when the ark was building."

One thrill of pleasure; and then one long, dull, heavy pain. Joy, jaded and dispirited, left the field.

"Your passionate lover is a philosopher, and thirty-five," says some critical reader. Why not? Passionate natures defy years; and philosophy may only deepen the channels where passion is to flow.

The conversation flowed on over the past and the present, the changes of the old home, the hopes and chances of the new. Brackett was glad to be called at last to a present duty, and took leave in the midst of expressions of kindness that only increased his pain.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BUNTINGVILLE HEART FIRED.

In making arrangements for his life in Buntingville, Johnson naturally availed himself of the experience of John Brackett. Their previous acquaintance and the new relations in which they found themselves, led to counsel and advice, kindly given on the one side and kindly received and followed on the other. For two weeks Brackett did little besides running hither and thither on his old friend's business. The farm in the country had only one rough cabin upon it, and living there was not to be thought of. A house must be procured in Buntingville. This was no easy undertaking.

It was the boast of the people—

used to attract immigration—that it had never an empty house. This was nearly accurate. Every house was not merely occupied, but overpopulated—from two to three families often occupying as many rooms under one roof. This did not afford a brilliant prospect to the Johnsons.

But a graver difficulty loomed out of the future. The oldest traditions of the village taught that a stranger had money, that nobody else had it, and that he would not have it long. It was almost literally true. It became, then, the paramount concern of every old citizen to secure as large a share of the stranger's money as his opportunities allowed. A stranger was admitted to citizenship and a seat on the dry goods boxes, according to the ease or difficulty with which his money was extracted. If he surrendered at discretion, he got the seat next the stove, could vote at the first election, hold any office, decline to be road supervisor, and slander his neighbors at pleasure.

If the stranger was wary and cautious, as a trout which has suspicion of danger under the bait, nothing could equal the skill with which he was hooked. Many citizens were necessarily rivals in this piscatorial exercise; but a common danger prevented discords or damaging revelations. It was wonderful that while Fence extolled his own lots, he had no word of disparagement for those of Brent. "Brent's lots were very good—in fact, a lot could not be found in Buntingville that was not good. But the question was, what was the lot for the gentleman's money,—which lots best pleased him? He must suit himself; but certainly a man must be hard to suit who did not like these particular lots."

One might have thought that he had got into a society constructed on New Testament principles, so little of the common course of evil-speaking was visible on the surface. In rival shops you can always learn just how

you are certain to be cheated across the street; but in Buntingville, not a hint of unsavory dealing offended the ear of the "man of the hour."

It sometimes happened that the imperilled harmony was maintained by compromises, by which the unsuccessful party shared the gains of his rival; but in general no such adjustment was needed. Each took his chance, and forebore detraction of his neighbor's wares from interest, or a shrewd apprehension that to disparage another's was to disparage his own.

It sometimes happened that it required considerable labor to land the fish, even when hooked. If this occurred it was remembered afterward, and expiated in a thousand little annoyances. But woe to that fish who refused to bite altogether; who, despite all tempting offers, persisted in keeping his money. That man was a for-eigner within the gates—an avaricious and miserly wretch, who fed at the hospitable board of the old settlers, and whom it would be just to expel, but (this forbore) whom it were a sin to speak well of.

Now, 'Squire Johnson was wealthy, in the Buntingville sense,—*was supposed to be immensely* wealthy, which was possibly true, in the Buntingville sense; for thirty thousand dollars was the highest point to which thought could there climb. Such a man was a rare opportunity. Proprietors were wary of him. When he asked a price he was told that so trifling a matter could not make difficulties between neighbors, with an air which said "You could not be ungenerous!" He was flattered. The health of his wife was a subject of commiseration, solaced by the certainty continually dinned into his ears that the air of Buntingville was so pure, bracing, and healthful that it repeated the miracles of Galilee. He was sounded as to his political aspirations, and generously advised to forego his love of private life at the next election.

Brackett was astonished at the rapid rise of real estate when prices began to be dubiously hinted. He was obliged to tell Johnson the real values. The result was that Johnson did not buy. Ten days went by, and he had not invested a dollar. On the contrary, he had taken permanent lodgings in the new hotel, and announced his intention to wait until spring before purchasing. Here was a disappointment. A rich man with a plethoric purse, living in the midst of all the luxuries of the aristocratic End, and not investing a dollar in land or lots. Attention was soon directed to Brackett as the traitor in their midst, who had interrupted the traditional course of things; who had prevented the stranger's pursuing that path which all his fellow-citizens had been forced to travel. In a single day the suspicion was born, the fact demonstrated, and punishment decreed. It was astonishing, then, how poor Brackett had been at his entry into the town; how fully his former history was known; what a snake the town had warmed into life.

Meetings were then held in the shop of 'Squire Fence. An air of gravity and sobriety sat on the faces of the citizens. The discussions were low but earnest. Nods and shrugs were the significant language of approval. Nobody dared or wished to say what would be disapproved. If Brackett chanced to enter one of these assemblies, a strange silence supervened. Nobody greeted him; and he retired feeling what they meant he should feel—the reproach of his fellow-citizens.

At length, one morning, his shop was visited by one of the proprietors of the town, named Alexander Brent. Brent was a short, thick-set, fierce, gray-eyed man, with a large expanse of most unprepossessing face, generally covered with an iron-gray stump of a beard. The exceptions were Sunday mornings, when Dandy Jim's razor was called into requisition to re-

move the stumps. For Brent was very religious — a leader, in fact, in one of our Buntingville churches, which had elevated him to the office of deacon. The explanation of this phenomenon — Brent's character considered — is found in a reported letter of a young man who had gone West, to his father in the East, running thus :

"Pap, come out West. Mighty mean people get into office out here."

I do not know that the principle is subject to the limitations implied in this loving epistle ; and it is probably of much more general application.

Brent was a Virginian. He had begun life as a slave-holder. The sheriff relieved him of the care of this patriarchal relation, and he emigrated to a free State. But he never lost the habits of his earlier life ; and his voice, rough and imperative, sounded like the crack of a plantation whip.

He had become a town proprietor by the purchase of a forty-acre lot on one side of the old town.

From the beginning he had grown to be the real, as Fence was the simulated, head of the town. He had an iron will, a perfectly levitical conscience, and was the most indefatigable worker in the State of Shawnee.

In his levitical faith he was perfectly sincere. He believed that those who did not join the church, help to pay the minister and to build the meeting-house, were sure to be damned ; and that those who did these things would of course be saved. He was up to the decalogue standard in forms. He had no dishonest practices that were actionable. He had all the virtues which were popular and profitable. The reputation of great uprightness and courage enveloped his name. It somehow happened, however, that all his battles with wrong were not merely on the side of the majorities, but of the unanimities. If there was a minority to fight, Brent had business in the rear. A town that had not a drunkard or a dram-shop hung enrapured on his

bold denunciations of liquor-sellers. A community that had never seen a skeptic, and did not know the beast, admired his courageous rebukes of infidelity. On the other hand, he lacked the courage to belong to a political party, and parried all controversy by calling himself a Christian. Whenever a real, live question was before the community, he called in one of a host of maladies, or got out of town on business. Under his bold declamation when there was no contest, and his pusillanimous poltroonery when there was one, he carried a terrible malevolence. He never forgave and he never forgot. If a man crossed him, he waited — watched ; and when difficulty beset his foe, he had an adroit way of giving a few gentle pushes, which the crowd followed up with hard knocks, — a hint of his weighed so much ; and yet, that he meant anything could never have been proved. He had all the qualities of a Bourbon. As a King of Naples, he would have run away oftener, made and broken more promises and oaths, and slaughtered more enemies through others, than Ferdinand First.

Brent entered Brackett's shop and began, roughly :

"How long are you going to keep Johnson from investing his money, Brackett ? The fact of the bill is, some of us are getting tired of this business. You seem to feel your oats, John. You've been too well fed, by a long sight. I'd like to know what you brought to this town, and when you were appointed guardian over the rest of us. You putting your nose into the business of the old settlers ! The fact o' the business is, you've got to be a *little* decent, or travel !"

This was just the sort of speech Brackett needed. His love and his difficulties about Johnson had dashed him. He needed a good shaking up. He was mentally comatose. This bucket full of insolence doused slap over his shoulders roused him.

The sneer of his white lip even Brent

felt, who seldom felt anything softer than iron.

"You are in haste to fleece Johnson, I suppose; why not waylay him at night, and rob him at once? Of course Johnson is a boy whom I lead about with a string! When am I to leave town, General? Will you give me time to pack up?" Every moment losing self-command, Brackett now boiled over.

"Alexander Brent, you are a coward and a rogue! This is my shop — LEAVE IT AT ONCE!" He was in a white heat, and stood there with an uplifted hammer, a god Vulcan in the full blaze of passion.

Brent tumbled awkwardly out of the shop; but once in a place of safety, he gathered around him the mantle of his religious decency and walked off like a saint suffering the reproach of the ungodly.

But he had not walked ten paces before a new thought seemed to strike him. He turned back and approached within respectful distance of the door in which Brackett stood, yet hot with his wrath.

"Now see here, John, you need not heat up that way; you'll feel bad after it's all over. Fact is, I want to sell Johnson some lots. I know he'll take your advice. Now be a good boy, and you shall not lose by it."

This proposition originated in an increased respect for Brackett. He had not expected so much steel under the soft exterior of the blacksmith. He had the common frailty of measuring other men's grain in his own half-bushel, and reasoned straight to the conclusion that what Brackett really wanted was a small interest in the fleece of the sheep.

Brackett lifted his hammer menacingly. "So you think John Brackett can be bribed? I'll show you up to your neighbors." And he lifted his voice to hail a knot of citizens who were discussing on the same subject twenty rods away. But Brent did not wait for the disclosure. He retreated

rapidly in the opposite direction, this time something more than cowed. Brackett's first rebuff had simply frightened him into respect; the second frightened him into resentment.

The fact was a revelation of Brent's nature. He could not appreciate a resentment founded on an insult. Anger could only rest with him on a money basis. Brackett had now fully closed the road to Johnson's purse. Here was matter for a towering rage — for a terrible vengeance. Not a little aggravation was it to reflect that he had humbled himself to make a generous offer which had been indignantly refused. To propose to throw away money in that way was a folly little short of a sin, not to be fully repented of without condign punishment of the stubborn cause of it all. Perhaps other men than the speculator have this fashion of repenting.

Now Brent had plenty of good reasons for being a little anxious to make money. There was a church, a school-house, a bridge, and a road to be built. "We've got to foot the bills. These new-comers are all stingy Yankees. They put down five dollars when they ought to plank over a hundred. We've got the load to carry. How are you going to build up a town unless you make money?" It was what the English call "a good cry." It deceived the public, and it lulled the levitical conscience.

On the strictly religious ground Brent argued that all he had belonged to the Lord, for whom he was doing business. To get the Lord's property out of the fists of the sinners or the lazy saints, was really to put the owner's capital to its proper use.

He did not know that his real object was personal wealth and influence. He thought he was doing good service in plundering Johnson. "The Lord'll get the benefit of it," smoothed all difficult points. He was a genuine Jesuit, and would have adorned the ranks of Loyola; but neither he nor his neighbors ever suspected it.

Nor need his case excite much surprise. He represents a class, rather numerous, who are really pious but very disagreeable people. Low motives, the greed of gain, the habit of duplicity, are drawn in with their mother's milk.

To expect religion to clarify the murky atmosphere, to sweeten the sour nature, to widen the narrow vision, to lift up the petty spirit, is to expect a good deal more than religion ever engaged to do. You might as well ask it to untwist the gnarled oak, or change the leopard's spots. And yet a fountain of spiritual waters is opened in their souls; a little light encircles the darkness; some nobleness springs out of the character.

When religion takes hold of a young and pliant character, when it has something like exclusive tutorship of that character, you may consider it as on fair trial. But give it these distorted, corrugated, besotted souls, and what can you expect? A minister in the lead mines of Northern Illinois once told me that his people cheated him in petty ways with the most perfect complacency, but he did not doubt their piety.

What *good* Christian can be a horse-jockey? But I once knew a pastor of twenty years' successful ministry who was renowned for his horse-trades. He is fifteen years older, but still preaches and trades horses with equal success, I believe. Now let no one jump to the conclusion that the bad people are where they ought not to be, in the church. I do not believe that the worst, or anything like it, are in the fold; but if they were there, it is just what the fold was made for. The church is, or ought to be, the great moral hospital; and it ought not to shun or keep out the worst patients. Nor ought it to pride itself on having no sick people in it. If there are cases for whom little or nothing can be done, it seems a little out of keeping to drive them from the hospital. On a common theory about the church, those

who are fit to be in it would be just as well off without it. "*They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick,*" is one of the head rules of the establishment too often forgotten both by church despisers and church devotees.

Whoever derides the church as containing bad people, whoever boasts that his church has no sick persons in it, whoever tries to select only them that be whole for a church, these have forgotten what kind of people the Founder of the church devoted Himself to cure and save.

People who are well are, in one sense, quite consistent in keeping out of the hospital; but it is bad taste to make faces at those who are in. Besides, there is always a scarcity of nurses inside; and those who do not need to be doctored should go into that department. But when a man sneers at a hospital because it contains unsound people, it is pretty clear that he might profit by the remedies of that ward in which fools are treated.

Now, Buntingville was not Paradise. It was a little better than the average of towns of its size on the planet. Still, it was on the earth, and a very earthy affair altogether. It had some conspicuous virtues. It was a village in which no man put a bottle to his neighbor's lips, except in utmost secrecy; and no woman's modesty was questioned or within question. Thus the two worst social vices were not to be found. The envious around them said that Buntingville made up in slander, dishonesty, and moroseness for its lack of the more sinful sins. This I gravely doubt. There is about the same proportion of backbiters and sinuous dealers in all communities.

Brent went home, getting into a rage. Before evening he was in full heat — mad all through; and he was not thin iron.

He got together in his office a meeting of the most faithful, which assembly was styled in the invitation, "*A*

public meeting of the citizens of Buntingville, not generally known."

Brent opened the meeting by a very cautious summing up of the proofs that Brackett was in the way of their common prosperity; but he omitted any account of the morning's encounter. He expanded on the danger of losing a fine citizen, worth at least thirty thousand dollars; on the unfinished church and the necessity that all should make larger subscriptions; and on his own large projected subscription in case things went well with him.

But in all these matters, ruin and disaster had come by one man. The town had got a blow from which it could never recover. The honest toil and sweat of years had been brought to nought by this poor, mean, deceitful Brackett. Turning to Fence, he said, with emphatic meekness:

"Do n't you think, 'Squire, we've had enough of this shilly-shallying? I do, for my part. But if the rest of you like it, the church can stand unfinished another winter, if it do n't fall down before spring. Rather expect it will. What do you say, 'Squire?"

The 'Squire rubbed his portly stomach, shut one little eye, grinned immoderately, got off a little laugh, then coughed down all these symptoms of good-humor, and tried to look grave.

"Brackett's offended you, eh?" And the 'Squire laughed in spite of a strong effort to be solemn. The truth was that he had heard the dialogue between Brackett and Brent from a safe shelter in the rear of the shop. It had excessively amused him; and Brent's careful avoidance of the theme amused him still more. But he saw the frown deepening on his master's face, and he ventured an opinion.

"I do think Brackett takes a wrong view of matters. Probably he means well enough; though I suspect there's something in the wind."

Now everybody knew that when the 'Squire ventured something like an assertion, the case must be demonstrably clear.

"Well, what's in the wind?" said Brent. "I thought there must be something. Out with it!"

"The fact is," responded Fence, "that Johnson's got a girl, and a mighty nice girl at that; and what's more, there's only one child, you know."

Now this was as certain as need be. All knew it, and the inference needed no pointing, though it was by no means a logical *sequitur*.

"Ho! ho! So he wants the girl, does he?" exclaimed Brent. "The whining puppy! What business has he at his age to be pipe-laying for a girl young enough to be his daughter? Why, she's not more than fourteen or fifteen, and he forty. He to accuse me of wanting Johnson's money!"

The scandal was great; the satisfaction at the discovery, and the indignation at Brackett's audacity, equal.

A discussion of Mary's age arose. The contest was as to who should make Mary youngest, Brackett oldest. Now, all knew perfectly well how old her mother called her. That had travelled over town the first day of the Johnsons' advent. But the abused confidence of Buntingville must be avenged. It was needful for this to make Mary seem distressingly young, and Brackett outrageously old.

Disparity of age, more than anything else in matrimony, scandalized our villagers. The poverty of the one and the wealth of the other might subject the poor one to misconception, but difference of age demonstrated the bad motive.

The method by which our city fathers played Jesuit with themselves was very simple. They overlooked the statement of her parents, accepted till that hour, and went back to the merits of the case on all the other evidence. She did not *look* older than Ann Smith; and Smith said Ann was not quite thirteen. Mary put on the airs of a woman, it was true; seemed to be a better scholar than Ann; but then, she was rich and had been brought up in

a Yankee aristocratic city. The slightest incidents bearing on her age were discussed by the grave elders with the solemnity of a witch-trial in the sixteenth century. As for Brackett, his hair grew gray in a good deal less than a night; and time flew over him with a velocity perfectly astounding.

Here 'Squire Fence interposed, and begged his neighbors to remember that he had not accused Brackett of matrimonial ambition.

"Oh, to be sure you did not; who ever knew you to accuse anybody of anything? But the case is as plain as a pikestaff."

This speech was made by a burly English Yankee named George Taylor. Taylor had a big voice, ready wit, and declaimed to the discomfiture of all who opposed him. He had made a centre-shot. The company smiled at Fence's expense, and the burly orator continued.

"When a man takes to a family with a girl in it, what 's to be inferred?"

Taylor had advanced too far and exposed a weak flank. It was on this wise: three months before, he, stout and young, had espoused a rich widow, old, weakly, and disagreeable.

Fence saw the bad generalship of his assailant, and attacked in flank.

"You ought to be authority on such questions, Taylor. You've had more recent experience than we old chaps, eh?"

The defeat of Taylor was complete. The meeting let out all the wrinkles on

its august brows, and all but Brent laughed heartily. He recalled the meeting to its dignity.

"If we have no better business than to laugh like a parcel of sinners, we had better go home to family prayers. P'raps we had better elect Brackett guardian of the town first. I'm sure I shall need one if things go on so much longer. And the church, that I've labored and tugged and carried mortar and dirt and bricks and stone and timber for, may go into the ground again. I expect we need a master, and Brackett'll make a good 'un I reckon."

The meeting grew serious. Brackett must be broken up; that was clear. The plan finally adopted to secure this result was the following: Fence should dissolve partnership and turn Brackett out of a shop. The 'Squire having done this half of the job, it devolved on the rest to keep him out. No vacant lot should be used for a shanty; no ricketty linnwood cabin should be rented to him. There were two old buildings, owned by a disgusted citizen who had taken up his residence in another town. These old buildings had for a year been entirely abandoned; but now a use for them was devised; a rent was to be offered; and the messenger who was to secure the lease was to start at daybreak next morning. Before sunset Brackett must be ostracised.

These benevolent and Christian labors accomplished, the fathers went home to family prayers.

D. H. Wheeler.

A RAILROAD ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

ALTHOUGH the Spanish American Republics are not noted for their readiness to grasp at the advantages derived by other countries from the improvements of advancing civilization, Peru exhibits a commendable spirit in the railroad enterprises which are now awakening her people to a sense of the profit and convenience likely to arise from a change in the existing mode of communication between the different parts of the Republic. The transportation of goods on the backs of beasts of burden, to localities within and beyond the mighty Cordilleras, met the requirements of those who lived in the dim past; but the growing commerce and population of Peru, her increasing traffic, her rich mineral deposits and agricultural advantages, not less than her national vanity and the requirements of progress, demand that the steam locomotive should supersede the mule and llama in the development of her vast resources, which must otherwise lie dormant within the iron embrace of the Andean Chain.

The peculiar formation of the country renders the construction of railroads in Peru a difficult matter; the chief emporiums of trade being situated within the mountain range which sweeps through its entire length from north to south in lofty and unbroken ridges. Between its base and the Pacific is a strip of valley land from twenty to sixty miles wide, which for the most part is an arid waste, though its surface is dotted by flourishing ranches, vineyards, and cotton, sugar and tobacco plantations.

The coast towns, in appearance neither wealthy nor picturesque, present a thriving interior. The principal inland cities — Lima, Pínia, Ica, Arequipa, and Tacna — find outlets in the ports of Callao, Payta, Pisco, and Arica, besides the dozen other smaller

ports open for coast traffic. Mineral ores, rice, wool, cinchona bark, hides, huanaco, vicuña and chinchilla skins, nitrate of soda, cochineal, etc., are sent to these ports for shipment — Callao being the exporting and importing centre. Railroads connect three of these cities with their seaports; but the mule yet forms the means of transportation in that portion of the country for which its capital is the outlet. If an observer from the ocean could bring the Peruvian Andes within the scope of a powerful glass, their resemblance to the busy scene of a huge ant-hill, with its organized bands of burden-bearers, would be striking.

The guano supply, from which the Government has hitherto derived nearly two-thirds of its revenue, is likely to be exhausted in a few years, when Peru will have to tap other sources for her national income. In view of this failure of guano, the wealth of her fertile valleys and mineral deposits are expected to supply the exhausted treasury, when the great arteries of improvement are laid over the mountain-sides of the Republic, and the scream of the steam-whistle awakens her sons to a new life of action and remunerative labor.

The enterprise and skill for such an undertaking belonged not to Peru, but the more active and scientific mind of a foreigner was called into play; and the services of Mr. Henry Meiggs, the great American railroad builder — whose faculty for surmounting natural difficulties in the path of railroad progress was practically developed in the neighboring republic of Chili — were solicited by the Peruvian Government, and contracts were awarded him for the construction of six lines of railway from the coast to points in the interior, for the princely consideration of \$100,000,000 in gold! — the largest contract which any

one person has ever been called upon to fill: in itself a convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the Government in the ability and talent of this single man.

The line connecting Arequipa, the second city of Peru, with the sea, was completed some months ago, and the expenses of its inauguration drew on Mr. Meiggs's purse to a large amount. The celebration exceeded in magnificence anything of the kind in the history of railroads. Four steamers were chartered to transport the guests from Callao to the coast terminus at Mollendo. The President of the Republic and his ministers, the foreign diplomatic corps and their *attachés*, were accommodated on board the transport "Chalaco"; the seat of government being transferred temporarily to Arequipa. The iron-clad frigate "Independencia" and the transport "Pachitea" carried other government people and a body of troops; while the "Panama," the largest steamer of the English Mail Company, took Mr. Meiggs and his distinguished party, amongst whom were many ladies. The gay squadron arrived at Mollendo in two days, where the party landed; and after pushing on up the craggy heights of the Andes to Arequipa, 7,600 feet above the sea level, returned without a single mishap.

The work on the Arequipa road was tedious and difficult; but to effect the flight of a locomotive from Lima to the *summit* of the Andes, 16,000 feet above the sea, is a much more arduous task. A whole continent greeted the completion of the transcontinental railway of America, with admiring wonder; the successful crossing of the Sierra Nevada was looked upon by many as the realization of a chimerical Yankee dream. Yet the highest elevation of the Pacific Railroad does not reach within 7,700 feet of the greatest altitude of the Oroya road, in the construction of which the additional difficulties of an intemperate climate, rarefied air, and scarcity

of labor and material, are to be contended against.

The Superintendent of this great work is Mr. Henry M. Keith, who is about to add to his responsibilities by undertaking the work of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the shores of Costa Rica, by a railroad across that Republic. His operations are by no means confined to the limits of one country, but he is always ready when called upon to lay his iron tracks between any two points where the work is not absolutely impossible. His acquaintance and courtesy insure the visitor every facility for gratifying his curiosity with regard to the mountain railroads under his supervision. I was favored by his invitation to accompany him on horseback over the proposed route of the Oroya road. Advising a stock of warm clothing and heavy riding-boots for the high altitudes which he proposed to ascend, he assured me that all other requisites for the round journey, to occupy ten days' hard riding, would be duly provided on the way.

The road is completed from Callao to a point forty-eight miles beyond Lima. It traverses the bed of the Rimac River, which is a broad, shallow stream. Mounting a locomotive at the latter place, on a July morning—the middle of winter in this latitude—we moved through one of the arches of the old bridge which connects the city, lying on the right and left banks of the river, and rattled along up the valley, walled in on both sides by steep hills. The Rimac, now quiet and harmless, swells into a boiling flood which extends across its bed, when the snow on the mountains begins to melt in the summer months; but the rails are laid on a foundation solid enough to resist the action of its greatest force. The road-bed is solid, and its stone culverts and conduits are handsomely pointed; the whole work presenting the smooth finish of the best English railways. In the *quebradas* on either side of the river, the faded glory of the Incas may

be noticed in the ruins of towns and villages of considerable extent. This valley was once very thickly peopled; and here Pizarro experienced strong resistance from the Indians who made a vigorous stand against the invader. Here they heroically defended their soil against the depredations of an adventurous stranger, who was prompted to the most wonderful achievements of vandalism, to the shame of humanity and the disgrace of Spain. Its stillness has since been unbroken by aught but the shout of the *arrieros*, urging the loaded mule to his task, until the steam whistles and bells of American locomotives broke in upon its solitary quietude. The limits of many of the town sites are so contracted that terracing is resorted to. The outlines of streets and squares, and the thick *adobe* walls, half covered in their own ruins, attest the regularity with which the villages were laid out and constructed. Little signs of fertility exist; indeed, the serrated mountains and their abrupt rise render cultivation next to impossible, — although among the ruins many old watercourses for irrigation show that husbandry was not neglected in the little patches of tillable land.

The Valley of Cocachacra was our first stopping-place, and here we found horses waiting for us. The rails were laid no farther; and as the engine approached the little hamlet, crowds of Indians looked curiously upon this inroad of civilization. The Sub-Prefect of the place — dressed in red peg-top trousers, jingling spurs, and gold-laced military coat, a broad-brimmed Panama hat shading his swarthy face from the rays of a hot sun, — came across the street from the *Prefectura*, his bright cimeter occasionally tripping him up, to welcome us and offer us the hospitality of his house — a wooden box-like shanty, surmounted by the arms of Peru, his official signboard. Peruvian officers are seldom unarmed, being obliged by law to carry side-arms at all times. A guard of sol-

diers is stationed here, to keep the peace in the white-tented railroad camps, and to enforce the decrees of the civil authorities, as well as to prevent the desertion of the railroad laborers, who are bound to service by contract. The Superintendent possesses almost unlimited influence with the authorities. His private request for dismissal, made to the President, would cost an offender his office, however important it might be; and the knowledge of this fact keeps the officials on the line of the road in wholesome check in their connection with railroad people, to whom every facility is afforded for the prosecution of their work.

Cocachacra is a poor place of a few hundred inhabitants, who are free from the cares of any trade. Its houses are built of *adobe*, and are low and dingy. A fall from the top of its cathedral would hardly scratch a child; yet within its walls the denizens find room to meet and worship. All around, the Andean bulwarks rise to great perpendicular heights, shutting out from view the points of entry and egress. The valley looks fresh and green — the oasis of this barren region.

Behind a spur of the mountains, a half mile beyond, is the residence of the local Superintendent, where we were comfortably housed for the night. Sitting on the low balcony of his house, 5,000 feet above the sea, the roar of exploding powder in blasting rocks far up the mountain-side re-echoed through the valley, producing the effect of a park of artillery on a field-day. The sound rattled in our ears as if grape and canister were on their mission of destruction.

This is *La Huerta* (the orchard). Paltas, guavas, granadillas, and the incomparable chirimoya, grow in abundance. This latter, the most cherished of all South American fruits, grows on a small bushy tree ten or twelve feet high, with leaves resembling those of the apple tree, but larger. The fruit grows to a huge size, sometimes weighing fifteen pounds. Breaking it in two,

you find its white pulp interspersed with black seeds the shape of an almond, but smaller. Its flavor resembles the strawberry when its acidity is neutralized by sweetened cream.

The shouting of muleteers, the crackling of whips, and the jingling of bells, awoke us the next morning. Going out into the sharp morning air, we enjoyed the sight, common in these mountains, of droves of one and two hundred asses and llamas bearing their burdens to the Capital. The llama is the national beast of burden, and the object of solicitous care on the part of its owner; while the donkey, a Spanish importation, does not fare so well at the hands of his master. The former is an animal of the camel species; generally of a brown color, three feet high, with a neck one and a half feet long. It moves at a slow walk, and, being timid, is ever gazing around as if fearful of the proximity of an enemy. It carries a weight of one hundred and twenty-five pounds. When tired, it lies down, and will not rise again until relieved of part of its burden. The wool of the llama, with that of the vicuña, alpaca, and huanaco, is largely exported from Peru. The *arrieros* display wonderful ingenuity in the packing of a train of animals with merchandise, put up in barrels, boxes, bags, and the differently shaped bales in which it is confined. Boxes are laid on the sides of the animal, over a stuffed saddle; while barrels find a secure place on the top. All are lashed together with rawhide thongs. Four or five sacks of flour are packed up in the same way, and secured; crates of crockery and glass-ware are also packed in this way. But the most dangerous trains to encounter on a defile, are mules laden with lumber for building purposes. The boards and beams extend over his head, and trail on the ground behind him, obliging you, if the path be wide enough, to turn and retrace your steps to some niche, in which you flatten yourself until the awkward load passes by. Great is the breakage

in earthen and glass-ware when a drove of mules for any reason crowd each other in the narrow paths. The loss of *pisco* (native brandy) arising from this cause, was once very great, and led to the substitution of sheep-skin pouches for the earthen *botijas* in which the liquid was formerly transported. Pianos have been carried to distant *haciendas* on mule-back; but great care is required in the transportation of such cumbrous articles. Before ice was manufactured in Lima, the capital was supplied from the mountain glaciers, twenty-eight leagues off, in blocks of five *arobas* (125 lbs). It was packed in grass, and the mules driven at a trot, reaching Lima in twenty hours from its native fields in the Cordilleras.

Riding forward, we reach San Bartolomé, where the difficult engineering of the road commences. The main body of the laborers is concentrated in this part of the valley. The mountain side on the left bank of the river is dotted by working-gangs, representing Chinese, Cholos, and American runaway sailors. Standing on the road, some feet above the river-bank, we see its bed at two elevations above us. How is a locomotive to reach there? is a question naturally suggested to the uninitiated in civil engineering. From our position, looking south, the track leads to the right, round the base of the first low hill, the top of which it reaches through a deep cut, and runs directly north. Winding to the left, it makes another curve, and reaches the higher position on a grade of four per cent., and leads on its southerly course along the mural *façade* one thousand feet above us. The men are using powder and steel in the cutting and filling which characterize the abrupt ascent at this point. An intersecting gulch is to be filled in by blowing down its sides, which is to be effected by a blast of seventy-five tons of powder, to be exploded by galvanic wires. The track is here lost in a tunnel running parallel with the mountain.

Accidents to the laborers are not infrequent, but the sick and wounded are well provided for at the railroad hospital — a commodious building, capable of accommodating many patients. The Medical Director, Dr. Martinez, a Californian by birth, has this institution in charge; and under his management the afflicted are well cared for. In addition to his professional abilities, the Doctor is an entertaining companion. His accounts of his surgical achievements are at once wonderful and interesting. Looking gravely through his spectacles, with a mug of beer in one hand and a great German briar-root pipe in the other, he told us that a heavy blast had blown up a hill near by, with the man who set it off, and both rolled down the mountain side — the man and the hill being on top alternately — into the river beneath. The Doctor assured us that although every bone in the man's body was broken, he would patch him up as good as new. "Another man," said he, "was blown out of the tunnel like a ball from a pistol, and his skull was badly broken and the flesh torn from one of his hands." By way of proof, he produced a piece of cranium an inch long by half an inch wide, which he had taken from the man's jagged head; with the assurance that his patient would soon recover. We saw the victim of this frightful accident, and his condition scarcely justified the hopes of his doctor. But he has snatched many a man from the jaws of death, and was never known to despair of success. The use of the water of certain streams in this neighborhood is interdicted, for the reason that a terrible disease, called *verugas*, follows a single draught of the poisoned liquid. The presence of the disease is announced by feverish symptoms, followed by large boils on the body, frequently reaching the dimensions of the half of a small orange, which bleed so profusely that the patient becomes exhausted, and his enfeebled energies open to the attack of consumption

which usually follows. The disease is treated by cutting out the *verugas*, and administering medicine which purifies the blood. A still more dangerous malady is prevalent here — the *uta*, a cancer forming in the body, often in the stomach. It is supposed to be contracted by the use of infected water, and usually proves fatal to its victim. The *terciana* (chills and fever) prevails throughout these valleys to a great extent. Foreigners who are temperate and regular in their habits are less liable to succumb to its effects than the native, whose intemperance seems to be incurable. These diseases are purely local, and unknown beyond their limits.

A frame hotel is in course of construction on the river bank, and bids fair to be the favorite resort of the *Limafios* on the many holidays that mark their yearly calendar. Its situation is not the most desirable, from the fact that it lies in the track of the massive rocks that are being loosened for the road-bed on the mountain rising behind it, which are liable at any time to dash down and demolish it.

Winding up a steep trail, the journey is pursued. Drove of animals are constantly raising the pulverized dust and retarding progress. Great confusion arises when ascending and descending droves encounter each other on the narrow defiles. The tumultuous imprecations of the muleteers add to the disorder in the ranks, and the whip is applied vigorously until the contending forces have again resumed their opposite journeys. The downhill animals generally come off the victors in these contests for place. Progress was necessarily slow; but when a fair stretch of good road admitted it, we urged our animals to the highest speed consistent with safety. A stumbling horse on this narrow and elevated trail might precipitate the unwary rider to terrible depths below. You are not always secure from these contingencies, where the trail leads along some enormous elevation, with a steep wall above

on the one hand and almost impenetrable depths beneath. The road at times winds round a shelving projection, cut from jutting rock which overhangs dark chasms of sickening depth; and the warning cries of *arrieros* must be heeded in approaching these passes. They are hopeless spots upon which to meet a laden drove. Unable to turn round, the leading mule, urged to advance by the cries of the driver, crowds the pass; and to save yourself, it is often necessary to drive him over the unprotected verge to a horrible death below, which is attended with great danger in the struggle which the animal is certain to make for his life. A timely bullet has often saved the traveller from a dreadful fate. We cross the river on one of those quaint bridges which characterize the architecture of the early occupants of this soil. They are composed of osiers plaited over ropes of rawhide secured to the steep cliffs overhanging the foamy stream beneath. They are unprotected by guards of any kind, and are but three or four feet wide. On this shaky structure, rider and beast cross the yawning gulf, into which they are sometimes thrown. Animals occasionally become entangled in the net-work, and are with difficulty released.

Several small Indian villages were met on our way. They were inhospitable hamlets, and offered no inducements to delay. At night, the cheerless quarters afforded us at an Indian *tambo* (inn) were a grateful boon to our wearied frames. Sitting on a rude bench before the fire, we watched our yellow hostess cooking our supper in a broken pot, with that deep interest prompted by a famishing stomach. The hotch-potch consisted of potatoes flavored with salt and hot peppers, served in soup-plates of ancient manufacture, with a raw egg broken into each. We feasted on this repast—the common dish of the peasantry of Peru. It is called *Chupe*. A reckless disregard of cleanliness in the mode of cooking compelled us to swallow quantities of

sand, which enters into the composition of every article of food prepared by this class of people. The model hotel was unencumbered with that common appendage of modern times, a chimney, so that the smoke rose in blinding clouds from the fagots, and made its way through a hole in the roof designed for its passage, or attacked our eyes with the most excruciating pains. The “lady of the house” was fat, yellow, and ugly. Her movements were waddling and ungraceful. Her great bony feet were innocent strangers to shoe-leather and the influence of soap. She addressed stray remarks in *Quichua*, the Inca tongue, to her lord and master, who sat in a corner muffled up in his *poncho*, watching the smoking embers and brooding moodily, doubtless over the fate of his ancestors. He never once replied, either by a wink or a nod.

At an early hour the next morning, our attendant—the faithful George, Mr. Keith's body-servant, and the companion of his lonely rides through these mountains,—had the horses all ready, and we started off at a gallop. At the next village we had breakfast, eight thousand feet above the sea. *Sancochado*, a mixture of boiled mutton, green peas, and *yucca*, constituted the main part of the meal. The *yucca* is a root similar to the *taro* of the Sandwich Islands, but whiter, more fibrous, and pleasant to the taste. The natives are very fond of a drink called *chicha*, manufactured after the fashion of the Hawaiian *awa*, by chewing maize, which is boiled and allowed to ferment. It has an acid taste, and, to the native palate, it is a delicacy.

Another day's dreary ride through the wild waste of mountains, following the course of the river in all its deviations, put us well on towards the end of our journey. The bed of the road was not yet traced so far as this; but its course is mapped out, and the difficulties of its construction may be imagined from the deep cuttings, fillings, and traverses, along the abrupt decliv-

ities which are pointed out in its proposed route. The country looks bleak and barren; the only verdure to be found is in the gloomy ravines.

At the altitude of 13,000 feet, mining is extensively carried on by the Indian inhabitants, many rich lodes being worked; but the process of sublimating is very rude, and the consequent waste of metal is very great. The climate is extremely rigorous; chapped lips and hands, and, to persons of plethoric temperament, the terrible annoyances of *soroche*, begin to present themselves. The natives call this affliction *mareo* (sea-sickness). Breathing becomes painfully difficult, and a sensation of extreme lassitude follows the slightest exertion. I saw a young lady in hysterics from the effects of rarefied air, on the top of Mauna Haleakala, in the Hawaiian group, 11,000 feet above the sea. Her nerves were unstrung, and she laughed and cried alternately until she became more accustomed to the use of light air. The pulse quickens, the heart throbs violently, and nausea and great depression of spirits ensue. The use of liquor aggravates the troubles. In severe cases, blood trickles from the eyes and nose. The sufferer becomes incapable of exertion for the time being, and is fortunate to escape the worse infliction of *surumpe*. An attack of this kind brings intense suffering to its victim. The symptoms of *soroche* are aggravated, until the sufferer is in a stupor, from which he arises to find the congealed blood stinging his swollen eyelids, rendering his situation almost insupportable. The romance of his trip is lost in his agony; the wild solitudes, the vast gorges, the dangerous passes, the foamy streams leaping over high precipices in search of a level, all lose their charm, and seem but to remind him of his sufferings. Natives attach great importance to the strengthening qualities of the *coca* leaf, in all cases affecting the stomach; and it is known to have a decided influence against the effects of *mareo*. It is to the natives

what opium is to the Chinese and hashesh is to the Arab. The leaf is similar in shape to the green tea leaf. It is masticated, and is said to be narcotic in its effects; but to persons unaccustomed to its use, sleep is dispelled by the hallucinations and sense of depression usually experienced after the use of opiates. The leaves are carefully gathered and dried for the native market. In long marches, Peruvian troops are always supplied with *coca*. They will perform prodigies of labor for days, by chewing it when food is exhausted. Dyspeptics are much benefited by a decoction of the leaves, which forms an aromatic draught.

Ridge upon ridge roll up against the horizon before us; gulf and stream cross and re-cross our path; but by aid of the precarious trails winding round dizzy heights, our sure-footed animals surmount ridge, chasm, and stream, and we reach the summit, 16,000 feet above tide-water. A more desolate situation cannot well be imagined. North and south runs the great Chain; misty clouds and pear-shaped peaks obstruct the view coastwise; while to the eastward, dim outlines of dense forests press through the murky atmosphere, whose temperature is down to 35° Fahrenheit at this point. We console ourselves by picturing the comfort of riding in a heated railroad car in this cold climate, in marked contrast to the present pilgrimage on horseback. Heavy snow-clouds usually hover over these heights, and break into flaky storms when rent asunder by the furious thunder-storms which at times awaken the solitude of these mountain-glens; but now the sky was of a clear deep blue. The setting of the sun was a glorious sight. White fleecy clouds, frayed into jagged edges settled down into dense banks of vapor on the mountain-side two thousand feet beneath us. We were standing on a conical island in the ring of this misty sea. A panorama, in which were castle-towers and battlements, steep precipices and rolling valleys,—the white

sails of imaginary commerce dotting the glassy surface of the nubilous ocean, obstructed by icebergs whose shining peaks glistened in the fading sun,—rolled itself out before us. The sun's path in the western sky was lighted up by deep crimson flakes, diffused throughout with beams of scarlet and gold, which tapered to light pink and rose at the tips of the diverging rays. Slowly and grandly he sank into his vapory bed; and as the curtains of night were drawn in around him, his robes of golden hue faded out with the last glimmering of daylight.

Oroya lies on the Atlantic side of the Andes, leagues from the capital, and is reached by a circuitous route, to avoid too steep a grade for the railroad. It is a wretched collection of huts, occupied by Indians; and will not long remain the terminus of the railroad. Necessary machinery will be transported to the mountains, for opening up the silver and iron deposits known to exist throughout these regions to an extent beyond calculation. The increase of foreign emigration will supply the energy and skill to work the mines to advantage; and as a natural consequence, the road will advance to the extensive timber-lands on the eastern slope of the Andes.

One night was passed at Oroya, and the ride back to Cocachacra accomplished in less than three days. We found a party of officers from the U. S. Flagship "Ossipee," who were at Cocachacra on a visit; and two hand-cars were put upon the track to convey our party to Lima. Taking our places on the two seats with which the cars were provided, we commenced our perilous journey, using no motive-power beyond that furnished by the down-grade, all the way to Lima. Relieving the wheels from the pressure of the brakes, the cars moved slowly at first, but soon got under headway, and away we went at the fearful rate of sixty miles an hour. We swept round the sharp curves at such speed that our eyes were blinded, and we caught our breath with difficulty. Stationary objects seemed to fly past us on the wings of lightning as we sped on our mad career, stray cattle and laborers flying the track as if we were bent only upon their destruction. We made the whole run in one hour and twenty minutes, including two stoppages, and arrived at our journey's end, thankful for safe return from a trip possessing sufficient hardships and adventure to make it a memorable reminiscence of our stay at the City of Kings.

J. T. Meagher.

THE NEXT TRANSIT OF VENUS.

THE coming event in the world of astronomical research, is the next Transit of the planet Venus across the Sun's disc. Though the phenomenon will not occur until the 8th of December, 1874, more than two and a half years hence, yet the occasion will be such an important one, and so much of preparation must be made beforehand, that arrangements are already well under way for observing it. The

astronomers of many nations, including those of the United States and all the leading countries of Europe, will unite in the effort to solve the long vexed problem, the answer to which will be eliminated from the conditions then presented.

To the ordinary mind, the Transit may seem a very unimportant affair. A dark spot, appearing no larger than a five-cent nickel piece at the distance

of 114 yards from the eye, will occupy four hours and twelve minutes in passing across the Sun, from the northeastern to the northwestern boundary of the solar disc. And this little spot, so small as to be scarcely visible, even through a smoked glass, will not be seen at all from any part of the American Continent. It might be thought that it is scarcely worth while to send costly expeditions to Asia or Australia, when many large spots have been seen on the Sun within the past two years, and that not three years ago the Sun was entirely hidden from our view by the interposition of the Moon.

Yet that apparently insignificant spot will be a body forty-two times larger than the Moon, and five-sixths the size of our Earth. And the occurrence of that phenomenon will afford to astronomers a long-waited-for opportunity of correcting or verifying the now accepted values of distance from the Earth of some of the fixed stars, and all the principal bodies in the solar system, except the Moon.

The discovery of the Keplerian laws, two and a half centuries ago, enabled astronomers to find the proportional distances of the planetary bodies from the Sun, by observing the relative velocities of motion, and to apply the same rule in ascertaining the varying distances of any one body from the Sun. The fundamental principle of the laws of Kepler is nothing more than this: that the central body of the solar system is the cause of planetary movements; and that his power to produce those movements depends upon his distance from the body affected being greater when near, and less when more remote. If, therefore, we can find out the actual distance of any one of the planetary bodies from the Sun at any one time, we possess the means of knowing the distances of all the rest, at any other instant for which we may wish to perform the calculation.

We have no means of doing this, directly. The only way in which we

can measure the distance of an inaccessible object, is to observe it from two different points, and note the difference between its "bearing" from the two places. From these observations we can construct an ideal triangle, the base of which is the line joining the two observing stations; the other two sides meet in the object observed. Then all that is necessary to find out the lengths of these two lines, is to know the rate at which they approach each other, and the length of the base line. Thus: if we observe the Moon at the same instant, from two places on the Earth's surface that are 4,000 miles apart, we find that the two lines directed to the Moon from those points approach each other at the rate of about one in sixty. Hence, the distance of the Moon from the Earth is sixty times 4,000, or 240,000 miles.

But this method fails when we attempt to apply it to the measure of the Sun's distance; and because he is so far away that the lines directed towards him from any two points on the Earth's surface are so nearly parallel that it is difficult to measure the rate at which they approach each other. The inclination from opposite ends of a base line 4,000 miles long, is but about one part in 22,830, or one foot in four and one-third miles. The angle included at the Sun, by two lines which include the Earth's equatorial radius of 20,924,190 feet, or 3,962.9 miles, is but 8.94 seconds of arc, according to the latest determination, which corresponds to an opening of rather less than two and two-thirds inches to the mile of distance. This angle is called the Sun's parallax.

When we consider that an error in the measurement of this angle which would amount to no more than the thickness of a human hair seen at the distance of one mile, would involve an error of 35,000 miles in the computed distance, we shall cease to wonder that astronomers have not been able, ere this, to give an exact answer to the question, "How far off is the Sun?"

The wonder is rather that they should *know* that the accepted estimate of distance is within half a million miles of the truth, and is probably true to within two per cent. of that amount. And if we remember that the construction of instruments for the accurate measurement of angles is of very recent date, we shall not be surprised that the ancients could be in error to the extent of nineteen-twentieths of the entire distance.

The following table shows, approximately, the distance of the Earth from the Sun in English miles, as estimated by different astronomers. So far as known to the writer, they have never before been collated:

Aristarchus, of Samos	4,800,000
Ptolemy	4,800,000
Hipparchus	6,250,000
Copernicus	3,750,000
Tycho Brahe	4,800,000
Kepler	13,600,000
Hévelius	20,000,000
Ricciolus	30,000,000
Albategnius	31,500,000
Posidonius	52,000,000
Newton	60,000,000
Maraldi	82,000,000
Lacaille	83,000,000
Flamsteed	83,250,000
Richer	90,000,000
Cassini	110,000,000
Herschel (Sir W.)	95,000,000
Encke	95,300,000
Le Verrier	91,230,000
Newcomb	92,380,000
Present value (8.94")	91,429,000

If two lines which meet at the eye be so inclined to each other as that they shall point to opposite edges of the Sun, the angle formed by those lines is called the Sun's angular diameter. The average measure of this angle is thirty-two minutes thirty-six and four-tenths seconds. Applying a scale of equal parts, we find that these lines recede from each other at the rate of 100 in 10,722; so that, cut the lines at whatever distance from the eye we will, the resulting triangle is nearly 107 1-4 times longer than its shortest side. If, therefore, we divide the distance of the Sun by this number, the quotient will be his diameter. If the

distance be 91,429,000 miles, the diameter of the Sun is 852,706 miles; and his volume is 1,249,356 times that of the Earth. Now, if the Ptolemaic estimate of distance were correct, the same proportion would give less than 45,000 miles for the diameter of the Sun. Our calculations of bulk and comparative weight, or mass, as the astronomers call it, are all dependent for their accuracy upon a correct knowledge of the distance. The following comparative figures show in a striking light the enormous differences in our accepted values of the Sun's diameter, volume in earth units, and mass in earth units, according as we take Encke's statement of distance, or the one given in the last line of the preceding table:

	<i>Recent.</i>	<i>Present.</i>
Distance (miles).....	95,274,000	91,429,000
Diameter "	888,646	852,706
Volume (E. —)	1,415,225	1,249,356
Mass "	354,936	317,169

And errors proportionate to these differences would enter into our computations of the distances and volumes of all the planetary bodies, and the distances of all the fixed stars that are measurable. Thus, the distance of Neptune from the Sun being more than thirty times greater than that of the Earth, an error of 4,000,000 miles in our estimate of the unit, would involve an error of more than 120,000,000 miles in the stated distance of Neptune. We present herewith the proportional distances of a few other bodies; that of the Earth being the measuring-rod, is stated as unity. Multiplying these distances by that of the Earth, in miles, we shall obtain the average mile-distance of each from the Sun:

Mercury	0.38710
Venus	0.72333
Earth	1.00000
Mars	1.52369
Jupiter	5.20278
Saturn	9.53879
Uranus	19.18239
Neptune	30.07055
Alpha Centauri	224,000.
Sirius	1,375,000.
Pole-Star	3,078,000.

We will now show briefly, and as

A Transit of Venus is a rare phenomenon. The planet is in Inferior Conjunction once in every 583.92 days, or a little more than a year and seven months; but at such times she is generally north or south of the Sun, owing to the fact that her orbit makes an angle with that of the Earth, and a Transit can only occur when she is near one of her nodes, at the time of Inferior Conjunction. We have a similar set of conditions in the case of the Moon. We have a new Moon every month; but the Moon only eclipses the Sun when, at the time of conjunction, she is also near one of the two points in which her orbit intersects that of the Earth. The Transits of Venus really occur in pairs, the two members of each pair being separated by an interval of eight years, while the time between two consecutive pairs is more than a century. The Transit of 1874 will be followed by another in December, 1882. After that, no other will occur till June, in the year 2004.

The first observed Transit of Venus occurred on the 4th of December, 1638. It was witnessed by a young astronomer named Horrox, from his residence near Liverpool, England. The attention of scientific men being called to the fact, the times of succeeding Transits were computed; and it was found that the phenomenon would recur in June, 1761, and June, 1769. Then Dr. Halley, the English Astronomer Royal, thought out a method for making these Transits available for ascertaining the distance of the Sun from the Earth, and extensive preparations were made for observing them. Captain Cook's voyage to Otaheité was one of the many expeditions undertaken for this purpose. The observations of 1769 were collated by Encké, who deduced about 95,274,000 miles as the Earth's mean distance from the Sun. This was accepted as the true value till very recently.

But about forty years ago an extended series of observations of the Moon, at Greenwich, England, was completed,

and a comparison of the results showed that the distance stated by Encké *must* be greater than the truth. The suspicion that something was wrong was confirmed in 1834 by the finding of a note book among the papers of Father Hell, at Vienna, which had undoubtedly been used by him to record the observations at Wardhus, in the northern part of Norway. The principal figures had been erased so as to be generally illegible. The station at Wardhus was almost the only one of all those selected at which the observation of the Transit was not interfered with by the clouds; and Encké had therefore attached the greatest weight to the alleged results obtained at that station. It was evident that the figures had been changed, and that the deduced distance was practically valueless, in consequence. Father Hell has been charged with wilfully falsifying the record; but it is impossible to understand what motive he could have for doing it.

The celebrated Professor Hansen made an exhaustive comparison of the Greenwich observations, and, with the data thus obtained, he compiled his well known "*Tables de la Lune*," making many important changes in the estimates of the forces which cause her motion in the orbit, and the distances at which they act. Among the most important of the results arrived at in these comparisons, was a reduction of the estimate of Sun distance to about 91,000,000 miles. Subsequently the French Astronomer Royal, Le Verrier, one of the two discoverers of Neptune, made a careful comparison of the motions of Venus and Mars, and concluded that the distance could not be much greater than that last stated. Then followed the experiments of Foucault, of Paris, which gave the velocity of Light as about 185,350 miles per second. The Eclipses of Jupiter's satellites show that light occupies about 8 minutes 13.3 seconds, or 493.3 seconds, in passing from the Sun to the Earth. The product of 185,350 into

493.3 gives 91,433,155 miles, which is very nearly the same as the present accepted distance; and the experiments of Foucault thus give a further verification of the accuracy with which the irregularities of the Lunar motion point out the distance of the Sun. Still another proof was furnished in 1862, when Mars was so near the Earth as to be in an unusually favorable position for the measure of his parallax. The result of careful watching was to show that he was much nearer the Earth than would have been possible if the Earth's mean distance from the Sun were 95,000,000 miles and upwards.

Some ten years ago Professor Simon Newcomb of the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington, undertook a series of comparisons, and announced the Solar Parallax as being 8.848'', which would give about 92,380,000 miles as the mean distance. This value is used in the calculations for the U. S. Ephemeris, while the value assigned by Le Verrier is used in the computations for the English Nautical Almanac. We may add that the writer of this article has also "been over the ground" independently, and herewith presents his conclusions, for the test in 1874:

Sun's Parallax.....	.89359"
Mean distance, miles.....	91,475,000

It has thus been established in several different ways, all concurring except Newcomb, that the average distance of the Earth from the Sun can scarcely be more than 91,500,000, or less than 91,230,000 miles. We are justified in expecting that the observations of the Transit of 1874, being made with the aid of instruments far superior to those in use in 1769, will enable us to know the distance to within a thousand miles of the truth.

We will now give a few of the Geographical statistics of the Transit, and note the preparations in progress for observing it.

The planet will appear to touch the northeastern edge of the Sun at ten minutes past eight o'clock in the even-

ing of December 8th, 1874, Chicago time. It will occupy four hours and twelve minutes in making the Transit, leaving the Sun, on his northwestern edge, at twenty-two minutes past midnight. The point of ingress will be north towards east, 49°; the point of egress will be north towards west, 20°. The planet will, therefore, traverse the chord of an arc of 69°, or nearly one-fifth of the solar circumference. The length of the planet's apparent path will be to that of the Sun's diameter as 5664 to 10,000; the versed sine of the arc cut off will be 880 of those parts. The Sun's semi-diameter will be 16' 14.98"; Venus's semi-diameter, 31.41". Sun's declination south 22° 35'. Distance of Venus 0.268, where that of the Sun equals unity.

It is easy to see, from this, that the phenomenon will not be visible above the horizon of Chicago. Turning hours into degrees, we can see that at the time of the ingress the Sun will be vertical in 150° of east longitude from Greenwich and 22° 35' south latitude, or near the middle of the eastern coast of Queensland, Australia. If we take an artificial globe, and place this point under the Zenith we shall see that the line of the horizon runs just above Cape Horn, leaving the whole of the American Continent in the darkened hemisphere. It cuts it again at the extremity of the Alaskan peninsula, runs through Kamschatka, and just below Oshkotsk, and thence across Asia to the western side of Hindostan. The continents of Africa and Europe, and a great part of Asia, will be thus below the horizon, the ocean side of the Earth being turned toward the Sun.

At the end of the Transit the Sun will be vertical in the same parallel of 22° 35' south latitude, in longitude 87° east of Greenwich, being 28° west of Australia, towards the Island of Madagascar. Turning the globe till this point is in the Zenith, we find that the whole American Continent and eastern Africa are still below the horizon; but that the phenomenon of egress will be

visible from the western two-thirds of Africa, the whole of Asia, except its northern part, and to a small part of eastern Europe, the line of the horizon running through the Mediterranean Sea.

Of course the entire Transit will be visible from all points on the Earth's surface that are above the artificial horizon of the globe at *both* these times. Some portion of the Transit will be visible from about two-thirds of the Earth's surface, if the atmospheric conditions are favorable.

But every point within this area will not furnish equally accurate results to the observer. It is evident that the greatest amount of apparent displacement will be at those points on the horizon, and their opposites, which correspond to the position of the planet on the Sun's disc; and the amount of displacement will decrease in proportion to the cosine of the distance from those stations. There are comparatively few places situated on the *bearing* lines to those points, and which will have the Sun sufficiently high above the horizon to permit distinct observation without unduly decreasing the observed displacement. The following points are among the best that can be selected, with the proportion of displacement, where the horizontal displacement is equal to unity:

For observing the Ingress as accelerated by parallax, Owhyhee, 0.92; Marquesas, 0.7; Western Aleutian Islands, 0.3.

For observing the Ingress as retarded by parallax, Kerguelen's Island, 0.91; Crozet's Island, 0.98; Rodriguez, Mauritius; Madras, 0.47; Bombay, 0.44.

For observing the Egress as accelerated by parallax, Auckland Islands; Canterbury, Wellington, and Auckland in New Zealand; ranging from 0.83 to 0.77. Norfolk Island, 0.66; Melbourne and Sydney, 0.6. The Southern Continent would also furnish excellent stations near 105° of east longitude, if accessible.

For observing the Egress as retarded

by parallax, the stations are almost entirely in Russian and Turkish territory, with displacements of 0.8 and upwards. At Omsk, Orsk, Astrakhan, Erzeroum, Aleppo, Alexandria, and Smyrna, the Sun will be high. At Constantinople, Odessa, Athens, Tobolsk, Perm, Kazan, and Kharkov, the Sun will be near the horizon. He will be *on* the horizon of Moscow.

For a "good square view" of the planet on the body of the Sun, and a comparison of the gradual change of position through the entire transit, the best locations will be in Australia and on the east coast of Northern China; as named in connection with the preceding diagram. In Australia the planet will be almost entirely unaffected by parallax, the view being the same as if the observer were at the Earth's centre. In China, near Pekin, in the latitude of 40° north, the displacement will be 888 parts in 1000 of the parallax; the place is easily reached, and the observations would be less liable to atmospheric interruption than at stations farther north, on the edge of winter.

It follows, as a necessary consequence of the theory we have described, that an error of one mile in the measurement of the line between two observing stations on the Earth's surface would involve an error of some 20,000 miles in the computation of the Sun's distance. Hence it will be necessary to know the exact longitude and latitude of each station selected, in order to ascertain the rectilinear bases of the triangles with great accuracy. In the great majority of cases this will be a work of considerable time, requiring the use of a transit instrument and several chronometers at each station; with telegraphic communication, for the longitude, where available. Hence it will be necessary to send out observing parties to many of the stations, several months before the occurrence of the Transit. We may here remark that the station near Pekin in China is almost the only one at which an approx-

imate knowledge of the longitude would be sufficient for the purpose of direct comparison with the results obtained at the Australian observatory.

For the observation of the Transit the very best of instruments will be employed, the object being to measure, with the greatest possible precision, the exact position of the black spot on the Sun, at as many instants as possible during the continuance of the phenomenon. We need not here attempt to describe the various metrometric appliances in use for measuring angles in the field of the telescope. The great difficulties to be contended with are the unequal bending (refraction) of the rays of light in the instrument by the media through which they pass, and the other difficulty of fixing one of the micrometer wires so that it shall exactly coincide with the limit of solar brightness. The first is sought to be obviated in several ways, among which we may note that one English astronomer proposes to fill his telescope with water. For the second, an instrument called the Heliometer has been constructed, which has also the advantage that it enables the observer to measure from one edge to any part of the Sun's disc, whereas the ordinary telescope is limited to the measurement of much smaller angles than those that will be observed at the time of the Transit.

The camera of the photographer will also be extensively employed to take pictures of the Sun and its planet spot at noted instants. These pictures will be afterwards "developed" and magnified, and then submitted to microscopic measurement, so as to find the precise place of the planet on the Sun. Some astronomers do not anticipate very accurate results from these pictures, owing to the difficulty of focusing so that the rays shall all have the same rate of divergence from the centre of the image. The photographs will be taken, however, but will be used only as auxiliaries to the processes of direct measurement at the telescope.

The observations all being taken,

the work of calculation and comparison will follow. The results obtained at each station will be compared with each other, and then with those made at all the other stations. From the whole the parallax of the Sun will be deduced with the greatest possible accuracy—probably to within the one-thousandth part of a second of arc.

The approach of such an important event could not but be regarded with intense interest in every part of the civilized world. As long ago as 1869 Professors Airy of England, and Le Verrier of France, called attention to the subject, and submitted a synopsis of points to be considered in the work of preparation for the event. Soon thereafter a congress of astronomers met in Germany to discuss the topic, and digest plans for coöperation. Matters have not been definitely arranged at the date of this writing, but it is confidently expected that separate parties will be sent out by the Governments of North and South Germany, Russia, and Great Britain, and that the Turkish authorities will arrange to take care of the observations made on the borders of that Empire, while France will probably make a successful effort to join in the quest, though financially crippled in the late war. There is no doubt that all the leading astronomers of these countries and of several other European nations, will unite in the work. Not less than seven or eight independent expeditions will be sent out from Europe, each consisting of a full corps of trained observers, supplied with the very best of instruments, specially constructed for the work, and familiarized with their use by a sufficiently extended course of previous practice.

The work of preparation in the United States is not so forward as in Europe, but is progressing satisfactorily, nevertheless. About a year ago Congress passed a bill appropriating the sum of \$2,000 for preliminary experiments, and providing that sum, and all other moneys which might be appropriated for the same purpose in the

future, should be expended under the direction of a board consisting of the following gentlemen :

Admiral B. F. Sands, Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington.

Professor Benjamin Pierce, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey.

Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

Professors Simon Newcomb and William Harkness of the U. S. Naval Observatory.

Since that time these gentlemen have been busily engaged in getting up instruments for the preliminary experiments, and projecting plans for carrying out the work. Congress is about to be asked to make another and larger appropriation; and petitions to that effect are now being signed by numerous scientific Associations, including the Chicago Academy of Sciences and the Chicago Astronomical Society. If these petitions be responded to with an adequate sum of money, the Committee will at once authorize the construction of the necessary instruments, which were designed some time since, and will perfect the details of the plans already sketched out for the distribution and conduct of the observing parties. It is intended that all the instruments shall be made in the United States.

There can be but one wish in regard to this matter, among those who understand its importance — that there will be no Congressional parsimony in regard to it. Even if it had no scientific reputation to sustain, the United States could scarcely afford to rest supinely while the investigators of all other civilized nations are striving *manibus pedibusque* to unveil one of the most deeply shrouded secrets of Nature. But it should be remembered that the world of scientific men and women will await with deep anxiety the result of the labors of American astronomers, whose fame in every department of celestial physics has already gone forth to the ends of the earth. Many of the most

valuable astronomical truths discovered during the past few years have been delved out by explorers in the United States; and not a few of the valuable deductions made on this side of the Atlantic have been seized upon without credit by men in the Old World, though due credit has been reluctantly accorded by European *savans* in some cases. There is every reason to anticipate that the natural shrewdness brought to bear so successfully in the past upon the solution of intricate scientific problems, will be equally manifested at the time of the Transit of Venus. We may expect that the United States observing parties will do honor to themselves and to their country, if their hands be not weakened by impecuniosity.

It has been hoped till recently, that Chicago would be represented in this work. A short time previous to the Great Fire, the writer of this article prepared a memorial paper on the subject, intended to be read at the next meeting of our Astronomical Society, urging the appointment of a committee to prepare plans, and raise the necessary funds — which could undoubtedly have been done by private subscription, without much trouble, but for the all-pervading calamity. It does not now seem probable that our local society can take part in the grand demonstration — a fact very much to be regretted. It is a "thousand pities" that the enterprise of Chicago should not aid in the solution of the great scientific problem presented by the latter half of the nineteenth century.

We may add that many of the preparations made for observing the forthcoming Transit will be available for use in December, 1882. The Transit of ten years hence will be visible from many of the stations above noted; it will also occur while the Sun is above the horizon of the Eastern States and Canadas, the West Indies, and Central America. After that event, a period of 122 years will intervene before another Transit of Venus will be visible from any part of the Earth's surface.

Elias Colbert.

DOCTOR DOLBIE'S EXPERIMENT.

PREFACE.

EVERYBODY has heard more or less about this tragedy, but no one seems to be cognizant of the exact truth of the matter. Consequently, after the lapse of all these years, innocent persons still dwell under a cloud of unjust censure. I have been requested, therefore, to collect the facts of the case and lay them before the public. Beyond the fulfilment of this task, I have no interest in the matter: I am simply an unprejudiced and conscientious historian; and so anxious have I been to render the veracity of this story unimpeachable, that I have sacrificed the dramatic action of the narrative in order that the testimony of the witnesses might remain intact in their own words.

The public attention was first drawn to the matter by the following notice, which I clip from the "Chicago Evening Record" of April 1st, 1865:

"DEATH IN LIFE.

"A startling announcement has lately been made in the public papers, well calculated to cause us to blush for our ignorance, and to marvel at the wonders which science may yet have in store for coming generations. A *savant* of high renown and great authority in his profession, has solemnly proclaimed his conviction that a large number of Egyptian mummies were embalmed long before death ensued, and merely for the purpose of suspending life for a given time. While admitting that the secret was lost in Egypt itself, he claims to have discovered it anew; and offers to embalm a criminal condemned to death, with a view to resuscitating him after a number of years. The statement gains weight by the well authenticated fact that in the East Indies the secret of thus suspending life has been handed down to a few favored men of our day. Persons have been buried, more than once, and in some cases before, the highest British authorities of the land; their grave has been guarded by government troops, and after several months they have been disinterred in the presence of numerous witnesses, among whom were physicians, and they have been seen to come back to life with all the familiar symptoms of sufferers recovering from syncope or cataleptic attacks."

A little later, the "Morning Bulletin" contained the following item:

"Dr. T. B. Dolbie, the well known medical light

and author of a psychological work entitled 'Inherent Vitality,' has at last succeeded in procuring from the State authorities permission to test upon some condemned criminal his theory of suspended animation. The experiment extends over one year. If, at the expiration of that time, the criminal can be restored to life, as Doctor Dolbie claims he can be, he regains his freedom."

For a little over a year the public heard no more of Doctor Dolbie or his experiment. At the end of that time occurred the awful event which forms the subject of this paper.

MRS. PULSIFER'S NARRATIVE.

For my part, I think the matter had better be left as it is. I see no good in stirring up the subject again after the lapse of more than six years. Of course I acquit Doctor Dolbie of any intention to work evil, but he certainly did do an immense amount of harm. No one can deny that. Of course people blamed him. Perhaps they judged him too severely, but who can help that? I am willing to tell the story over once more, but I have no idea it will alter the present state of things. All the talking and arguing and reasoning in the world won't make the public believe a man innocent, when once the unanimous opinion is found that he is guilty. As for saying we ought to judge by motives and not by acts, it is all folly. What man can be certain of another man's motives? No. The world judges by results. It is too late now to change results in this case, or reverse the popular verdict. The world now-a-days does everything with a rush, and has no time to stop and pick out work, and do it over again. What is done is done. Fifty years ago, when I was a young woman, people took more care about their life-work. Doctors did n't pride themselves then on working against Nature's laws, flying in the face of Providence by bringing dead people to life, and embalming and preserving these vile bodies of ours that God intended

should return to dust. It is my belief that when such acts are followed by some such awful event as occurred in Doctor Dolbie's case, it is simply a judgment. But people now-a-days do n't believe in "judgments," I understand. I can't find out that they believe in anything.

I am a far-off cousin of Doctor Dolbie's, and was acting as his housekeeper at the time of his great experiment. All the arrangements for that experiment were made before I had even heard that it was in contemplation. I do n't suppose my expostulations would have availed in the slightest degree to arrest the Doctor's plans. It is not the fashion at the present day to listen to your elders.

The first I knew of the matter was the morning of the third of May, 1865. We were seated at the breakfast table, Doctor Dolbie, Archibald (his adopted son, you know), and myself. When there was nobody but the Doctor and myself to meals, I managed to have them eaten and the table cleared and the work out of the way in a reasonable time. But once let Archibald come home, and everything was topsy-turvy; breakfast table standing till nine o'clock, while they dawdled over their coffee; tea dragging along a full hour, while Archibald argued with his father on some senseless question nobody could decide, and it made no difference if they could. Well, on that particular morning I had finished my breakfast, and so, while waiting for them, I took up my knitting. I believe we shall be called to account for every idle moment. I once said that to Archibald, when I found him after dinner with a cigar in his mouth, his chair tilted on its hind legs, his hands clasped behind his head, and his heels in the air.

"You don't understand the term 'idle' aright," he mumbled, with his detestable cigar between his teeth. "Few people do, my dear cousin. Now I look idle to you—do I? See here. I am thinking up my next article for 'The Scalpel.' I shall get thirty-five

or forty dollars for it. You think you are busy. What are you doing? Knitting a stocking. We have machinery that beats you at that. It will take you two or three days to finish that pair. I can buy a pair for forty or fifty cents. Why don't you do something that brings in market more than twenty-five or thirty cents for a day's work? Now your knitting is idle usefulness, but my thinking is useful idleness."

He waved his hand pompously.

"Out upon such reasoning as yours. 'Go to. Thou art a woman,' as says Falstaff."

"You may quote that vile Shakespeare to me if you will, and make bad excuses for worse deeds," I answered, indignantly; "but take the word of one old enough to be your mother. You had far better make yourself as familiar with your Bible as you are with those immoral plays, and as glib with Solomon's Proverbs as you are with the sayings of that swaggering, carousing old Falstaff you so much admire." Then I left him to smoke his cigar out, and ponder my words.

Now you have some faint idea what sort of a man Archibald Dolbie was.

However, to return to the Doctor's Experiment.

"Well, Archie, my boy, you have come home just in time to see me begin the proving of my great theory," and the Doctor smiled blandly at his son, and laid down his knife and fork to rub his hands together cheerfully. Everybody was always praising Doctor Dolbie's unvarying good nature; but for my part I get very tired of people who are so constantly and gratuitously cheerful. I think life is a serious thing.

Archibald was really very much attached to the Doctor, but nothing was sacred from his sarcasm.

"I would rather have been in time to see you *end* the proving of it," he said dryly. "I think I never had *that* pleasure before."

The Doctor laughed again.

"Wait till a year from now. Then, if you wish, I will tell you how to go to

sleep some day, and wake up to see the doings of the thirtieth century."

The Doctor paused, and rubbed his hands—a little nervously, I thought. I fancied, too, that he looked at his son with a shade of apprehension on his face.

Archibald avoided his father's eye. He glanced around the table.

"Have we any crullers among us?" he queried.

It was one of his whims—and he had a thousand—to always reserve his morning cup of coffee and take it with cake at the close of the meal.

Of course I brought some crullers. I despise people who pander their appetites.

"You should learn to eat what is set before you," I said, as I placed them on the table.

"You should learn to set before me what I eat," he retorted, helping himself.

The Doctor never could bear to hear people spar, or to see Archibald annoyed. He hastened to offer a diversion.

"Well. Why don't you ask the nature of my experiment, Archie?"

"I know. I saw by the papers some little time ago that the Governor had kindly consented to allow you (if you could) to give practical demonstration of the way by which a condemned criminal may be handed down as a precious boon from one generation to another."

I saw by Archibald's manner that the subject was distasteful to him, and that he had no sympathy with his father's scheme. The Doctor, like all people who are persistently amiable by nature, and not by grace, was a trifle stupid. He smiled his tiresome benignant smile.

"You young men can hang a joke upon any subject. Wait till you are as old as I am, Archie, and you'll be as anxious as I am to be of some service to the world before you leave it."

"If, when I reach your age, father, I have lived as blameless a life, and one as full of charities of word and deed, I shall be satisfied."

To hear all his friends talk, you would think Doctor Dolbie a perfect saint on earth. He's just a pleasant tempered, kind-hearted, simple-minded old man—that's all. Why, the only Bible I ever saw in his possession was a copy of the Psalms and the New Testament bound together. When I remonstrated with him, he just rubbed his hands apologetically, and said that the book was given to him by his only sister on her death-bed, and he did n't feel so much at home in any other copy. Think of that way of speaking! *At home in your Bible!!*

When I urged upon him the necessity of studying the other parts of the Bible, he shook his head with his everlasting smile.

"My dear Hester," he said, with his irritating gentleness, "when I get tired of the reminiscences of John the Beloved, the admonitions of Paul, and the biography of Christ, I'll go back to the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the threatenings of Ezekiel, and the history of Job."

Oh, it is easy enough to see where Archibald Dolbie acquired his flippancy and irreverence!

Neither of them seemed to care to speak after this little compliment Archibald gave his father. I looked at the clock. Half-past eight. So much of the morning was gone, and the work still dragging.

"Perhaps, Doctor, since you are both done breakfast, we might adjourn to the library, and let the table be cleared," I ventured to suggest.

Archibald dropped clattering into his empty cup the spoon he was idly balancing on its rim. He threw himself back in his chair, and thrust his hands deep into his pantaloons pocket. Think of that for table manners!

"See here, Father," he began abruptly. "What good is to come from this experiment of yours?"

The Doctor stopped playing with the crusts of bread scattered beside his plate. He looked at his son.

"What good?" he repeated vacantly.

"Yes. What good? What benefit are you conferring on the world by turning loose again upon the public a condemned felon, simply because he has consented to a year's oblivion?"

"Dear me! That is n't the way to look at it," cried the Doctor, opening wide his blue eyes, and shaking his white head at his son.

Archibald laughed his own short dry laugh.

"Indeed. How should it be looked at?" he mockingly asked.

(I just want you to notice how Archibald criticised his father, as if the old man was only his own age. In my day children respected their parents.)

"Why only think what a grand discovery it will be when it is proved beyond a doubt that human life can be suspended for an indefinite period, and then be recalled to reanimate the body! Take a middle-aged man now, to-day; put him in this dormant state, leave him so for — well, say a couple of centuries; and then let him be awakened. Would he not be an incalculable treasure to the antiquarians of 3065? Would not his life be worth to himself three times as much as if he lived it all out in seventy or eighty consecutive years?"

The Doctor was very enthusiastic. He even gesticulated gently with his white shrivelled right hand. Archibald looked at him gravely — with a touch of pity, I thought.

"Father, do you think there could be found any but a dying man who would submit to such an operation? Indeed, since you cannot avert, but merely hinder, the moment of dissolution, since a dying man might slumber a thousand years only to die immediately when awakened, I scarcely think even a dying man would care to be the subject of Suspended Animation. A condemned criminal might accept it as a refuge from an otherwise inevitable and shameful death; but a life which rightfully belongs to the gallows, does not strike me as being a peculiarly felicitous legacy for this century to bequeath to the next."

A mingled expression of trouble, perplexity, and dismay crept into the Doctor's bland face as he listened to the opinion which his son delivered so oracularly.

"False testimony and circumstantial evidence have convicted guiltless persons;" deprecatingly suggested the Doctor. "O yes, Archibald, innocent persons have died upon the gallows."

"Certainly," assented Archibald, carelessly, and jingling the bunch of keys in his pocket; "hanging is like greatness: some men are born to it, some achieve it, and some have it thrust upon them. To which class does the favored object of your experiment belong?"

"There it is, you see," exclaimed the Doctor, joyfully, and briskly rubbing his hands. "As you would say, he achieved his hanging — if he were really hung. He is guilty."

Archibald has naturally a stern expression. His face was darker and sterner than ever, as he turned it, in half gloomy, half cynical interrogation towards his father's beaming countenance.

"The fact of his guilt seems to afford you great satisfaction," he remarked, in his slow, dry way.

"Of course. That is to say, I would certainly wish the chance for repentance, and better preparation for the future spiritual life which my experiment secures its subject, should be given to the man who needs it most."

"It strikes me that might be a difficult point to decide," interposed Archibald.

The Doctor did not heed him. He was too intent on his own thought.

"Now, this Fenton — you remember the trial of Fenton, do n't you?"

"I remember the name, but I have forgotten the circumstances. He committed a murder, did n't he?"

The Doctor gently shook his head, in mournful, pitying assent.

"Yes, poor fellow! It seems he had been gambling — I guess there is no doubt he was profligate — and had

lost all his own money, and some he had in trust. Well, there were some high words, and Fenton left the gambling house. After an hour or two he came back armed, and without a word walked up to one of his late companions and shot him dead. It was a sad case — very sad."

Archibald had managed to exert himself sufficiently to draw one hand out of his pocket, and begin to pull and twist his long brown beard, which he would persist in allowing to straggle down upon his breast, instead of shaving himself, as any civilized man would. I hate loose-flowing hair, and I detest a sloven.

The Doctor came to an uncomfortable pause.

"Well?" said Archibald, without raising his eyes from the table, and still hard at work on his beard.

"Well, and so he was tried, and convicted, and sentenced. To-day was the day set for the execution. My experiment is to take place to-day; and so to-night, to all intents and purposes, Fenton will be a dead man."

"And has he repented? What does the prison chaplain say of him?"

The Doctor hesitated.

"What did the minister who visits him say?" urged Archibald again.

"We don't know what good resolves, what contrition, what trembling hope, may be in others' hearts. Let us think the minister was hardly charitable enough," evasively apologized the Doctor.

"What did the minister say?" persisted Archibald.

The Doctor faltered and hesitated. "It was a harsh opinion — very harsh," he unwillingly answered. "He said to me: 'You may try your experiment on Henry Fenton; and Heaven knows I hope it may succeed. But let me tell you this: I do not believe that anything will ever change the man — neither death nor oblivion. There he is in his cell, a man of polished manners, fine intellect, thorough education, and natural artistic sensibilities; yet for

forty years he has deliberately perverted all his gifts and faculties. He has not destroyed his soul, simply because it was not in his power; he has gone as far as he could. He has kept it chained down, hand and foot, in rayless darkness. He has kept a seal on its lips, that it should not cry to God for help, and has destroyed its sense of hearing, so that I fear no offer of Divine mercy can ever reach it. For more than half a lifetime, he has persistently debased himself, till now he presents the appalling spectacle of a man, otherwise admirable, in whom moral consciousness seems utterly extinct. "My spirit shall not always strive with man," saith the Lord.'"

"When did the minister say all that?"

"Last night."

"And the man was to be hung to-day! Fenton must be a bad case, I declare! I thought all ministers believed that while there was life there was hope?"

Then the Doctor, who always defended indiscriminately every attacked person, began to speak in the minister's behalf.

"I dare say he would not have used such strong language at another time; but Fenton had been very impenitent always, and on that last night had bowed the minister out of the cell, and then handed him back the Bible he had left, with a remark so — well, so awfully blasphemous that the minister was forced to give up all hope. But then, remember what an awful swearer John Bunyan was! I think there is hope for Fenton — I certainly do. We do n't know what is in a man's heart."

"O father!" exclaimed Archibald, in a burst of hopeless compassion for the Doctor's universal charity, and glancing at him with a curious blending of vexation, pride, affection, and amusement; "is there anybody for whom you could not find excuses?" (Everybody seems to think Doctor Dolbie's foolish weakness for making the best of everything and everybody,

is such a lovable trait. For my part, I believe in calling things by their right names. Evil is evil, and sinners are sinners.)

A faint pink flush stole into the Doctor's wrinkled cheek. He rose hurriedly, confusedly, to his feet.

"You'll go over to the jail with me, Archie?"

Archibald paid no attention to his father's request. He threw himself back in his chair, with his legs stretched out at full length, and his hands in his pockets again.

"Now, as to Fenton, he is a social problem. Everything now-a-days is dubbed '*the* question of the age.' That is what this criminal is. Here is a man: the Bench pronounces him unfit to live, and the Pulpit pronounces him unfit to die. What shall we do with him?"

"Subject him to my Experiment," cheerily answered the Doctor, putting on his hat, and clapping all his pockets in turn — to make sure there were contents in every one of them, I suppose. "O yes; subject him to my Experiment — give him a good long sleep, and he will wake up a new man. Come, Archie, come along!"

"I am not going down town just yet."

He stood with his back to his father, fumbling for a match on the mantel. He always went straight from his breakfast to his filthy cigars.

"Fact is, father," he said, puffing at his cigar, and throwing the match *af*, instead of *in*, the spittoon (an ornament designed especially for his use), "I am going over to the Hospital."

The Doctor laughed knowingly, and Archibald glanced defiantly at me. I have learned to keep my mouth shut, when remonstrance is useless; so I just pressed my lips together.

"You'll come in time for my Experiment at two o'clock?"

"Of course," assented Archibald, with a careless nod; and so they both went out, and parted at the gate.

When Archibald declared he was going to the Hospital, we all knew he

was going to see Lucille. Now, Lucille was my niece; and I know her whole story. It is very appropriate that the task of telling it should fall to my share in the narrative.

Now, to begin with, Lucille was a very peculiar girl. I speak of her as a girl, from habit; but really, she was a woman nearly thirty years old, and a widow, at the time Archibald met her. I suppose some false sentimentalists would suppose she had had a very sad, unhappy life. Perhaps she had; but I think it all arose from her eccentricities. She was eccentric, even when she was a girl at school. I think she liked to be thought different from other girls. Moreover, her father encouraged her in her queer freaks. I remember, for instance, I found out (no matter how) in what way Lucille was spending her allowance at school. I felt it my duty to speak to her father; so one day, when Lucille was home in vacation, I remonstrated with him on the liberality of his allowance to Lucille. "No girl of her age can spend so much money judiciously," I said, indignantly; "I know, to a certainty, that Lucille takes your hard earnings, and simply throws them away on people who are utter strangers to you."

Lucille, who had been standing at the window, came and plumped herself down — a great fifteen-year-old girl! — on her father's lap; and taking his face between the palms of her hands, squeezed it till it looked like his own reflection in the bowl of a table-spoon. I never saw such a disrespectful daughter — never!

"Do n't look so grave, papa dear," she said; "you'll break my heart. See here: I suppose I ought to have told you before. There was a poor girl at the school, who worked for her board and tuition; and when she came to graduate, she had no decent dress, and no money for her diploma; so I just took the pin-money you had given me for candy and fancy stationery and new hair-ribbons, and I fitted her out. Do you care?"

Now, instead of improving the time, and correcting Lucille, her poor weak father just yielded to her, and gave her her own way. He kissed her!

"My dear," he said, "I care for nothing but your happiness."

"You see, Aunt Hester did not quite understand the case — did you, Auntie? I do n't like candy. As for fancy paper, I do n't write, except home; and Papa, here, would like a sheet of foolscap, written full, every day — would n't you? As for hair-ribbons, I used to think myself lucky if I succeeded in combing my shock of hair, let alone putting ribbons on it. You see, now, how it was, Auntie?"

"O you need n't trouble yourself to find excuses for my interference!" I said. "I am satisfied to have done my duty, miss. Next time I shall be wise enough to hold my tongue, where I know beforehand I can do no good."

That was Lucille, as a girl.

She married when she was about eighteen years old. She was quite pretty, as girls go now-a-days. Then, in spite of all her whims and oddities, she had a great many friends. She had such sly, purring, cat-like ways, that most people fancied her. They did n't see through her, as I did.

Henry Rolfe, her husband, was the most perfect gentleman I ever saw, without any exception. He was very handsome. He had been everywhere, and seen everything. He was a most delightful companion. Add to all this that he was very wealthy, and you will agree with me that Lucille's good fortune in securing such a man for a husband was simply miraculous.

After her marriage, Lucille developed some new eccentricities. She dressed very elegantly and expensively — she, who had always before pretended to care so little for dress. "Henry expects it of me," she said. "I have very expensive clothing, but not a great deal on hand. I give the old away as soon as I buy new. There won't be good things enough in the world to go round, if we rich people act like dogs

in the manger." Now for my part, I have, laid away in trunks, everything nice I ever had to wear since I was married. I think it a sinful extravagance to give a good thing away, simply because you have become possessed of a better. I never give anything away that I can possibly use myself.

Within a year from her marriage, a curious change crept over Lucille. She lost her spirits, her beauty faded, and her face in repose had a sad, unhappy expression. It began to be whispered about that her husband was unkind to her, and that he was dissipated. The rumors grew until they became accepted facts. For myself, I always liked Rolfe, and thought perhaps if he had had a different wife and a different home he would have been a better man. Well, they had a child — a girl; and it lived to be three years old, and then it died. I came into the room where the corpse was laid out for burial. The child was lying in its little crib; and Lucille was kneeling at the foot of the crib, with her elbow on the foot-board. I thought at first she was praying; but no: she was resting her chin in the palms of her hands, and looking at the child, with such a curious, hungry look in her eyes.

"Lucille," I said, "I hope you are resigned to the loss of your child."

She rose from her knees and stood near the head of the baby. She took up one of its little yellow curls in her hand.

"Resigned?" she repeated. A faint, sad smile came on her lips. "O yes, I am resigned — I am more than resigned, Aunt Hester; I am even glad it is gone. Ah, if only I could go too!"

"Lucille!" I exclaimed, in horror, "think of your husband!" But she never heeded. She kissed the little cold dead face over and over, whispering "My Baby! My Baby! My Baby!" again and again. Then she hurried out of the room.

That was Lucille as a wife and mother.

As time went on, the unhappiness of the marriage became more apparent. There was no doubt that Rolfe was dissipated; but I made allowances for him. I knew he had no home comforts, you see. He neglected his business, and lost his property; and finally he went off to the Plains, and left Lucille to support herself, or go home to her father. In about a year she received a letter from her husband — the first time she had heard from him since he left her. The letter was written on his death-bed, and was brought to her by a comrade of his from the Plains. When I attempted, some little time after his death, to talk about him to her, she turned upon me with one of her curious looks.

"Aunt Hester, will you do me the greatest favor in your power?"

Of course I assented.

"Then never mention that man's name to me again!"

With that, she went to her own room, and locked herself in for the rest of the day.

That was Lucille as a widow.

The way in which Lucille Rolfe came to be at work in a hospital, was a fair sample of her peculiarities and her whole eccentric career. She lived at home, a year after her widowhood; and then, one day, she suddenly announced her determination to leave her parents and home.

"Of course I had much rather live with you all here at home; but we cannot always do as we please. You do not need me here at home. You have another and a better daughter than I. I am just a superfluity here," announced this peculiar young woman; "and I am going where I am needed: I am going to take care of Aunt Lydia, as long as the poor old creature lives."

This announcement was received with the dismay and protestations which I believe Lucille expected. Aunt Lydia was bed-ridden, sixty years old, childless, poor, and the most vicious-tempered old wretch that ever kept a firm clutch on a worthless life.

As for me, I thought to myself, if Lucille desired to martyrize herself, she might, and get the credit of it, for all I cared.

The next day she started; but on reaching Chicago, she received a telegram that Aunt Lydia was dead. That morning Lucille had been taken by some ladies (would-be philanthropists) to see a new hospital for women and children. It was as yet a private charity, struggling, unendowed, and poorly supported. It was located at an extreme limit of the city. Immediately after the receipt of the telegram, Lucille took a street-car and rode out there again.

"I have come to stay; there is work for me, I suppose?" she said, to one of the subordinate officers who received her.

"I believe the Matron needs a cook," was the answer.

"Very well; I can cook," said Lucille, quietly. She took off her bonnet and gloves, and prepared to stay. She *did* stay — five years; neither expecting nor receiving one cent from the hospital for her services. She worked there just as some poor beggar might have done. She had no official position. She did whatever there was nobody else to do, from taking part in surgical operations, down to scrubbing the floors. She used to tell a little story of herself in those days, of which story I never yet saw the point. One of the Board of Managers of the hospital, coming into the infants' ward, found Lucille on her knees, cleaning the floor.

"Who recommended you for the place?" inquired the lady.

Lucille looked up.

"Madam, I came unheralded," she answered, quietly; and fell again to work.

"It seemed to me my work was recommending me," she used to add, laughing.

After a while, when people learned what Lucille had left to come to that home of poverty, disease, and labor,

they began to regard her as a saint — a Sister of Charity. In fact, she was only a wilful woman, pining for martyrdom. I am willing she should have all the glory of it. Anybody that chooses can martyrize themselves for all of me : I shall not canonize them, though.

Well, Doctor Dolbie was the Hospital Physician, and of course he went into ecstasies over Lucille ; and when Archibald completed his studies in Europe, and came back, he went to see that paragon of all female virtues, as described by his father ; and the three formed a very select Mutual Admiration Society.

Of course I was not astonished that Lucille succeeded perfectly in pulling the wool over the eyes of the poor unsuspecting Doctor and his great uncouth son ; but it was a mystery to me how Lucille, who had been the wife of a man as polished as Henry Rolfe, could receive and return the devotion of such a rough-mannered creature as Archibald. It was sure proof to me that her tastes were not naturally refined. Lucille herself once said to me, after she knew Archibald : " You should not judge of a woman by her husband. She marries the man who asks her, or she stays unmarried. But the man a woman loves, is the exponent of her soul."

I don't understand this style of talk, myself. In *my* day, the man a woman loved was her husband ; and she never fell in love till she had a husband. But times are changed — and not for the better, either.

This is the state in which matters were at the time when Doctor Dolbie's Experiment took place — the horrible result of which was the darkening of two lives, and the sudden quenching of a third. In regard to the sinful nature of that Experiment, I have already expressed my sentiments. As concerns its subject, Henry Fenton, I can only say, I have never seen him ; and I shall always refuse to see him. Nothing can induce me to regard him otherwise than as an imposter.

THE MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

We hereby certify, that we, resident physicians of the city of Chicago, Ill., were present, on Friday, May 3d, 1865, at the Cook County Jail, to witness the commencement of the testing of a certain theory, known as "Dolbie's Theory of Suspended Animation." The experiment was conducted by Doctor Dolbie himself, upon a condemned criminal, known as Henry Fenton.

The criminal was apparently in perfect health. He was left alone with Doctor Dolbie, in a small room, well guarded. At the end of an hour the room was opened, and we entered. The body of Henry Fenton lay upon the lounge in an apparently lifeless condition. Every test known to medical men, for the resuscitation of animal life, was tried without success. The hand of the supposed corpse, when placed between the light and the eye of the spectator, showed no trace of blood in the veins of the fingers. The flame of a candle placed to one of the fingers of the inanimate body produced no sign of a blister. This is the test of loss of animal life accepted by the French Academy of Science, and considered the most perfect one yet discovered. The body of Fenton remained for one week in our possession, being under constant watch and ward. At the expiration of that time, the stone flagging of a certain cell in the jail was taken up, the body was buried in the earth beneath, the flagging replaced, the cell locked, and the key of the cell remained in the possession of this committee, untill June 14th, 1866. On the morning of that day, the cell was opened in our presence, the flagging again taken up, and the body was disinterred. Upon the opening of the coffin, the body presented exactly the same appearance as it did at the burial, more than a year before. The body was then given over to Doctor Dolbie, who kept it some hours in his possession, in a room guarded by this committee. When we were summoned

into the said room, the body of Henry Fenton had been restored to life. He walked and talked and ate and drank, and, with the exception of a slight emaciation of the face and figure, he was in apparently the same state of health as on the 3d of May, 1865.

From the consideration of these facts, we unanimously testify our belief in the success of Doctor Dolbie's Experiment of Suspended Animation.

Signed.

F. R. MALLEY, M.D.,
T. NYE, M.D.,
B. MERRICK, M.D.,
W. W. MALDUM, M.D.,
G. TREER, M.D.,
M. ILLER, M.D.

DOCTOR DOLBIE'S TESTIMONY.

I have lived my three-score years and ten, and I had hoped that upon my Experiment, as upon myself, the mantle of social oblivion had fallen. What the world thought of my act and its awful consequences, mattered little to one who must so soon stand before the judgment seat of God. It is, therefore, simply for the sake of Archibald, my adopted son, that I now make this explanation, and break my long silence. I would fain win human sympathy for the lonely cheerless life, over which the result of my Experiment has cast so dark a shadow. The whole medical world has heard of my Experiment. As a test of the well known theory of "Suspended Animation," it was a perfect success. As a test of another theory I secretly held, it was a complete refutation, and a most impressive warning. It had always been my belief that the soul, being immortal, and capable of infinite progression, was also eternally capable of change. I believed that, at any moment of its existence, whether it was embodied in humanity or had passed through that stage of its life, the soul still had open to it the possibility of a return to its Maker, and so to happiness.

I know, now, that in every soul's

existence there is a certain point beyond which progression is inevitable, but change is impossible. There is a *last* fork in the road. The soul passes that, as it has passed its predecessors, expecting other branchings in the future. *There are no more.* Thenceforward the road goes straight and unswervingly on and on and on.

Henry Fenton, the criminal whom I resuscitated from apparent death, was a man of splendid intellect, fine education, and keen sensibilities. Originally, no man could have been more alive to the beauty of virtue or the hideousness of vice. His soul, in its pristine delicacy, held the echo of God's voice enshrined within it, as a crystal vase holds latent within it the echo of a certain musical note. It must have been a greater task for him to debase himself than it is for common men to purify themselves. When this man, whose life I held in my hand, was left alone with me in the little room, for the purpose of beginning the Experiment, a horrible dread came over me. I looked at him sitting before me, strong in life. In an hour he would be like a corpse. Suppose I should fail ever to raise him from that death-like sleep?

"Fenton," I said, "it is only right that I should remind you, there is a possibility you may never wake from the sleep I shall cause to fall upon you. For your soul's sake, say a prayer to your Maker. At least let me pray for you."

He looked at me contemptuously, and with a gleam of anger in his eye. "See here, Doctor," he said, "you can plunge at once into the middle of things. You need n't wait to 'open the exercises with prayer.' I may allow myself to be a subject for your scientific theories, but I'll be damned if I'll be made a subject for your prayers." Those were the last words he spoke.

In the year that Fenton lay in this death-in-life, and the year following his resuscitation, my life was very

bright. I was winning renown in my profession. The son of my old age had returned home to share and lighten the labors of a medical practice too extensive for a man of my years. Better than all, he was engaged in marriage to the one woman of all the world whom I would have chosen to be his wife and my daughter — Lucille Rolfe. My cousin, Hester Pulsifer, tells me she has narrated the story of Lucille's pure unselfish life, so I need not repeat it. Mrs. Pulsifer, of course, is a most reliable witness, and a very nice old lady; a trifle precise and opinionated perhaps, as the generation to which she and I belong are apt to appear when brought in contact with the modern type. But the world changes. The race improves, thank Heaven!

In the midst of this happiness, news come of Henry Fenton, which fell like a thunderbolt. He had been arrested for forgery. It was a cool premeditated deed — as almost all forgeries are. He had begun issuing forged notes within a month after his recovery of life. When the first notes were due, he took them up with fresh forgeries. The murder he had committed might perhaps be forgiven, as the bitterly repented work of a passionate moment; but what excuse could be offered for the deliberate persistent sin of forgery? In spite of his awful impenitence at the most momentous moment of his life; in spite of what the minister had said of his utter irretrievable loss of moral consciousness; in spite of Archibald's warnings, I had still believed he would be reformed by that terrible experience — an experience hardly second to death itself. Alas! now I know that in spiritual diseases, as in physical ones, there is a point beyond which recuperation is impossible. I know that with others, as with Fenton, that point is reached before death. But God is great! I go the last day of every month to Joliet, to see the man I rescued from death, and I never fail to present Divine mercy to him, and he never fails to reject it. I shall make

this pilgrimage as long as I live; and when I am in my grave Fenton will still be in the cell, for the judge sentenced him to the full extent of the law, and my remaining years are few.

It was the morning after the passage of Fenton's sentence, while Archibald and I were at the prison, visiting the wretched man, that there occurred in that vile place the horrible revelation and heart-rending result they have left me to record. We had left Lucille in the reception room of the jail. We had vainly endeavored to persuade her to remain in the carriage. I knew (what Archibald did not know), that she was the victim of a chronic affection of the heart, which any sudden shock to her sensibilities (and there were many to be feared in that place) might render fatal.

"You may not want me," she said, "but it will be strange if I cannot make some of those miserable creatures the happier for my coming among them."

We were just taking our departure, when Archibald, turning back, asked Fenton if he could be of any use in communicating with his relatives.

"Have you no mother, sister, or wife?" asked Archie.

Fenton threw his head back, and laughed a low sneering laugh. "You do n't suppose I was fool enough to be tried under my own name? No matter who my relatives are. As for my wife, she received my last words some six or seven years ago. I took great pride in writing her those last words — they were so very affecting. I have no doubt that she took a mournful pleasure in reading and re-reading them. She was one of those saintly creatures who are always resigned to have their relatives precede them to a better world."

At this moment I saw Lucille coming towards us from the further end of the corridor. Archibald stood with his back towards her, and Fenton (it was his hour of exercise) was sitting in the deep window casement, and could not see or be seen by Lucille.

"Your wife thinks you dead?" asked Archibald.

At this moment Lucille spoke, "Come, Archibald! Doctor, I am tired waiting."

Fenton rose to his feet at the sound of her voice, and remained standing with the courteous grace no sin nor penance could efface from his manners.

Lucille recoiled as their eyes met. She put out one hand, and steadied herself against the stone wall. So supported, she bent forward, as if fascinated by horror, to look closer into the face of the criminal. Slowly, slowly, the pink flush died away from her cheeks and lips, and a bluish pallor crept over her face. She made no sound or motion, but gazed with unutterable terror in her dilated eyes.

"Ah!" ejaculated Fenton, with a quick gasp of astonishment as he recognized her. "It is you, Lucille! What a pleasant surprise! I am older and grayer, but what matters that to a devoted wife? I am Henry Rolfe. Yes, your beloved husband still lives. What a comfort that is to you!"

At the sound of his voice, Lucille

shivered from head to foot. Archibald put his arm about her. At his touch her rigid form relaxed. Her eyes closed. She moaned faintly, and sank senseless into his embrace. We carried her out from among the staring prisoners, past the callous wardens, and into the open air. Archibald stopped once to spread her thick veil over her face. We bore her across the street to a drug store. We carried her into a back room, and laid her on a lounge. Archibald stretched out his hand to remove the veil. I gently laid my hand on his arm. "Wait!" I said in a whisper. He looked at me in astonishment and dismay. Suddenly a great horror dawned in his questioning eyes.

"She has fainted — only that!" he said, in a fierce whisper.

I shook my head. Alas! I knew too well the inevitable result of such a shock on such a frame.

Archibald pushed me gently aside. He bent forward, and raised the veil. We both saw the face beneath.

Ah me! It was the face of the dead.

Amelia Shackelford.

THE DOOR BETWEEN.

I know that it was mine own hand that shut it
And locked it — but I threw away the key,
And so the door can never more be opened
That stands so grimly betwixt you and me.

Though sometimes I have fancied that I heard you
Pleading and knocking on the other side,
I would not answer, for my heart was sullen,
And made so cruel by my wounded pride.

And there are hours when I have knelt beside it,
Anigh to death for just one word from you;
And you, in turn, were proud and would not answer
For anything that I could say or do.

And sometimes when I lie 'twixt sleep and waking,
I think the door swings back to let you in;
But when I spring to give you eager welcome,
I only meet the ghost of What has Been!

And often in my sleep my heart is asking,
"Where is the key? Alas! Where is the key?"
And I arise and vainly try to open
The closed door that is 'twixt you and me!

Howard Glyndon.

DARWINISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

NO other writer of the present generation has awakened so much attention or excited so much thought, both for and against his peculiar views, as Charles Darwin. In examining the relation of his views to Christianity, we disclaim any purpose to appeal to prejudice or to ridicule, or to mis-state his opinions, or to attribute to him improper motives. He manifests, in all his voluminous writings, candor and a devotion to what he regards as the truth. He betrays, certainly in his earlier writings, no anti-theological hatred, such as characterizes Carl Vogt and some of his own feeble disciples. He recognizes a belief in God and the immortality of the human soul, as a characteristic of the most advanced men.*

One of his most able opponents, (Mivart), says: "The prevalence of this theory need alarm no one; for it is, without any doubt, perfectly consistent with strictest and most orthodox Christian theology."† At the same time, it must be allowed that materialists, and all who desire to depreciate religion and morality, fancy that they find in the views of Darwin encouragement and support; and many defenders of religion have on this account attacked his views with vehemence and invective and ridicule — which form a strong contrast with the calm simplicity of his writings. Believing as we do that such a spirit produces no genuine conviction, we shall not follow their example. We propose honestly to consider how Christians should regard such theories of Natural Science as Darwinism, the theory of Evolution, Protoplasm, and the like.

To avoid ambiguity, it will be well to begin with an explanation of terms. By Christians here we mean all who

believe in the existence of a personal or conscious God, the Creator and Ruler of nature, and who regard the Holy Scripture as a revelation from God, and who believe that man is spiritual and immortal, and receives instructions and blessings from Jesus Christ. What is meant by Darwinism, the theory of Evolution, and other kindred hypotheses, will in the proper place be explained.

An investigation of this subject requires a brief statement of the reasons why any men are Christians: for if there are reasons why men should be Christians, and at the same time there are reasons why they should adopt Darwinism, either these reasons must be reconciled, or man must choose between them; or he must hold both without perceiving how they can be reconciled. Now Christianity, we think, is a temple which stands on several pillars, each of which alone supports the structure. Perhaps some single pillar would bear the weight; but it is not required to do it. There are men who believe that if this temple should fall, the universe would be emptied of beauty, significance, and value. Certainly, their opinion and their reasons for their faith are entitled to respect. A complete enumeration of the pillars of the temple is not possible, we think, because, like nature, Christianity is an exhaustless exhibition of the Infinite; yet to assert this would be to beg the question;—but some of the chief columns may be thus described: 1. There is a religious instinct in man, however it originated, which prompts him to believe in and recognize God, as an intelligent, powerful, and active Controller of the universe.* This propo-

* "The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex." Volume II., page 377.

† "On the Genesis of Species." By St. George Mivart. Page 16.

* "We are all justified in concluding, from the presence of the instinct of prayer, that the personal Deity whom we address has a real existence, as the infant is, when feeling the passion of hunger, in concluding that it has a mother at whose breast it can find relief; or as a little bird, when pushing

sition can be proved inductively by the fact that men generally are acquainted with religious thoughts and feelings — a characteristic as general as any which is not absolutely essential to continued existence. 2. Christianity has an historical basis, in the history of the Israelites and neighboring nations; in prophecies and ceremonies foretelling a Messiah; in Jesus and his apostles; and in the Church. This history, it seems to many, could no more have been invented than plants and animals could have sprung into existence without an adequate cause; and the history implies divine revelation and action. 3. Christianity embraces certain thoughts and elements of power which charm the intellect, so that once given to the world they cannot be forgotten, and which are said by many strong minds to compel a conviction that they are true — something like intuitions of the reason — and which are beneficent in their influence, and are therefore accepted for what they claim to be — revelations from God. 4. Christianity, as a whole, is wonderfully advantageous to man — a fact which seems to make it impregnable: for men cannot be reasoned out of what blesses them; and it also has a wondrous power to assimilate with itself and incorporate into its workings all the best results of human investigation and ability. This is particularly seen in the adoption of science itself — all the opposition between the two being confined to a few radicals of each party, who will not fully and sympathizingly investigate the claims of what in their narrowness they regard as a rival rather than a friend. 5. Christianity alone opens up to man, both for the race and the individual, the promise and the prospect of a future, adequate to satisfy his longings, justify his sufferings, and make his existence a blessing. 6. Finally, Christianity has the wonderful property open its shell, is justified in concluding that there is a world outside, in which it can live and breathe, and use its wings." ("The Origin and Development of Religious Belief." By S. Baring Gould, J.A. Page 388.)

of fitting into and harmonizing with the most advanced and perfect results of investigation, and is continually, in the opinion of its disciples, disclosing new and wonderful adaptations to the highest welfare of man, physical and mental, temporal, and, it is believed, eternal.

These are perhaps the central columns of this vital structure, connected by innumerable facts and experiences, associated, it may be, with other main supports, which furnish shelter and satisfaction to millions within the temple. There are multitudes who believe that if this should fall, the universe would be emptied of its significance, mind would sink into impotency, life into the baseless fabric of a vision. Individual Christians differ much in the prominence which any one of these main supports of the heaven-built structure may assume in their point of view. Some depend principally upon the intuition of God,* and the fact that this religion alone seems worthy of the Infinite; some rest with the greatest satisfaction under its historical attestation; some delight most in its evident power to bless and improve organized humanity, through social custom, law, and life; some confide principally in what they believe to be personal and individual revelation to their own consciousness. Some even undervalue and oppose other lines of evidence than the one which gives chief comfort to them; but all, so far as they receive the Christian doctrine and the Christian life and the Christian expectation as from God, are Christians.

Now, according to the above descrip-

*Probably many evolutionists would object to this expression, and charge it with begging the question; but by "intuition of God" we do not mean that every individual man necessarily has the idea, but that all have the *capability* of the idea. Darwin himself says man "differs from the lower animals. He *cannot avoid* looking backward and comparing the impressions of past events and actions." ("Descent of Man," II., 375.) What? Every man, or man generally? He supposes this difference came about gradually. Perhaps we should agree that all *men* have it. Indeed, Darwin's views, pressed to their logical result, destroy all distinction between instinct and reason.

tion of Christianity, there are millions of Christians in the human family. Their existence cannot be ignored. They live and multiply. Their number is greater in the present generation than ever before. They embrace many leaders in every department of knowledge and power. They are found among the most aggressive and progressive races of men. Some of them are the most fearless and advanced investigators in science.* They seize upon all ascertained truth, and all power over nature and man, and endeavor to make them subservient to the welfare of themselves and others. Their standard of morality, to make the lowest claim, is approved by more than any other standard; and their enterprises are usually adopted, or at least imitated, by all who can make any colorable claim to a place among the best specimens of humanity.

The question is now, How should Christians look upon the various hypotheses put forth from time to time by men who make great researches into the science of material things,—such as that all material phenomena are the result of force or forces which act mechanically, or according to exact laws which are the proper subject of investigation, and which yet may be found to require the interposition and action of a Deity no more in any one place or stage of their activity than in another, and therefore do not require us to believe in a God as any more active at any past time than now, and which reject the theory of the miraculous origin of any general facts or laws, as unscientific and unproven?—hypotheses

which are pressed so far by some as to utterly deny the existence of any intelligence or will-power superior to that of man, and to attribute all motion and all intelligence and all feeling to an unanalyzed and mysterious something called Force, which is constantly changing itself into something greater than itself; which, without reason, begets reason; without passion, begets passion; and itself dead, nevertheless metamorphoses itself into life, design, beauty, intelligence, consciousness, conscience, soul?

Before proceeding to answer this question, it will be proper now to state exactly what we mean by Darwinism. Its chief doctrines are the following:

Organic creatures or individuals in successive generations have existed on this planet for a length of time indefinite, and inconceivable to the human mind. Not merely six thousand years, nor six thousand ages, but indefinitely. Though limited in space to the earth, so far as we know, they must not be limited in time, even by imagination. Yet Darwin speaks of the first living thing—for his theory requires only one first creature—as a “one primordial form, *into which life was first breathed*.”* If this is anything more than rhetoric (and certainly a scientific writer ought not to be charged with using words destitute of meaning), there must have been One who “breathed” this “life” into “the primordial form”; and we are left therefore just as far from the historical beginning as we were when we started. But the theory proceeds to maintain that all organic creatures, embracing “the first primordial form,” have the power of rapid propagation. Of course we know nothing of the primordial form except by the analogy with the later “forms” that we now see. But these, he maintains, all tend, we know not why—if indeed there is any why—to increase by geometrical ratio; so that any one, if not resisted by other forms, would soon fill the whole earth,

* It is painful to see a man so candid as Huxley is, betrayed by the passion of debate into so rash a statement as that no man “can be both a true son of the church and a loyal soldier of science.” (“More Criticisms on Hume,” page 26.) A sufficient answer would be the mention of such names as Kepler, Newton, Faraday. Huxley afterwards says in this same lecture, with an infinitely better spirit: “If anyone is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology will take its place as a part of science.” That is true.

* “Origin of Species,” Chapter XIV.

— or at least all the space where the conditions of its life exist. Also, individuals are constantly appearing, in every kind or form of organic existence, which differ more or less from their parents; but no one knows why these differences arise, any more than they know why the first "primordial form" sprang into being. Again, some of these creatures which differ from their ancestors, find themselves less fitted to live, and soon perish; and some find themselves better fitted to live, and a "struggle for existence" springs up — no one knows why — and the stronger survive. Circumstances vary in different parts of the earth; and thus gradually, out of the primordial form and later forms, new varieties have arisen and continue to arise, till earth, air, and water find themselves, as now, swarming with all the individuals, varieties, species, genera, classes, and orders, of living creatures, vegetable and animal, that are seen to exist. These all sprang from "one primordial form."*

We might pause here to state that the human mind is so constituted as to find it impossible to rest in a knowledge of facts without asking for a reason for them; and if the "primordial form" required to be breathed into existence, every propagation of it, and every variation from it that embraces an addition, also requires to be breathed into existence. But this, though not a part of Darwinism, is inevitably, whether acknowledged or not, a part of the belief of every man who adopts the theory. One party seem to delude themselves with the tacit conviction that the variations and improvements sprang up *without a Creator*, or out of what did not contain them; and the other party, that they sprang up from a Creator, who potentially did contain them.

Probably not Darwin himself, and certainly no intelligent person ac-

quainted with the history of human thought, will claim that this hypothesis is entirely new.* From the days of early Greek philosophy till now, an idea of the progression of all living creatures from inorganic matter up to the highest, has been familiar to the world. Darwin, Wallace, and others, in modern times, have reduced these theories to a more definite form, and adduced and collected facts more carefully to illustrate it. No intelligent person will deny that there is a plausibility about the theory that all organic creatures are in some sense one. It is also clearly seen that successive generations are both like and unlike — substantially the same, yet varying within limits. Also, there is an adaptability in organisms to changing circumstances; and circumstances do change on account of solar and planetary motion, on account of the different degrees of cooling and heating of the earth's surface, the action of the air and water, and other natural agencies, and on account of the interference of man. Thus new varieties of flowers, fruits, grains, are arising. Under combined human and natural selection, the cabbage, for instance, in different places is green or red or blue or variegated in color, a collection of little sprouts or a single solid head, or, indeed, a stalk from ten to sixteen feet high, large and strong enough for the rafter of a human habitation.† Similar are the varieties of the horse, dog, ox, swine, sheep, and other animals. It cannot fail to be suggested to the human mind that the same kind of cause or causes which make these varieties, may also have produced, for instance, the hare and the rabbit from the same common an-

* "But Democritus and Epicurus, when they claimed their doctrine of atoms, were tolerated so far by some of the more subtle wits; but when they proceeded to assert that the fabric of the universe itself had come together through the fortuitous concourse of atoms, without a mind, they were met with universal ridicule." (Lord Bacon, "De Augmentis," Book III.)

† Darwin's "Animals and Plants Domesticated." Vol. I., page 389.

* "The Origin of Species by Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life." By Charles Darwin, M.A. Page 419.

cestry; the ox and the bison; the goat and the sheep. The line having been once crossed in imagination, it is reasonably impossible to assign any stopping-place to the possibility of these variations. It is unjustifiable arbitrarily to divide organisms into groups, and call them species, and assert that simply because man cannot in the space of fifty years or more develop one out of the other, therefore to believe they had a common ancestry is absurd. The great problem is to be solved in no such superficial manner. The evolutionist has a good right to his conjecture, and to collate and interrogate and believe all the facts he can find. Formerly it was the custom to discuss such questions only in the closet, *à priori*. Men would endeavor to evolve a conclusion out of their own "subjective consciousness," and assert this can or cannot be. But such learned reveries are as baseless as other visions, and not worth the breath it takes to repeat them. This theory must stand or fall, according to facts. The facts may be beyond our reach; and if so, the question must remain forever unanswered.

Some of the facts in addition to the one already stated, on which the development hypothesis relies, are the following: All organic creatures, both vegetables and animals, are substantially alike in many important respects. They are formed of a very few chemical elements. The proximate elements entering into their structure are the same.* All grow or are propagated from seeds, and all exhibit some tendency to heal when injured, and to grow by assimilation. All animals resemble each other in structure; and in many of them the resemblance in the internal framework seems astonishing. The parts common to various organisms which nevertheless differ, have long been termed "homologues"; and any reason for homology drawn from the theory of final cause seems unsatis-

factory; and the most obvious way to account for it, it is assumed, is to suppose that all the animals had a common origin, and are simply varieties from one animal. "How inexplicable," says Mr. Darwin,* "is the similar pattern of the hand of a man, the foot of a dog, the wing of a bat, the flipper of a seal, on the doctrine of independent acts of creation! how simply explained on the principle of the natural selection of successive slight variations of the diverging descendants from a single progenitor! So it is if we look at the structure of an individual animal or plant, when we see the fore and hind limbs, the skull and vertebræ, the jaws and legs of a crab, the petals, stamens, and pistils of a flower, built on the same type or pattern."

"Rudimentary structures," so called, also are easily accounted for on this theory. These are feeble, sometimes useless, miniature organs or parts which in other animals are strong and useful. For instance, in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is found a kind of fish (the only known living species of the *Amblyopsis Spelæus*), which has no eyes; but where the eyes of fishes usually are, there is an imperfect, useless optic lobe. Now, this miniature beginning or ending of an eye would be of no use as a special creation; but as the trace of a perfect eye in its progenitors, the mystery of its origin is solved. There are many such imperfect organs classified as "rudimentary structures." Young calves and young whales have fully formed teeth under the gums in the front jaws, which, however, never cut through the gum, and are early absorbed, and disappear. Now, why are these teeth formed? In like manner, some animals have rudiments or beginnings of horns, of tails, of external ears. Plants also have rudiments or beginnings of organs.

These are all easily accounted for on the hypothesis of variation. They may

* But upon some limitations of this doctrine, see "British Quarterly Review" for July, 1871.

* "Animals and Plants Domesticated." Vol. I., page 3.

be of use as the beginning of something useful, or the expiring traces of what was once useful. Man has a blunt point near the middle of the inwardly-folded margin of the ear, which Darwin supposes is the rudiment of pointed ears once worn by the progenitors of man. Why may it not be the beginning of long asinine ears yet to be worn by the highly developed human race?

Another class of facts much relied on by evolutionists, is the *apparent* similarity of all organisms in the earlier stages of their growth cognizable by man. These facts are grouped together under the head of embryology. To argue from them is to a large extent to argue from ignorance. The beginnings are too small to be seen distinctly; and therefore there is ample room for imagination. The frog and the philosopher in the beginning are said to be alike. Grant it: what, then, makes them afterward begin to differ? All physical organisms seem to begin with single molecules, or cells, or granules, which multiply and branch out into the organisms. Behind them, Huxley suspects an invisible something that he calls protoplasm — whether matter or mind, or both, he does not explain. But why not imagine also another substance — deutoplasm, and a tritoplasm, and so on? And if so, the question is still unanswered — What causes the development? Another class of facts insisted upon by Wallace and other evolutionists, is that the animals and plants which now live in various parts of the world, are similar to those whose fossil remains are imbedded beneath them; and that where apparent exceptions exist, these may often be accounted for by supposed geological changes that have forcibly removed them. But no one can fail to see in all reasoning upon these facts, many fatal chasms in the argumentation, and much begging of the question.* From these facts the Darwinian hypothesis has been hastily

adopted by a very few careful thinkers, who have become its partisans, and by a host of feeble men who will always follow bold masters, and who show an utter incompetency or unwillingness closely to interrogate evidence. By them, facts are not cross-examined; counter facts are thrust out of sight; assumptions are adroitly or innocently employed as unquestionable truths; and the reader finds himself landed in the conclusion that all organic things have "come of themselves," out of an invisible atom of dust, shaped by no power, into a gemmule, which also, without intelligence, sprung out of protoplasm; and that out of inert matter, and that out of invisible ether, — and all without a soul! The philosopher thus finds himself in the end dancing on nothing, with not even a rope or gallows over his head.

Darwin and Huxley seem to have convinced themselves that man is the immediate descendant of a race of African apes. The most offensive part of the theory is a denial that there is anything in the intellect and moral nature or soul of a man that is not prefigured in the brute. He imagines a long involuntary education of brutes, growing largely out of the selection of mates by individuals of both sexes, which he calls "sexual selection," by which brutes have finally become men and women. Mollusks, fishes, reptiles, birds, quadrupeds, monkeys, are described as exhibiting affinities and repugnances, courtship and coquetry, fully as interesting as that described in the novels of the day. Apes he tells us have learned to chew and smoke tobacco! They also have parasites upon them like men! He closes his elaborate work on "The Descent of Man" thus: "We must acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his godlike intellect, which has penetrated into the movements and

*See "The Malay Archipelago." By Alfred Russel. Pages 154-9 and seq.

constitution of the solar system, — with all these exalted powers, man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin."

Indeed, in one part of his investigation he goes so far as to indicate the exact character of the first animal which may claim the honor to have been the combined and individual father and mother of humanity. This was a "lancelot or amphioxus" — which is so low down that it can hardly be said to possess a brain, vertebral column, or heart, so that it was classed by the older naturalists among the worms. They are like the ascidians, which are invertebrate hermaphrodite marine creatures, permanently attached to a support. They hardly appear like animals, and consist of a tough leathery sack, with two small projecting orifices. Their larvæ resemble tadpoles in shape, and have the power of swimming freely about. These animals were the progenitors of man.

This theory of Darwin would not probably have met with so much favor, had it not seemed to coincide with several other theories or hypotheses alike attractive to some minds by their vastness and the appearance of simplicity and finiteness which they give to the universe. All minds are prone to grasp with delight any hypothesis that will make all facts comprehensible and simple, even though at the expense of undervaluing conflicting facts, and of bridging over immeasurable chasms. The nebular hypothesis, which assumes that all the solar system was once a globular cloud of revolving and slowly condensing matter, and has by condensation and changes reached its present stage; the theory of evolution so ably advocated by Herbert Spencer, according to which the universe is continually bifurcating and multiplying itself from the simple to the more complex, the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; both seemed to find a place for this Darwinian theory of Natural Selection and the Descent of Man. Still, either

the nebular hypothesis or the theory of evolution can be true without embracing the views promulgated by Darwin.

How should Christians look upon such theories? is a question of much importance. As we have already stated, there are Christians who cannot by any influence be induced to surrender their faith. External violence or internal dissuasion cannot move them. They have arrived at their Christianity intellectually and morally; and to surrender it requires a sacrifice of memory, evidence, logic, and consciousness. There would be nothing left within or without. But these Christians wish to believe the truth with regard to "the origin of species," the ascent or descent of man, and nature generally, as well as with reference to God, immortality, and duty. How then shall they treat the various discoveries of science and the numerous hypotheses that from time to time are suggested, which conflict with previously entertained notions, and seem, at first, at least, to jar the material frame in which the spiritual mirror of Christianity is set?

We answer, Christians should never fear investigation. No truth in God's universe can injure God's revelation. If man's body was developed gradually up from an ascidian, or even the lowest sea-weed, or out of deutoplasm, protoplasm, and dirt, to the complex and fearfully and wonderfully made thing which we now find it, Christians desire to know it, and not to believe any other statement about its origin. He is no true Christian, no true man, who would not rather believe the truth than the most cunningly devised fable ever wrought out by a succession of splendid dreamers. It is precisely because we love the truth that we will not surrender Christianity, which we aver rests on its own impregnable evidence. Christians, then, should not shrink from, but court investigation. It was a Christian who first clearly announced and proved the true theory of planetary motion. It was a Christian

who defended it against bigotry and violence from other Christians who were foolish enough to suppose that these facts collided with Christianity. It was a Christian who announced the law of gravitation; and he afterward expended much thought and conjecture in an effort to find a physical cause of all planetary and solar motion. Christians have not been backward in the origination and indulgence of hypotheses, or in investigation.

Again, Christians should be perfectly candid in their investigations of all physical hypotheses. It is only timid men, whose faith in their pet theories of life is feeble, who have indeed a half-formed consciousness that they are themselves wrong, who close their eyes to facts, simply because the facts seem to oppose their faith. If Darwinism is true, it is reconcilable with Christianity, for Christianity is true; if Darwinism is not true, it will be found to be false, not simply by asserting or showing its irreconcilability with Christianity, but by a thorough and independent investigation of its merits. If its conclusions, however, collide with the conclusions of true Christianity, there must be falsity in its reasoning somewhere.

In this place we may with propriety notice the real theory or function of the divine revelation in the Bible. The object of the Bible, as we understand it, is positive, well defined, and limited: to teach man of God and Christ, of duty, of immortality, of genuine life. It is not to teach natural science or art. The Bible does not teach the laws of mechanical forces, the nature and use of steam or electricity or magnetism. Paul, with all his inspiration, when shipwrecked knew nothing of the mariner's compass, though the material was within his reach to have made one. It does not teach astronomy, nor geography, nor zoölogy, metallurgy or agriculture, or the culinary art. So far, then, as the Darwinian hypothesis pertains to the origin of vegetables and animals or even of man's physical structure, it is a

matter of supreme indifference to Christianity. Christianity, we repeat, within its own sphere is positive and rests upon its own impregnable basis; but its sphere does not embrace a detailed description of the mode or length of time employed in the creation of the physical universe, or of its lower inhabitants. Christianity confines itself strictly to its own territory, which is to assert that all things material and spiritual have been created and are sustained by the Infinite God; and that man is the crowning work of God on this planet, immortal, responsible, and in the image of his maker; and in the exhibition of a divine plan to secure for man the great spiritual object of his being. In six chapters of the Book of Genesis, following the first, is found what professes to be an abstract of the history of the world for one thousand six hundred and fifty-five years, so far as the purposes of a revelation needed a recital of its history. All this is condensed into one hundred and forty-three short verses, capable of being deliberately uttered in about fifteen minutes, — less than a minute of language to a century! Can it be supposed that this is intended to be a complete and exhaustive history? Let the most accomplished rhetorician be required to condense the history of the world for the last one thousand years into ten minute's speech, and he will see the impossibility of the task. The Bible does not propose to give the entire history of man — still less of vegetables and animals. The first chapter of Genesis, with its thirty-one verses and about four hundred Hebrew words, is all the inspired description of the process of the creation of the heavens and the earth and all the living creatures that we have, except a few condensed repetitions of the fact, with none of the details, in subsequent Scriptures. Can it be supposed that these few utterances were intended to make us acquainted with the detail of what from the nature of the subject no finite mind can ever comprehend? If finite minds cannot

create, they cannot understand creation, beyond the mere fact. The fact of creation is unequivocally stated. The order in which things appeared, seems to be indicated; the time is of necessity unmeasured and incomprehensible. Days are spoken of, and their beginnings and endings, or "mornings and evenings," both before and after the sun and moon and stars are spoken of as created or appearing. Every Hebrew scholar knows that day (*yom*) in such a writing may be understood as an indefinite period; and every English scholar knows that *day* in such a composition in our own language would not necessarily nor naturally be supposed to mean a period of twenty-four hours of sixty minutes each. Acute divines saw this before geology was dreamed of. They may have been each millions of our present years. It is not needful to man's moral and spiritual good that he should have revealed to him the time or process of creation; but man's moral or spiritual good is the sole object of the Bible. It is needful that he should know the *fact* of his creation, and that is all we should expect in the Bible and nearly all we find there. Nor does this condensed narrative intimate that the animals were not subject to death and reproduction before man began to die—but indeed the contrary. Otherwise how should man have known the meaning of death? The object of the Bible is not to describe plants or beasts—but the moral and spiritual nature and wants of man. This same first chapter of Genesis is nevertheless unique and grand among all the writings of antiquity on the subject of creation, in its severe simplicity, the absence of all wild and visionary pictures of the human imagination, simply asserting successively—as all information must appear to be given consecutively—the divine creation of matter and light, the separation of some of the elements by the interposition of a firmament and by the separate collection of solid earth and the water, the production of vege-

tables with their seeds growing out of earth, the appearance of the heavenly bodies, the production of animals first in the water and then in the air, and then of the highest form of animals on the earth—and finally of the special creation of man.

This creation of man is pronounced to have been a double work—first the formation of the body out of pre-existing matter, and then the inbreathing into this earth-born structure of a living soul directly from God the Maker. No such inbreathing is described with reference to plants or the lower animals; and though a negative in so short a paper proves nothing, we hazard the conjecture that no plant, endogenous or exogenous, fern, palm, cedar, fruit-tree or sensitive plant—no mere animal, ant, honey-bee, seal, serpent, dog, or ape—has ever manifested, or ever will, an intellect or a moral nature that the wildest imagination that shapes its dreams in accordance with facts will pronounce worthy of being called an image of the reason and heart and power and will which must constitute any intelligible conception of God. Here is the first and perhaps only place where the Bible directly antagonizes the theory of development—namely: That, in the opinion of some, represents the soul of man as developed by natural gradation and without change of kind from the mind of an insect or worm; this represents the soul of man as a finite spirit, created from above, in the image of God. In this doctrine, Wallace and many evolutionists fully accord with Christians. Confined to this one point, the Bible doctrine has nothing to fear. Occasionally, perhaps, an individual may appear, who—limiting his investigations mostly to matter, entering into the great world of thought solely through the door of matter, never developing in himself beyond a "rudimentary" power the poetical faculties and the energies of the pure reason and heart, such as consciousness, supreme regard for right, faith in truth and law and love

to God—may for a time at least be inclined to adopt this theory; but it is simply anti-human, and can never command any large proportion of aroused and active minds. The mystery of thought is the greatest of mysteries. Indeed, matter itself exists only for it, and without thought matter cannot be conceived to exist. Man must have first faith in himself before he can have faith in anything else. Faith in himself implies consciousness of both mind and matter. So soon as he knows either, he knows both, and that he is a soul connected with matter.

It will not be denied that animals have sensations and thoughts. It will not be denied that so far as their souls extend they are like man—otherwise man could not perceive their existence; wherefore, those who recognize the doctrine of "final cause" will see why man must think through all the thoughts of beasts in order to comprehend and control them. We will allow all that we possibly can to the labored efforts of Wallace to show that birds vary the structure of their nests, and that they may possibly, when just hatched from the eggs and lying in their nests, observe how those nests are made; still we cannot repress our conviction that the arguments of these evolutionists are ingenious special pleas to belittle the mind of man and to magnify the mind of brutes. Under the form of candor, there is a sophistry and a torture of facts that remind the candid reader of the discussions of the Greek sophists and of the puerile logomachies of the dark ages.

The rival theory of the origin of organic structures is well set forth in "Contributions to the Study of Natural Science" by Louis Agassiz. This theory, like the theory of evolution, is in its germ as old as man, but in the latest times has received great increase of illustration and confirmation. It may be characterized as the theory of several creations rather than the theory of development. It distinctly recognizes mind as the controller of matter. It places man

where he stands in the position of observer and student and co-worker with God, as an independent result of a special creation. Mind planned the universe; mind conceived and executes the laws of nature; mind created; mind controls; human mind observes and understands and comprehends, only as it is able to see the relation of all phenomena to the power which causes and uses them for an intelligent and beneficent purpose. This theory does not overlook the unity of all organized creatures, but it conceives that unity to be the combined result of the limited capacity of matter, the appointed boundaries of created minds, and a purpose of God to create and develop material things according to a plan, so that the lower shall prefigure the higher, the humbler shall promise the nobler, and all shall be a grand illustration of mind.*

Now, there is no reason whatever why the dominion of mind should not be recognized in the theory of evolution as distinctly as in the theory of perpetual or repeated creation. The highest and best theology recognizes God as much in the present as in the past. The age of miracles is never over. Greater miracles may be expected in the future than have occurred in the past.

What is development? Is it creation? Can a higher be developed out of a lower? Can what *is* arise out of what *is not*? Take for instance, an ascidian, the combined father and mother of humanity, according to this theory, and examine it closely. What is it? Vulgarly it would be called a worm—and one of the meanest of the class. A little thing about an inch long, hollow from end to end, without bone or brain, without eye, ear, or nostril,

*It is, however, still denied by many that a theory of progression is thoroughly sustained by facts. Many still agree with the sentiment of Hugh Miller: "No great Palaeontologist was ever yet an asserter of the development hypothesis." (*Testimony of the Rock*, etc., page 77.) But on this, see also, Professor Cope "On Evolution," *University Series*, No. 4, page 15.

sensitive to heat and cold and perhaps to light, squirming if pinched or pricked, and put out of existence by a drop of oil. Place by the side of this worm a man—for instance, Charles Darwin, or Huxley—with his finely formed complex physical structure; with his more wonderful mind, capable of the distinct recognition of himself, of others of the kind, of existences of all grades between him and the worm; capable of mathematical investigation by which he learns the wonderful properties and laws of abstract numbers and forms; capable of all modes of scientific investigation, whereby he counts and measures and comprehends the places and relations and weights and motions of planets and stars, the kind of atoms and their modes of combinations, the historic revelations of geology, the works of man, the power and province of law, the sublime excellence of right and truth, and of faith in immortality, devotion to right and to God; and then ask whence came all these wondrous attributes and powers, in the man, over and above what is in the ascidian. Is the man a developed ascidian? Is he an ascidian combined with mere force? If development could produce so much, why not produce the whole? What need of the germ? Development in such a case is creation; it is God.

The great error of some of the disciples of Darwin—but he is too shrewd himself to fall into it—is a quiet leaping over the chasm between process and cause, as though unconscious of the absurdity of the act. Forces may be convertible into each other, but *what converts* them? Can the converter be confounded with the things converted? Grant that analogy indicates that the solar system was once a nebula, and that the earth was once clad with simpler and lower kinds of vegetation, and inhabited by lower animals; grant that now, as Spencer thinks, all the parts of the universe which we can see tend toward bifurcation, individualization, and what is called advancement; can man, who *must look back-*

ward and forward, who cannot help studying and believing, fail to inquire what or who makes this evolution, development, creation, or whatever else it may be called? It is comparatively a question of small importance whether it is continuous or discrete; something makes it, and as the result is mental, that something must be Mind.

By mind, we know that both matter and mind exist, and that they are two. We see *à priori* that the greater can no more come out of the less than the less can come out of nothing. Any theory that subordinates mind bears in itself the seeds of early dissolution. It is a bubble that will soon burst; laws stronger than heat or gravitation doom it to laughter and extinction. There are also other ways for accounting for many of the wonderful similarities of organic creatures, and for useless peculiarities, some of which the Darwinists call rudimentary structures, and some, variations—though they have no well defined mode of distinguishing between them. Matter has its laws. The elements of it seem to be few. There is good reason for belief that it consists of atoms, and these must have form. Forces cannot be conceived to work unless they have something to work with or upon. Now, it is well to know that mathematics guide in the comprehension of all physical phenomena. By one of those wonderful previsions which characterize great thinkers, Plato long ago said, "God mathematizes." * The words are true much more extensively than he imagined. Something like the laws of permutations of numbers may regulate all material productions. As there is a great variety of crystals built up on one basal system, for instance the rhomboidal, and another variety on the hexagonal, and so on through all, all of which depend probably upon the forms of the ultimate chemical atoms, many of which in different systems are respectively homologues, but never identical, so it seems

* See Plato's "Timæus" for his mathematical speculations on creation.

natural to believe that the great leading types of vegetable and animal forms are due to the nature of the complex atoms which form the bases of their structures respectively. Homologies, but not identities, in the varieties and species, thus may appear. Sometimes perhaps substitutions in the atomic constituents may be possible. The facts of phyllotaxis in vegetation probably have the same origin. Many peculiarities which Darwin regards as rudimentary may be outcropping or variative, subserving no present purpose except to allow force to expend itself while not interfering with the general plan. It does not follow that, because perhaps some hundreds of human beings have had a superfluous finger and toe on each hand and foot, therefore all human beings are "descended from a multidigitate progenitor," any more than, because some millions have had club feet, the one multidigitate progenitor was preceded or succeeded by a club-foot progenitor, and he by an albi-no progenitor, and he by a porcupine progenitor to account for "the porcupine man," and he by a deaf and dumb progenitor to account for the deaf and dumb, and he by a progenitor whose whole life was one of typhoid fever, cholera, or small pox, to account for the multitudes of his progeny in like manner afflicted. It is not needful to look backward to some fancied ascidian or lobster to account for all the

characteristics of the present race or races of human beings, even though a special characteristic is now universal. If so, the old theologic formula now regarded as obsolescent :

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all,"

would have to be enlarged thus :

In one ascidian, multidigitate form,
All human souls and bodies once did swarm.

We cannot avoid the conclusion that as yet the theory of evolution is only one of a number of rival hypotheses, each ably advocated by strong but narrow men — strong to defend their own belief and attack others, but not broad enough to acknowledge their own ignorance and the equal mental power of men who differ from them. Also, so far as Christianity is concerned, it is a matter of perfect indifference *how* God created the worlds and all they contain ; but that He did create and does create, and has sustained and now sustains them, and that man has, or rather is, a soul which came from God, and is amenable to law, and is to work out for himself an immortal destiny, under the regulation of right, is a truth which cannot be affected by the dissection of organisms, embryotic or fossilized, by crucible or microscope or human fancy ; for it is written in the soul, revealed in the Scripture, and is an edict of the eternal will, and "the foundation of God standeth sure."

E. O. Haven.

FIVE MONTHS AFTER.

THE smoke has not yet ceased to rise from the embers of her memorable conflagration,* and yet Chicago has, on this 9th day of March, 1872,—five months from the date of that conflagration,—near twenty miles frontage of solid stone and brick buildings in progress, while the number of less permanent structures, from one to three stories high, already built, is counted by tens of thousands. When we take into consideration the fact that those five months have been winter months of unusual severity, the temperature having been, on an average, far below the freezing point, we have illustrated, in a single sentence, the extraordinary energy for which Chicago, as a type of the West, has become proverbial. Perhaps the critical reader will say that in this remark I unconsciously illustrate another proverbial Western characteristic—brag. We will admit that, to save argument; but let me put on record, before leaving the subject, the joke which was in everybody's mouth just after the fire—the joke wherein a citizen of some far-off town was represented as rushing with mad haste to the railway station, and refusing to brook any delay, because, as he said, he must reach Chicago on such a train, or they would have the whole town built up again before he could get a view of the ruins. This squib appeared, the same in substance, almost simultaneously in several wide apart localities—in St. Louis and London, for instance; and it is worth putting on record, not merely as showing that Anglo-Saxon wit is the same on both sides the Atlantic, but also as illustrating

how widely Chicago is credited with the characteristic of lightning-like energy. The statements which follow will, I trust, afford evidence that this credit has not been misplaced.

After the fire had passed over us, and destroyed, one might say, all of our business edifices, leaving the city in fact with about one store to a hundred merchants, it seemed to most men a piece of wild enthusiasm to predict that Chicago would have her business facilities restored to her within five years. By and by the community began to settle upon that period as fixing the epoch of restitution; and every day's experience has served to shorten the time a week at least. As to building up anything during the winter that is now coming to a close, it was at first deemed impracticable; but before many days, so elastically did the feeling of the community rebound from its depression, there were hundreds of building projects on foot, and it was only by the failure of the obtainable supply of brick and stone that the number of these enterprises was checked from swelling indefinitely. The fire occurred chiefly on the 9th of October; and before the month was out, some of the wholesale firms had got to running again in large brick stores of two stories or more, every brick of which had been laid since the fire. The most of them took temporary quarters, and waited to see how things should head in the spring. A few, however, of the more powerful and aggressive, set about "heading" things for themselves. All the principal merchants were able, in spite of the total destruction of their stocks and the failure of most of their insurance, to meet their liabilities at maturity. Some of them, realizing the richness of the opportunities offered by Chicago real estate, and especially by the anomalous situation of affairs then existing, devoted a portion of their

* This statement may seem incredible, yet it is a fact. The contents of one, and perhaps more than one, of the grain elevators, are still smouldering, so that the atmosphere at the present business centre of the city is often strongly impregnated with the smoke. Coal bins are also still smouldering under the *débris* of some of the ruined buildings.

available funds to an effort to control the localizing of the wholesale trade. This was doubtless done as a legitimate business enterprise, and to bring trade away from those localities where exorbitant values had come to be placed upon ground, and thereby diminish the expense of their business in the important item of rents. At all events, it was done; and the frigid winter months saw rising along Market, Madison, and Franklin streets, near the South Branch of the river, formidable rows of massive brick warehouses, where before had been mostly wooden rookeries, or cheap "veneered" shells of buildings, of the earlier periods of Chicago architecture. Among those massive edifices are the wholesale dry goods stores of the two leading houses in that line, both of which are now ready for occupancy, and are more ample in size and better furnished with all the facilities which adapt them for the large jobbing business than perhaps any other stores in the country. Either of them can boast about three acres of floor room, and "all the modern conveniences," so far as the easy handling and advantageous display of goods and the comfort of employees are concerned.

These are two of the specimens of buildings which have been going up during the winter. A large number of bank and office buildings in their vicinity are other specimens; a multitude of first-class stores along South Water street, Michigan avenue, State street,—in fact, more or less of them along all the old business streets,—are others. Owners of lots doubtless felt some obligation upon themselves to rebuild promptly and prevent any supposed land clique, or the superior advantages of another locality, from enticing their tenants away from them. At all events, the trowel was busily plied in almost all quarters of the burnt district throughout the whole of a season when building, especially masonry, is deemed impracticable. Oh, it was an enlivening, an inspiring sight, to look out each

morning upon a brave wall of solid masonry, which one had not noticed before!—to watch the summits of those already risen, and see, perhaps relieved against the glow of a prairie sunset, the heroic platoons of workmen building, building, building them still higher, and paying no heed either to approaching night or the benumbing chill of piercing winter winds!—to observe the long files of laborers bearing, in the familiar hods upon their shoulders, the magic elements out of which the most powerful of conjurers, patience and energy, were to bespeak a builded city!—to mind the constant stream of vehicles that went plunging through the streets, like fire engines bent on saving a city from destruction; and, indeed, their errand was of equal moment—the building up of the New, since the Old could no longer be saved!

To participate in such scenes made every man feel like a hero among heroes. And, indeed, there is need of an extra degree of heroism, to carry the people through the trials and privations of this awkward period intervening between the fire and the time when business can be re-established in adequate quarters. It is a period of purgatory to the thousands of office and other indoor workers, who are thrown out of comfortable, perhaps elegant quarters, and cribbed up in seven-by-nine stalls and boxes, crowded with occupants, destitute of facilities, and barren of either luxuries or comforts, "because it won't pay to have those things until we get into the new building." If the spoiled "cit" saunters out upon the street in pursuit of the enjoyment which he cannot find indoors, he finds himself still deeper in the Slough of Despond, or rather, perhaps, the Valley of Dry Bones, or these two and all the other disagreeable places described by Bunyan combined. The streets are full of mud or of dust, especially throughout the burnt district, where also sidewalks are almost totally lacking, and the pedestrian is

forced into the middle of the street, where he will probably be run over by some of the madly rushing vehicles. If you yourself have a vehicle, you are plagued at every square, or oftener, by a "jam," occasioned by some of the mountains of bricks which are piled everywhere, and which in so many cases can only be passed in single file. Madison street—the main thoroughfare of the West Division, upon which the most of the retail business has been thrown—is found by the pedestrian to be a series of chasms and steepes, owing to the freedom with which every lot-owner has been allowed to build his plank sidewalk at whatever elevation pleases him; and the pavement of the street is no better, because the horse railway company is similarly allowed, by an indulgent Board of Public Works, to leave the Nicolson in all manner of perilous ruts and ridges along its tracks. If one escapes these divers perils, and saunters out at night, he is liable to become the victim of amateur footpads and garroters, who abound in unwonted numbers; but this fact is not so serious as it might seem, since there is no motive of pleasure which could induce a decent citizen to saunter out at night. Excepting a very meritorious course of lectures, divided into two parts and given in churches in remote parts of the town, and a series of four operatic performances with Wachtel for a star (and they proved too much for the great tenor's larynx—leastwise the great tenor collapsed, and the blame was laid to his larynx), there have been no public entertainments worthy of the name. Two theatres have been running, to be sure, (one of them, a very neat affair, having been built in thirty days for the emergency), and have done a very good business; but the plays have been mainly those constructed for the purpose of showing off the lesser order of "stars." The public amusements most in vogue now are rather flashy burnt-cork performances and low variety shows and concert halls—a class

which has never flourished well in Chicago heretofore, but which has been made profitable by the great influx of mechanics, teamsters, etc., from country places, doubtless aided to some extent by the narrowness of other facilities for amusement to the floating population. These need not, however, run off to cheap and nasty concert halls for sheer lack of anything else to do with their time of evenings; for there are at least one good free circulating library and several free reading-rooms, where leisure hours may be both pleasantly and profitably spent.

The library referred to is that located in the Michigan Avenue Baptist Church—an unsectarian collection of near 30,000 volumes, the greater portion of which have been contributed by generous Eastern publishers and others since the fire. Speaking of libraries, however: the most important achievement in that line, and one which may be traced directly to the fire for its origin, is the Chicago Free Library, an institution which has lately been chartered by the State Legislature, and which is modelled after the beneficent town libraries of England. (The Boston and Cincinnati free libraries are the most prominent and successful examples of the kind in America.) The collection of the old Chicago Library Association and those of the Historical Society and the Young Men's Christian Association—none of them very valuable or very much resorted to by the community—were destroyed by the fire. This fact was made known in Europe, along with the other details of our calamity, and a few phil-Americans, like Thomas Hughes, set themselves at work to gather, from authors and publishers, a good collection of standard and current books to forward as a gift to the Chicago public. One feature of the plan was to secure from all the living English authors complete sets of their works, with their autographs upon the fly-leaf; and in response to the request of the committee, nearly every

well-known author, including Queen Victoria—who, it will be remembered, has published two books—responded favorably. Adding to these contributions those of the publishers and liberal individuals generally, there was made up a collection of several thousand valuable volumes, which will arrive in Chicago by the time these lines reach the eye of the reader. But the best result of the efforts of our English friends is yet to be told. Their doings had the effect to stimulate effort at home toward the organization of such a library as has been alluded to—a perfectly free institution, supported by a small municipal tax levied for the purpose, and taken care of by the city, through an Executive Committee of high character, acting independently of the Common Council. A plan was matured, and a law passed a few days since, incorporating the Chicago Free Library, endowing it with an annual rate of one-fifth of a mill (yielding about \$60,000 per annum) on the taxable property of the city, and making every necessary provision for its successful operation. It is proposed to establish this library in the old Post Office building or some equally suitable place, and make it accessible to the public at a very early day. There is no doubt that ten years hence will see the Chicago public in possession of a library of 250,000 to 300,000 volumes and a building of corresponding magnificence.

The dismal, dark, uncomfortable period through which we have been passing has been a period of evolution; of developing remedies for cases which tempted us at first to despair; of extracting victory, not from defeat merely, but from apparent annihilation. After the fire had passed over us, leaving none of our public buildings, scarce one of our mercantile warehouses, but three of our principal bridges, a portion only of our great grain warehouses, hardly more than half our homes, and but a moiety of our highly prized improvements of various

kinds, these five *desiderata* became painfully manifest, one after another:

To provide for the most needy victims of the fire, and to restrain the turbulence which inevitably accompanies general idleness and want.

To obtain from the State, if possible, some credit or other financial aid which should enable us to reconstruct such of our public works as were indispensable to the present needs of the public.

To obtain a re-assessment of the property in the city, in order that we might not be taxed for property not in our possession.

To secure a legal enactment by which titles to real estate, all record of which was destroyed by the fire, might be settled, and money borrowed upon such real estate for rebuilding.

To induce the trade of the West to remain in Chicago, in spite of the apparently insuperable obstacles in the way of such a consummation.

Added to these were two things which it was thought proper for the United States Government to do for us, and which we could properly ask in the name of justice, rather than charity. These were:

To rebuild the Government edifices in Chicago on a liberal scale—no more nor less so than characterized its works in other cities of equal size and prospects with Chicago; and

To grant a rebate of duties upon materials imported for the purpose of rebuilding the burnt district.

How the first of these seven objects was accomplished, has already been told in the pages of *THE LAKESIDE*, by one who is connected with the noble work of Relief. It is said that, of the \$3,800,000 or thereabouts contributed for the relief of the Chicago fire sufferers, about \$1,200,000 now remains, and that on the 10th of March, the support of all able-bodied persons is to be discontinued—the sick and feeble ones, with the funds remaining in the Relief Society's treasury, to be turned over to the various charitable institutions and hospitals. At the

same time, some 3,000 county paupers whom the Society has been supporting for the reason that the county had no funds, are to be transferred to the county's charge. It should be remembered that houses of some sort, and for the most part pretty respectable cottages, have been provided for those rendered shelterless by the fire; and that, with twenty miles of lofty buildings and a nearly equal stretch of humbler structures going up at once, and a hundred new industries starting into life, no hands need remain compulsorily idle, and no larders empty perforce.

The second *desideratum* was promptly secured — the legislature of the State having voted, at an extra session, before October was gone, to take off the city's hands the lien of the latter on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, paying the city \$2,900,000 therefor, a considerable portion of which was ready cash (something over \$400,000 having been received thus far). The city was thus enabled to raise the money for restoring the works and buildings most urgently needed, without putting bonds in the market. Indeed, she was prohibited by law from increasing her very moderate bonded debt of about \$10,000,000 nett. These proceedings enabled Chicago to go on again, with a remarkably clean ledger.

The re-assessment of property and the adjustment of titles are now being attended to by the State Legislature, and will doubtless be done satisfactorily to the majority. The plan of the pending law with regard to the titles to real estate, is to leave things where they are, in great part, — promoting facilities for every land-owner to get his titles confirmed in chancery, but requiring no proceedings of this kind as indispensable to a good title. Much money has already been negotiated upon land security; but in most of these cases the known personal responsibility of the borrowers, or the obvious clearness of their titles, has entered largely into the consideration.

Of the two favors asked from the United States Government (and I regard it as simply a harmless piece of politeness to call them favors), one was promptly granted — viz., the appropriation of \$4,000,000 with which to purchase a square of ground and erect a grand Government building, comprising custom-house, post-office, and other revenue offices. The sum is no more than was awarded to New Orleans years ago, and to Boston more recently, and less than has been bestowed upon New York; and two of these cities have already been far outstripped by Chicago in realization, and much farther in promise. The square which has been selected by the Secretary of the Treasury is that bounded by Clark and Dearborn, Adams and Jackson streets, and lying directly south of the site of the burned post-office, with one square intervening. The square taken is penetrated by a narrow, insignificant no-thoroughfare, called Quincy street; and some factious opposition has shown itself in the City Council, in an attempted refusal to vacate the street for the purpose; but the Council has not yet committed itself to any action of the kind, and probably will not. Indeed, it matters very little what the Council decides to do, for a State statute already in force cedes to the United States all the power required for condemning the property. The opposition has been based upon the theory — held by many persons interested in the northern half of the city — that the Government buildings ought not to go any farther south than they stood before. The price to be paid for the land for the new buildings is \$1,250,000, or a little less than \$10 per square foot; while that asked for the square embracing the former site was over \$17 per square foot. Supposing the slight obstacles now existing to be soon removed, and the title to the site to be fully vested in the Government, the erection of the building will be commenced with energy at once; and the close of a third summer is expected to

see the completion, externally at least, of a grand edifice, 400 feet by 320, in the *renaissance* style of architecture, which may be reasonably expected to be a model of convenience and adaptedness, and a grand central ornament to Chicago. Nor is there at present the slightest doubt that the post-office will, ere its completion, be surrounded for a mile on either side (which will take in all the central part of the burnt district), with a solid mass of permanent buildings, far more durable, and, on an average, more elegant, than those which melted away before the fiery blast of last October.

As a great auxiliary to the accomplishment of this, Congress has been asked, as the country well knows, to grant an abatement, for a year, of the duties which, under the peculiar tariff laws of this country, would be levied on all imported building material, for the benefit of "struggling" American manufacturers. Chief among these materials are iron, glass, paints, oils, marble, and lumber, on which a bounty averaging thirty-five per cent. of the value of the articles is extorted by the Government from the consumers of those articles, for the benefit of such persons as are engaged in manufacturing these articles in the United States. What is asked is that the victims of the conflagration be allowed to buy the materials for rebuilding in whatever market they can buy cheapest, without being forced by law to pay this tribute (estimated at \$25,000,000 in the aggregate) to the "struggling" millionaires of the lumber and iron business. A bill was accordingly presented in Congress, granting a rebate of duties upon all important building materials which should come in within one year from the date of the fire (half of which year will be gone by the time the law can be got into operation), and which can be proved to have gone into the construction of buildings on the sites of those burned down; the *onus probandi* resting upon the builder, and the interests of the Government

being carefully guarded in all respects. The struggling millionaires have resisted right valiantly this tyrannical proposition of the Government to prevent them from making \$25,000,000 (over and above fair prices) out of the Chicago conflagration. To offset this resistance, which occurred chiefly in the Senate, a committee of very solid Chicago citizens was sent down to lobby in behalf of the measure; but its success, in any effective form, seems doubtful.

Regardless, however, of what States may or may not do to forward the reconstruction of Chicago, her merchants are putting forth, apparently, all the efforts which could be expected of the most heroic and confident of men. It was plain, on taking a look at the bricks and ashes, the day after the fire, that whatever peculiar advantages Chicago might still boast — chiefly railroad connections and a bold mercantile community — she was in great danger of losing a large part of her trade through sheer lack of places in which to store and exhibit goods, if not of capital or credit with which to buy them. It was precisely in this emergency that the Chicago merchants, like the jolly "Co." of M. Chuzzlewit & Co., "came out strong." They had been waiting, apparently, for some such opportunity as this. There was no chance to "come out strong" when trade was pouring in copiously, almost in spite of them; but now, when there was hardly a dollar's worth of salable goods in town, and hardly a square yard of space to store them in if they had been here; when there were no hotels to keep country merchants in, no theatres for them to go to of an evening, no knowing where to find anybody, if perchance he should happen to get a stock of goods and squat somewhere with it, — then it was that the Mark Tapleys of Chicago "came out strong." As a regiment of veteran soldiers, shattered into fragments by a shower of shell or a charge of horse or an attack upon the flank, springs into a new alignment

with a sudden rebound, so the quick nerves and ready wit of these valiant men brought them into line upon strange streets and in queer quarters, improvised out of the sudden emergency. They ordered new stocks and paid up outstanding accounts with a promptness and zest which both astounded the jobbers of the East and inspired them with a brave and noble sympathy. Their word was, "Here, God bless you! take what you want out of my store, and pay when you get ready." The result is that all the leading mercantile houses of Chicago are in just about as good condition to accommodate trade as they were before the fire. Not a few of them are even better off. They all realize that to overcome the impressions that will naturally prevail to a considerable extent throughout the country, they must sell goods at less profit than they did last year; and they are true enough to themselves to follow this policy. Meantime, also, the hotel facilities have been rapidly increasing; but the public houses are still much crowded, and accommodations rather inadequate, notwithstanding there have been half a dozen new "first-class" houses put in operation since the three principal hotels — Tremont, Sherman, and Briggs — hung out their banners, a fortnight after the fire. The grand hotels which distinguished Chicago before the new era set in, will not, however, reappear before the middle of next winter — perhaps later; and then they will appear in far greater magnificence than before. The Pacific Hotel, occupying an entire square, flanked by the new post-office, and fronted by the grand Michigan Southern Depot, will reappear then, built according to the same magnificent plan under which its lofty walls had been already once reared. Two hundred and fifty men have already been at work several weeks upon the foundations. Potter Palmer's "Grand Hotel," on State street, which, according to the plans, was to cost a million and a half dollars, has already its massive walls

completed two stories high. The Sherman House is being rebuilt upon the old site at a cost of \$600,000 — which will insure a building far superior to the old in style. Added to these are some half a dozen hotels already under contract, which will be first-class, reckoned on any but the Chicago standard. These will probably anticipate the grand hotels in being opened to the public.

Business cannot be expected to be renewed in a way to be pronounced "in full blast," in the burnt district, before the beginning of November; and then, unfortunately, the fall wholesale business will be well nigh over — the great bulk having been transacted with less comfort, though not with less profit to the buyer, in the narrower quarters now occupied by the jobbers. At about the date mentioned, there will be a general swarming of the merchants, with their wares, their salesmen, their shop-girls, their cash-boys, their wagons, and their entire retinue, into the Rebuilt District. Then the twenty miles of five-story warehouses will be occupied in force; and a general *whoop*! of exultation at escape from banishment will resound along the line. A part will still be left on the outskirts; and these will answer, "Wait until next year, and we will show you something better than that!" And in the next year and the year following, these, and the many in-coming capitalists and young men from abroad, will make good their promises, and fill the burnt district of the South and West Divisions with substantial edifices, from margin to margin. The aggregate value of these edifices, including the Government buildings, city, county, and national, and the new and enlarged railroad depots, will, at the least, be fully double that of the buildings which occupied the ground before the fire.

This remark is founded upon the expressed intentions of capitalists and merchants, the laws of necessity, and the evidences afforded by the work

already in progress. Of this work it is impossible to give details in this article. It may be mentioned, however, that so far as locations are concerned, aside from the section along Madison, Market, and Franklin streets, already referred to, the quarter recuperating most rapidly is that lying at the northeastern corner of the burnt district of the South Division. The eastern section of South Water street, which lies along and near the river docks and freight depots of the Michigan Central and Illinois Central railroads, is half built up already. River street, which branches off from South Water near Wabash avenue, will be fully rebuilt by the first of May, and with structures much superior to the old. Of Michigan avenue in the same vicinity, and the eastern extremity of Lake street, nearly as much can be said; while State street, for a mile or more to the southward, is continuously lined with walls already risen or half erected, or cubical piles of brick, indicating walls soon to rise. On this street, the place lately occupied by the marble dry goods store of Field, Leiter & Co., is to be occupied by November first by a larger edifice of brown sandstone, built by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Booksellers' Row is going up again, though in piecemeal, apparently; and farther south is Potter Palmer's hotel and one or two other hotels, as yet embryonic in form.

The materials of business fronts will be much more varied than formerly, especially of those built the present season. Philadelphia pressed brick (a beautiful deep red), trimmed with red Lake Superior sandstone or terracotta, are appearing in many places; but the sandstone does not appear to be very well adapted for the purpose. Other red bricks, from Detroit, Buffalo, etc., are also plenty — the best trimmings for such being the Illinois marble. Complete fronts of red sandstone and brown sandstone are used considerably, and with excellent effect — the "Tribune" building being an example

of the former, and the Chamber of Commerce (improved model) of the latter. One of the most elegant buildings in the city will be the new Portland Block, at the corner of Dearborn and Washington streets, which will be eight stories high, and built of Philadelphia pressed brick, with black joints and facings of Ohio sandstone. This will be finished during the season of 1872. A strong tendency has already set in, however, toward stone veneerings, especially of the Ohio sandstones, in preference to fancy brick fronts; and I predict that many fine fronts of Illinois marble will reappear during the season, and still more next season. The architects are all becoming millionaires, so profusely do commissions pour in upon them. One firm has already the plans for nearly four miles of buildings under way.

Locations of business will not be very materially changed, except in the respect mentioned early in this article. Many of the heaviest firms have already hoisted their signs upon permanent buildings at "the old stand"; and the feeling of the community favors this policy generally. Washington street will still be the street of banks and offices, La Salle will be the Insurance street, Clark street more than ever the thoroughfare of retail shops. Wabash avenue, Michigan avenue, and State street, will at once be filled, much farther south than formerly, with first-class stores, wholesale and retail. The West Division, particularly Madison street, will boast more wholesale and large retail establishments than formerly. Values of real estate in the localities thus far mentioned are about the same as before the fire; while on Market, Franklin, and Wells streets, north of Adams and south of Lake, they have advanced from fifty to a hundred per cent. On certain parts of Lake and Randolph streets, however, they have fallen, say twenty-five per cent. Values of North Side real estate, which had sunk very considerably, have rallied sharply since it became apparent that the Re-

lief law of Congress would require buildings to be built upon the actual *sites* of those destroyed. Such spots as these are exceedingly abundant in the North Division.

It would have been pleasant enough, and perhaps essential to the completeness of this article, to make particular reference to the eight new railroads which are to enter the city during the coming summer; to the prospects concerning the new passenger depots, the new opera house and theatres; to the grand southward hegira of the churches, and the fine speculations in real estate which some of them have made, thank God, to the comparative slowness of rebuilding residences, owing

partly to the ~~passage~~ of a stringent fire ordinance (which was, after all, very necessary); to the enhancement of rents, and to other consequences of the present crisis: but the space assigned for this sketch has already been transcended. I have only to add that if the stranger, having missed the sight of the most remarkable conflagration of modern times, would see a still greater wonder, let him visit Chicago anytime during the coming summer, and see the work which has been done, and that which is in progress. Let him revel for a few days in the spectacle of what a young Western community can do in a single season towards building a great city.

Everett Chamberlin.

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH PRIVATEERS.

ALTHOUGH every newspaper throughout the land has had something to say about the "Alabama Claims," yet I venture the assertion that there are not two people out of every ten that have anything more than a very general and imperfect knowledge of the real history and nature of these famous "Claims." So I propose in this paper to give a few facts, compiled from authentic sources, in relation to the matter; and I promise to make my statements as concise and brief as is consistent with a correct understanding of the circumstances.

Firstly.—Everyone knows that in the late War of the Rebellion, the insurgents were recognized by England as "belligerents on the high seas," and that we promptly complained of this course on the part of that government. The Rebels were recognized as belligerents by England *before they had a single vessel afloat* (see Mr. Adams's letter to Earl Russell, May 20, 1865), and be-

fore a single battle had been fought between us, or a skirmish even, excepting the attack on Fort Sumter. During our whole struggle—of four years length—the only appearance of the Rebels as belligerents on the high seas was when in British vessels, which were constructed, supplied, manned, and armed, in British ports. Though we remonstrated earnestly and repeatedly, through our ministers, against this long-continued abuse of English neutrality, yet there was no effective stop put to it by the British authorities.

Secondly.—The *direct* consequence of this recognition was, the burning and destruction on the ocean of a large number of merchant vessels, together with a very considerable amount of property belonging to us. The *indirect* result of the recognition was, the driving from the sea of a large part of the commercial marine of the United States—enlarging and increasing to the same extent that of Great Britain.

Senator Sumner, in his speech on the Johnson - Clarendon Convention, in the United States Senate, said, referring to the "Alabama": "At three different stages the British Government is compromised — first, in the concession of ocean belligerency, on which all depended; secondly, in the negligence which allowed the evasion of the ship in order to enter upon the hostile expedition for which she was built, manned, armed, and equipped; and, thirdly, in the open complicity which, after this evasion, gave her welcome hospitality and supplies in British ports." Secretary Fish, in a letter to Mr. Motley at London, wrote: * *

"We complain that by reason of the imperfect discharge of its neutral duties on the part of the Queen's Government, Great Britain became the military, naval, and financial basis of insurgent warfare against the United States. We complain of the destruction of our merchant marine by British ships, manned by British seamen, armed with British guns, dispatched from British dockyards, sheltered and harbored in British ports. We complain that by reason of the policy and the acts of the Queen's Ministers, injury incalculable was inflicted on the United States."

The term "Alabama Claims" was applied because the vessel "No. 290" (afterwards christened the "Alabama") was the most destructive and most successful of all the British-built Rebel privateers that preyed upon our commerce. But there were many other vessels that were also quite damaging to our marine, whose cases are all to be considered and classed under the title of "Alabama Claims." The most important of these, next to the "Alabama," were the "Florida," "Georgia," and "Shenandoah," each built and equipped in the ports of Great Britain.

The "Florida" was an iron, screw, steam gunboat, built at Liverpool, by Miller & Sons, for Fawcett, Preston &

Co., engineers of that place. She was called the "Oreto" while being built. The pretence was that she was intended for Messrs. Thomas Brothers, of Palermo. February 17th, 1862, Mr. Dudley, our Consul at Liverpool, wrote to Mr. Adams (having written several times before in the same manner), saying that the "Oreto" was still there — describing her warlike character; that he had obtained information from many sources showing that she was for the Southern Confederacy; that the gun-carriages had been taken on board; and that Frazer, Trenholm & Co. had made advances upon her. The next day, February 18th, Mr. Adams sent extracts of this letter to Earl Russell. February 26th, Earl Russell sent to Mr. Adams the Report of the Commissioner of Customs, stating that she was pierced for four guns, that she was claimed to be for the Italian Government, that she had not been armed, and that she would be watched.

March 22d, 1862, the "Oreto" sailed. March 1st and 5th, Mr. Dudley gave information as to many circumstances in regard to the vessel, and how little she was watched by the Commissioner of Customs — Collector Edwards. March 22d — the very day of her sailing — he wrote again to Mr. Adams, giving information about her commanding officers. March 25th, Mr. Adams sent a letter of Mr. Dudley's to Earl Russell, and assured him that the object of the "Oreto" was to make war on the United States. April 8th, Earl Russell sent Mr. Adams the Report of the Commissioner of Customs, to the effect that the "Oreto" was violating no law. Yet this very report stated that she carried 52 men, 178 tons of arms, and guns!

The vessel went to Nassau, N. P., and was there seized, but immediately released, by Judge J. C. Lees, in the Vice Admiralty Court of the Bahamas. The Judge, though he admitted that she had violated the neutrality laws in Liverpool and would have been liable

to seizure there, yet decided that he would not hold her. To show without any possible doubt that this vessel was really for the Rebels, this letter is given :

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }
"NAVY DEPARTMENT, }
"Richmond, July 12th, 1862. }

"SIR:

"Your letter of the 29th of March last reached me this morning. The Department notified you, on the 11th of January last, that you would receive orders to command the second vessel then being built in England; but for reasons satisfactory to the Department, you were subsequently assigned to the first vessel, the 'Florida' ('Oreto'), now at Nassau; and any just grounds for the 'surprise and astonishment' in this respect at the Department's action, is not perceived.

"A commission as Commander for the war was sent you on the 5th of May, and your failure to follow the 'Oreto,' which left England about the 21st March, and to take command of her as was contemplated, and as you were apprized by Captain Bullock, on the 26th March, is not understood, and has been productive of some embarrassment.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"S. R. MALLORY,

"Secretary of the Navy.

"COMMANDER JAMES H. NORTH,

"C. S. N., London, England."

Captain Maffit proceeded with the "Oreto" to Green Key, an island of the Bahama Group, due south of New Providence. There he took guns and stores on board from a schooner sent to meet him there by a Confederate agent at Nassau, hoisted the rebel flag, and gave his steamer the name "Florida."

She continued as a privateer until her seizure in the harbor of Bahia, by the United States Steamer "Wachusett," in October, 1864. During her career, she destroyed thirty-two vessels belonging to citizens of the United States, and bonded four others.

Claims for over *three and a half millions of dollars* have been filed with the Secretary of State on account of vessels and cargoes destroyed by the "Florida."

The "Alabama," then known as the "No. 290," was launched from Messrs. Laird & Co.'s yards, Birkenhead, Liverpool, May 15th, 1862. There was the usual amount of ineffectual letter

writing by our Consul, Mr. Dudley, to Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams, and by the latter gentlemen to Earl Russell, appealing and remonstrating against the sailing of this vessel, and showing by unimpeached testimony that she was for the rebels. But it was all without avail. July 28th, 1862, at night, she came out of dock, and left port on the morning of the 29th. The British authorities determined to seize her, but she was off before the officials arrived at the spot. Semmes (her Captain), in his "Journal," page 100, says: "At two o'clock on the morning of the 31st July, the anchor was once more weighed, and with a strong breeze from the S. W., the 'No 290' started off, ostensibly on a voyage to Nassau in the Bahamas. Just in time. That morning the seizure was to have been made. At the very moment the 'No. 290' was heaving up her anchor, a huge dispatch 'on Her Majesty's service' was travelling down to Liverpool at the top speed of the northwestern mail, commanding the Customs authorities to lay an embargo on the ship. Morning was still but very slightly advanced, when, through the driving southwesterly squalls, came the gold-laced officials in search of their prize, only to return in outward appearance considerably crestfallen—inwardly, perhaps, not so deeply grieved as a good neutral should have been at the ill success of their uncomfortable trip."

The affidavit voluntarily made before John Payne, Acting Commissioner, April 2d, 1863, by Clarence R. Yonge, who was Paymaster on board the "Alabama," is too long to be given here, but it should be read by all who desire a thorough knowledge of this case. It tells her story until March, 1863. It should be noted that she had been received with great, and, in fact, unusual hospitality, in all the ports of Her Majesty.

The "Alabama" was sunk off Cherbourg, on June 19th, 1864, after a fight of an hour, by the United States Steamer "Kearsarge," commanded by Cap-

tain Winslow. The English steam yacht "Deer Hound," built by the Lairds in their yards at the same time they were building the "No. 290," was on hand to render assistance to the "Alabama," and took an active part in rescuing and running away with her officers and men.

In less than two years the "Alabama" had captured seventy vessels of the United States; for which claims have been filed with the Secretary of State for over *six and one-half millions of dollars*.

"The 'Japan,' otherwise the 'Virginia,' commonly known as the 'Georgia,' was built at Dumbarton on the Clyde, and equipped by a Liverpool firm. Her crew were shipped by the same Liverpool firm, for Shanghai, and sent round to Greenock by steamer. She entered March 31st, 1863, as for Point de Galle and Hong Kong, with a crew of forty-eight men, and cleared on April 1st. She left her anchorage on the morning of the 2d of April—ostensibly to try her engines; but she did not return. She had no armament on leaving Greenock; but a few days after her departure, a small steamer named the 'Allar,' freighted with guns, shot, shell, etc., and having on board a partner of the Liverpool firm which had equipped her and shipped her crew, left Newhaven and met the 'Georgia' off the coast of France, near Nahant. The cargo of the 'Allar' was successfully transferred to the 'Georgia' on the 8th or 9th of April—her crew consisting of British subjects. The 'Allar' put into Plymouth on the 11th of April, bringing the Liverpool merchant who had directed the proceedings throughout, and bringing also fifteen seamen who had refused to proceed with the 'Georgia,' on learning her real character. The rest of the crew remained. At the time of her departure, the 'Georgia' was registered as the property of a Liverpool merchant, a partner of the firm which shipped the crew. She remained the

property of this person until the 23d of June, when the register was cancelled, he notifying the Collector of her sale to foreign owners. During this period—namely, from the 1st of April to the 23d of June,—the 'Georgia' being still registered in the name of a Liverpool merchant, and thus his property, was carrying on war against the United States, and with whom we were in alliance. It was while still a British vessel that she captured and burned the 'Dictator,' and captured and released under bond the 'Griswold,' the same vessel which had brought corn to the Lancashire sufferers." This statement is from a speech of Mr. Baring in the House of Commons, May 13th, 1864.

After a cruise, the "Georgia" returned to Liverpool, and was sold to a Mr. Edward Bates, and registered in his name, again as a British vessel. All this was done against the earnest protests of Minister Adams, who said that our Government would refuse to recognize the transfer.

The "Georgia" sailed from Liverpool early in August, 1864, chartered by the Portuguese Government to proceed to Lisbon; but she was captured on her voyage there, by the United States Steamer "Niagara," and sent home as a prize. She was afterward condemned.

Mr. Forster, in the debate in the House of Commons, May 13th, said (and this shows why the amount of loss was so small by the "Georgia") : "There could not be a stronger illustration of the damage which has been done to the American trade by these cruisers, than the fact that so completely was the American flag driven from the ocean, that the 'Georgia,' on her second cruise, did not meet a single American vessel in six weeks, though she saw no less than seventy vessels in a very few days."

During her cruise, the "Georgia" captured nine vessels belonging to citizens of the United States; and of these, four were bonded, and the rest burned. The claims filed in the State

Department for losses by this privateer amount to about \$380,000.

Mr. Adams, in a letter to Earl Russell, on October 21st, 1865, gives a full statement as to the origin, equipment, and manning of the "Shenandoah," from which I extract the following:

"On the 18th of November, 1864, I had the honor to transmit to your Lordship certain evidence which went to show that on the 8th of October preceding, a steamer had been dispatched under the British flag from London, called the 'Sea-King,' with a view to meet another steamer called the 'Laurel,' likewise bearing that flag, dispatched from Liverpool on the 9th of the same month, at some point near the Island of Madeira. These vessels were at the time of sailing equipped and manned by British subjects; yet they were sent out with arms, munitions of war, supplies, officers, and enlisted men, for the purpose of initiating a hostile enterprise to the people of the United States, with whom Great Britain was at the time under solemn obligations to preserve the peace."

He then goes on to describe most explicitly the further sailing and meeting of the two vessels, the private transfer of the "Sea-King" by its British commander to a person of whom he received full knowledge of the intended undertaking, the transfer of arms of every kind from the "Laurel" to the "Sea-King," and also of men to officer said vessel, who had been brought from Liverpool to take part in the enterprise, many of these very persons being those who had by British intervention been rescued from the sinking "Alabama." He adds—referring to the "Sea-King": "Thus equipped, fitted out, and armed, from Great Britain, the successor to the destroyed corsair, now assuming the name of the 'Shenandoah,' though in no other respects changing its British character, addressed itself at once to the work for which it had been intended. At no time in her late career has

she ever reached a port of the country which her commander has pretended to represent."

The reader will of course consider that, although the information and facts presented by *our* representatives to the English authorities are very full and clear, yet the British officials had many more and better opportunities to inform themselves of the fitting out and character of these unlawful vessels.

The "Laurel" afterwards, instead of returning to England, ran the blockade at Charleston, where she changed her name and register, and was called the "Confederate States." She then went to Nassau, and thence took a mail to Liverpool. Mr. Adams requested that such measures should be adopted regarding her as would prevent her abusing the neutrality of Her Majesty's territory. Earl Russell replied that the matter would be inquired into; and finally, on the 6th of April, 1865, wrote: "I have now the honor to inform you that Her Majesty's Government are advised that although the proceedings of the Steamer 'Confederate States,' formerly 'Laurel,' may have rendered her liable to capture on the high seas by the cruisers of the United States, she has not, so far as is known, committed any offence punishable by British law."

The "Shenandoah" returned, after a very "successful" cruise, to Liverpool,—having captured thirty-eight vessels, of which thirty were whalers. The claims filed for damages by her amount to over *six million dollars*.

The "Alexandria" was built at Liverpool, by Miller & Sons, for Fawcett, Preston & Co., who put in the engines. The same parties built the "Florida." Mr. Dudley, our zealous Consul, wrote to Mr. Seward on the 11th of March, 1863—after she had been launched—stating that he should do his best to stop the vessel, but had very faint hopes of success. March 20th he again wrote of a recent

interview he had had with Mr. Adams in regard to stopping her, and said that he found him (Mr. Adams) "very much discouraged about the attitude of the English Government in reference to the building and fitting out of these vessels, and doubting somewhat the policy of making further efforts."

* * * On the advice of a Mr. Lush — a very eminent lawyer in England, and one who was thoroughly acquainted with the statutes of his country — all the evidence that could be obtained showing the purposes of the "Alexandria," was transmitted by Mr. Adams to Earl Russell, on March 30th, 1863. In consequence of this, the British authorities seized the vessel. After it had been decided to bring the case before the Court, it was considered not safe to bring it before a Liverpool jury, and the venue was therefore changed to London. The trial began June 22d, 1863, — many eminent gentlemen appearing for the Crown, with Sir Hugh Cairns and other counsel for the claimants. The jury found for the defendants. Her Majesty's Government determined to take an appeal; but a new trial was refused, and an appeal was then denied in the House of Lords. The "Alexandria" was therefore delivered to the claimants on April 25th, 1864. July 25th she sailed as the "Mary"; arrived at Halifax, and from there went to Nassau, arriving in November, 1864. There, upon the appearance of a new Governor, she was again seized; and, although the English Solicitor-General accepted a fee to shield her from the action of the very law it was his duty to enforce, the trial proceeded. It is unknown, however, whether she was ever condemned, — as Lee surrendered a few months after the seizure, and Her Majesty withdrew her proclamation.

The "Pampero" was built at Glasgow, by Messrs. Thompson & Co. March 23d, 1863. Mr. Adams wrote to Earl Russell, acknowledging receipt of a note, and stating that she was be-

lieved to be for the insurgents, etc. After a number of affidavits and letters had passed from our Minister to the English Government, she was seized in January, 1864; and tried and condemned the following March.

In this case, it should be carefully noticed and considered that the Scotch Judges had power to summon witnesses and compel them to testify; that the Government acted on testimony "not authenticated in the usual manner"; and that the four judges all agreed in the judgment which would have condemned as well the "Florida," "Alabama," "Georgia," and "Shenandoah."

In 1867, the Queen appointed the following named well-known and eminent gentlemen as Commissioners to amend and perfect the English Neutrality Laws: Baron Cranworth (Lord Chancellor); Baron Houghton (better known as Richard Monckton Wells); Sir Hugh Cairns (now Baron); Dr. Lushington (Judge of High Court of Admiralty); Sir Wm. Earle (late Chief Justice Court of Common Pleas); Baron Bramwell (a Judge of the Court of the Exchequer); Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore (a writer on International Law); Sir Roundell Palmer (Solicitor General and former Attorney General); Mr. Twiss (a writer on International Law); Mr. Harcourt (a writer on International Questions, under the name of "Historicus"); Messrs Baring and Forster (Members of Parliament); Mr. Gregory (Member of the House of Commons). These Commissioners said, in effect, that the building, equipping, fitting out, arming, and dispatching of the "Florida," "Alabama," "Georgia," and "Shenandoah," were violations of a strict and impartial neutrality, and should have been prevented by Great Britain in accordance with her duty as a neutral; that Her Majesty's Government should have seized those vessels when there was reasonable and probable cause for believing that the representations of Mr.

Adams were true; that it should have assisted him to obtain evidence, and should have examined the parties who could alone know the facts; that it should have detained the vessels until the owner or builder could have established, to the satisfaction of the Court, that they were intended for a lawful voyage; and that, after a reasonable and probable cause for suspicion was shown, it should have put the burden of proof upon its citizens, who could have established their own innocence, if they were so, rather than upon the Diplomatic Representatives of the United States, who could only establish the crime by the evidence of spies and informers.

Though the tangible destruction caused by the "Florida," "Alabama," "Georgia," "Shenandoah," and other British-built cruisers, amounts to a very considerable sum, yet that forms in reality but a very small part of the real damages claimed by the United States. Mr. Cobden, in the House of Commons on May 13th, 1864, stated the case in very plain and truthful terms. I quote a small portion of his speech—which was in reply to a defence of the action of Her Majesty's Government, by her Attorney General. Mr. Cobden said: * * * "You have been carrying on hostilities from these shores against the people of the United States, and have been inflicting an amount of damage on that country greater than would be produced by many ordinary wars. It is estimated that the loss sustained by the capture and burning of American vessels has been about \$15,000,000, or nearly £3,000,000 sterling. But that is a small part of the injury which has been inflicted on the American marine. We have rendered the rest of her vast mercantile property, for the present, valueless, under the system of free trade by which the commerce of the world is now so largely carried on. If you raise the rate of insurance on the flag of any maritime power, you throw the trade into the hands of its competitors,

because it is no longer profitable for merchants or manufacturers to employ ships to carry freight, when those vessels become liable to war risks. * *

* * I hold in my hand an account of the foreign trade of New York for the quarter ending June 30th, 1860, and also for the quarter ending June 30th, 1863, which is the last date up to which a comparison is made. I find the total amount of the foreign trade of New York for the first mentioned period was \$92,000,000, of which \$62,000,000 were carried in American bottoms and \$30,000,000 in foreign. This state of things rapidly changed as the war continued, for it appears that for the quarter ending June 30th, 1863, the total amount of foreign trade in New York was \$88,000,000, of which amount \$23,000,000 were carried in American vessels, and \$65,000,000 in foreign; the change brought about being that while in 1860 two-thirds of the commerce of New York was carried in American bottoms, in 1863 three-fourths was carried on in foreign bottoms."

Although Mr. Cobden's figures are correct, yet they only bring the facts down to 1863. By the following tabular Official Report, will be shown the same from 1858 to 1864 inclusive:

AMERICAN VESSELS SOLD TO BRITISH SUBJECTS.

<i>Before the War.</i>			<i>During the War.</i>		
Year.	Ves.	Tonnage	Year.	Vessels.	Ton.
1858	33	12,684	1861	126	71,673
1859	49	21,308	1862	135	64,578
1860	41	13,683	1863	348	252,379
			1864	106	92,050
Three	123	47,675	Four	715	480,680

The vessels actually destroyed were only about 250 in number; but 715 were transferred to the British flag, and thus we lost our commercial marine. After the Rebel flag was thrown on the ocean—from one of these English-built cruisers—the insurance rates on all American vessels at once rose, and the owners were therefore compelled to pay unusually heavy rates on both cargo and ship. Under these circum-

stances, the United States ship owners offered their vessels for sale to the merchants of Great Britain. The sellers being abundant, and their need great, the prices obtained were very low. So the American merchants were forced to sell their property at such a loss that they realized not more than seventy-five per cent. of its true value.

The escape of, and the destruction by, the "Florida," "Alabama," and other cruisers, greatly increased the hopes and expectations of the insurgents, and on that account the contest was very much prolonged. The war cost the United States over \$4,000,000,000, which would have been, of course, a smaller sum in proportion to the shortening of the contest. In this connection, it should be recollected that a considerable number of United States war vessels were for *four years* employed in seeking to prevent the escape of Rebel cruisers from British ports, or in vainly searching for them on the broad ocean; when these same vessels should have been in use in closing more effectually the Southern ports.

Of course the amount of the National damages can never be exactly arrived at; but the *known* damages claimed by our citizens are: 70 vessels captured by the "Alabama"; 36 by the "Florida"; 9 by the "Georgia"; 36 by the "Shenandoah"; 34 by their tenders; 18 by the "Sumter"; 29 by the "Tallahassee"; and 2 by the "Nashville."

Claims for *direct* damages are filed in the State Department as follows:

For Vessels and Cargoes Destroyed by the

"Alabama,"	\$6,547,609
"Florida,"	3,698,609
"Georgia,"	383,976
"Shenandoah,"	6,488,320
Other Cruisers,	782,119
	\$17,900,633

For Losses from Increased War

Premiums,	1,120,795
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Total of Direct Claims,.....\$19,021,428

The claims for *indirect* damages embrace losses by reason of the transfer of our commercial marine to the British flag, estimated at \$15,000,000; and for national expenditures in the pursuit of the cruisers, estimated at over \$7,000,000. These direct and indirect claims amount to over \$41,000,000. Besides these, is the claim for *consequential* damages by reason of the prolongation of the war. Interest on allowed claims is expected to the date of settlement—and July 1st, 1863, is suggested as the most equitable day from which interest at seven per cent. should be allowed.

In 1865, Great Britain absolutely refused to submit these claims to arbitration. In 1867, she consented to submit the *private* claims to a *partial* arbitration; and again in the same year, she consented to submit the whole question of the *private* "Alabama Claims" to arbitration. All such terms have been almost unanimously rejected by our Government, because they did not afford any settlement of the *National* Claims. It is understood that the "Geneva Conference" now in session, will take cognizance of *all* the claims, direct and indirect; and that the decisions of that august tribunal will constitute a full, final, and peaceable settlement of the whole vexed question.

Geo. E. Patten.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF TAMMANIES.

THE excitement and indignation in New York over the depredations of the Tammany Ring, and the prompt conviction of the corrupt Chicago aldermen, are among the brightest signs of these degenerate times. They are evidence to the world that, however our political systems may tend to corruption in high places and to rottenness in its practical workings, an element of virtue is still left in the popular character which exerts itself when corruption has reached that point beyond which forbearance ceases to become a virtue. It also proves the elasticity of our system of self-government, which, by the independence and individuality which it fosters in each citizen, is enabled to arrest itself on the downward road to ruin, to shake off the barnacles of vice which impede its progress, and the leeches which are sucking its life-blood. Unlike the Greek and Roman republics, which, through the vices of their rulers, suffered their common people to become enervated and corrupt, our own system possesses within itself a vitality—a power of rejuvenation—which works out its own reform. The apathy of the people suffers in silence the corruption and venality of their leaders, until the point is reached which threatens the nation's welfare, and then the people arise in their might, throttle the dragon of speculation and fraud, and replace virtue and decency on the throne. Already, among the masses all over the land, are heard the mutterings and growlings which presage the coming storm. Corruption in public affairs has reached the limit of endurance, and we believe the time is at hand when the people will take the matter into their own hands and work the reform which the times urgently demand. The excitement in New York and Chicago are but the signal of revolt—the entering wedge which is to open a great gap beneath the feet of schemers and rings. The movement will go on, and will be

sweeping in its extent; and when the blow falls, not only those public officers who have been found unfaithful to their trust, but the whole crowd of ring politicians and caucus wire-workers, with their myriad devices for gulling and humbugging the masses of voters, must stand from under. The day of good, honest, and true men is coming; and the people will, ere long, select such men for the places of trust and honor, despite the schemes of place hunters and caucus leaders. Already, in many different parts of the land, is this fact becoming apparent in the tone of the press, which, in discussing the characters of candidates for public office, is but re-echoing the feeling and sentiments of the people. Integrity and general purity of personal character are beginning to assert their claims to consideration in canvassing the qualifications of candidates, and the people themselves are giving these qualities the first rank upon the political chess-board.

This reaction in the popular mind depends in no small degree upon pecuniary interest. It is one of the chief merits of our political system that it places the moneyed interests of the people practically within their own control. Wherever virtue is asleep, self-interest is wide awake, and becomes, in our political affairs, the monitor of virtue itself. That corruption which most nearly touches the purse-strings of the people, is the nearest to reform at the people's hands. However disgusted the citizens of New York and Chicago may have become at the venality of their public officers, it was not until their depredations upon the city treasuries became a sore burden to the people's pockets that the movement for reform began. And the same influence is working in precisely the same way—though perhaps to a less extent—throughout the country at large. And thus material, pecuniary self-interest is at once the most powerful coadjutor of virtue

and the great motor of reform in our body politic, as it must always be in every republic founded upon correct principles of self-government.

No period of our political history has been entirely free from the charge of corruption, and yet at no period has fraud increased in such a frightful ratio as during the last decade. However the press of the day before the war teemed with charges of defalcation, bribery, and theft, on the part of parties and public men, the peculations of those days were but petty pilferings compared with the stealings of the last ten years. The time was, when even the offer of political support in return for personal service was resented as an insult; now, the securing of public position depends in a great measure upon the length of the candidate's purse, and still more upon his promise of the spoils to his political adherents and caucus leaders. Whatever may be the cause of this condition of things, the blame lies not solely upon the shoulders of the politicians: the people themselves are in a great measure responsible for it. So long as integrity is left out of the catalogue of public virtues, and the people submit to be led by King Caucus, so long must they expect precisely this state of affairs. The caucus system itself begets corruption. Leading men will be ambitious, and if the public permit a system which compels politicians to resort to dishonorable means to secure election, they must naturally expect those politicians to improve upon the training they have received in the campaign, and become thieves when the election is secured. The public officer who has disbursed his thousands to obtain his position, has a dead loss to make up; he lays the flattering unction to his soul that his loss was suffered in the people's service and for the people's good, and consequently that the public treasury is a legitimate object of his depredations—the people's purse must make up the loss sustained in the people's behalf. Thus the newly-elected Mayor, Alderman, or M. C., becomes, from a sort of pseudo necessity, at once a speculator—with, if not without, the "s". Hence the thousand "rings" which are a mushroom growth of the last

decade. And so thoroughly has all this corruption permeated the administration of public affairs, from that of the nation itself down to that of the pettiest village, as to justify the assertion that the cause is to be laid at the door of the people themselves, and is to be found in the great and sudden depreciation of the public standard of morality.

But whence this depreciation itself? By some it is attributed to the gradual relaxation of the bonds and laws of virtue; by others, to the natural tendency of our system of popular government; by others still, to the natural course of vice, which, when once fairly started upon its course, like a falling body, constantly accelerates its speed with its distance from its starting point. None of these solutions, however, can account for the wonderfully altered condition of affairs as compared with that of ten years ago. The true cause is to be found in the results of the war. When men grew suddenly rich on shoddy contracts, and paupers became millionaires by supplying the Government's needs at the modest profit of cent per cent. and at the expense of the suffering thousands in the field, a sudden *furor* of money-making was aroused, which set the whole American people crazy, and made the slow-plodding but honest accumulations of former years not only distasteful but absolutely contemptible in Young America's eyes. Millionaires became almost as plentiful as Brigadier Generals; and in the dazzling glare of temptation which their sudden prosperity spread before the eyes of the people, the moral bearing of their success was lost sight of. The prevalence of rings all over the land, and the more than questionable subterfuges which were made use of by those who were hitherto considered men of integrity, to reconcile their acts with their principles, together with the almost irresistible temptations to plunder under the cover of sophistry and moral subterfuge, soon blunted the moral susceptibilities of the people themselves, and the standard of virtue, unconsciously to the masses, gradually declined, till acts came to be considered venial, if not strictly honorable, which before the war the moral

sense of the community at large would have instantly scouted as dishonorable and base. Hence even good men became less strict in their notions of integrity, and a general looseness of principles spread through all business circles such as never has prevailed at any former period of our history.

Again, the natural recklessness and lawlessness consequent upon a state of war, exerted no little influence upon the morals of the nation. Soldiers, accustomed for years to forage upon an enemy's country, and to seize, without fear of restraint, upon property of all kinds, at the actual seat of war, became sadly disjointed in their views of the subtle distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. That mystic sacredness and inviolability with which their early teaching had invested individual property gradually faded away in the years of camp and campaign life; so that with many of them, on their return home, the distinction between foraging abroad and pilfering at home became far less wide than in the early days. The barriers of private morality, if not broken down, were badly weakened; temptation was less easily resisted, and many on slight temptation fell into a life of crime, who, but for the war and its influences, had perhaps remained honest through life. And perhaps the lower standard of integrity

which they found in society at home on their return, tended to aggravate the effects of these noxious influences, and to hasten the downfall of many. The great increase in the statistics of crime since the war attests the truth of this position, and the experience of all civilized nations after great wars — and particularly after civil wars — corroborates it.

As the dark days of strife and bloodshed and military sway fade away into the past, as the passions and lusts engendered by the fray cool down, and temptation is in a measure removed, virtue must return or the people are lost. The remedy lies, as we have said, with the people themselves. Upon the press and the pulpit, as well as upon the active circles of business life, rests the responsibility of restoring the public morals to their pristine standard. The people themselves must wake up to the importance of the crisis, and see to it that honor is restored to the throne. Let us have honest men in office, and let the worst condemnations that can befall a candidate for public position be the record of past fraud and trickery. There is no half way; not an inch must be given to guile. We can only have peace and stability in public affairs when the least leaning from the path of virtue is met by prompt and severe rebuke on the part of the people.

Egbert Phelps.

THE ROMAN BALIA.

THOSE who have enjoyed the good fortune to saunter, on some cool evening before the hour of sunset, along the Corso at Rome, or to watch on the Monte Pincio the unbroken line of elegant equipages which deploy at a moderate pace before them, will no doubt have noticed among the haughty Roman beauties, dressed in the latest French fashions, many an attractive female figure of a different stamp. Robust rather than lithe, faultlessly formed, and of splendid *physique*, these figures have faces still youthfully lovely, but generally betraying traces of a life spent in

severe bodily drudgery. Their costume is exceedingly becoming, though strikingly gaudy, such as the peasantry still wear in the Roman territory. There can be no mistake about the calling of these show pieces, for they invariably carry a baby in their arms. The picturesque females referred to are the successors of the "Aura Laurentia," if not the she-wolf which saved the founders of the seven-hilled city from starvation; for their office is to replace to the infant Romans the mother-milk of which it is thought necessary, for some reason or other, to deprive them. The self-

conscious, not to say arrogant, mien of these foster-mothers unmistakably betrays that they are fully sensible of the importance of their mission; and the social influence which they exercise at Rome will perhaps justify us in making them the subject of a brief sketch.

The Roman Balia is a being altogether different from her foreign sisters, though the Russian "*Kormilitza*" may perhaps venture to challenge comparison with her. While in other civilized lands the custom of withholding from infants their most natural and best nourishment, the milk of the mother, and to substitute for it various kinds of artificially prepared food, has become more and more general, this convenient alternative is forbidden at Rome, for climatical and other local causes. The milk of cows and goats—be it on account of the bad fodder which the drought of the Campagna restricts during the greater part of the year to potato peelings, damaged fruit, and other refuse, or be it on account of the excessive heat,—is there considered fatal to infants. And as even the numerous substitutes lately discovered by the chemists are in ill repute at Rome (whether justly or not we need not discuss here), nurses are indispensable, and enjoy, therefore, in social life a regard commensurate with their value. And this regard is all the more justified because, perhaps in consequence of a certain patriarchal primitiveness which survives in Rome as well as in Russia, none but married women are employed for this purpose—a precaution against the serious evils often experienced in countries where families are less scrupulous about the character of their nurses.

A logical sequence of this rule is that the greater the sacrifices which the nurse is compelled to make in abandoning husband and child, usually for more than a year, the greater is also the expense which the parents of the infant are expected to incur, not merely in money, but in self-denial and trouble. First of all, the nurse must provide for her own baby in a corresponding manner. She entrusts it generally to some female neighbor in the village, who, in return for a pretty large monthly compensation, which may be one-third, even

one-half, of the wages received by the nurse herself, agrees to suckle it at the breast with her own infant. But the wages, though a considerable item, is the smallest part of the expense incurred by the employer.

Accompanied by her husband, the Roman nurse enters the household in which she is to remain, after the frequently very complicated bargain for her services has been satisfactorily concluded. She remains there alone, in the strictest sense of the word: that is, clad in only the most indispensable garments; often not even in these. It is nothing so very unusual for the horrified mistress to find, after the husband has left with a large bundle under his arm, that the new nurse cannot be induced to leave the bed where she has taken refuge with her charge, because—she is stark naked. Here comes the first heavy outlay. The new member of the family must be fitted out from head to foot, and not merely decently and comfortably, but with the retention of her provincial costume in the most elegant and costly style. Spoiled nurses, who have already served in a similar capacity before, make it a point to advance the most extravagant pretensions. Plenty and fine linen, heavy woollen fabrics—articles which are both rare and expensive at Rome; a stiff high bodice covered with the best silk; a long string of genuine corals for the sunburnt neck, which is partly concealed beneath a bright-colored silk scarf; golden pendants for the ears; a silver arrow, round which the heavy ebony braids are twined, for the hair; the so-called cartonella, a compromise between a bonnet and a diadem, either blue or red, according to the sex of the infant, for the head; and, if possible, a fine cambric pocket-handkerchief with a deep border of lace, for the hand;—such are the articles generally required for the peacock, who is thenceforth regularly domiciled in the happy family circle as one of its most important members. Well may the master of the house be unable at times to suppress a faint groan at the sight of this gorgeous vision; though the vanity of the mother may perhaps be pardoned if, in the pride of having so magnificent a background for her beloved child,

she does a little too much for its adornment and exhibition.

But yet this is not all. The Roman nurse insists on being recognized during the whole period of her engagement as a member of the family. She expects a seat at the table of her employer, which is all the more willingly conceded, for otherwise she might be tempted to indulge in her favorite native dishes—the indigestible *polenta* of maize - flour and strongly peppered macaroni. She further asserts her right to lead the same idle life as the other females of the family, for the conception which the lower orders of Romans have of gentility is, to do nothing from morning until night. This ideal of the summit of Roman felicity the nurse now tries her best to realize during the brief term of her service; and she but too often confines her whole usefulness to giving the infant the breast and promenading or riding about with it, so that additional servants have to be employed, not only for the many indispensable duties which the care of an infant requires, but also to wait on its foster mother. Indeed, the family are frequently but too happy if the nurse does not, in addition, give way to the most trying freaks and fits of ill - temper.

Happily, the well - approved adage that there is "no rule without its exceptions," applies here. Occasionally a nurse is found, even in Rome, who, instead of aping the aristocratic indifference of the Roman ladies to household affairs, seeks to make herself not only generally serviceable to her employers, but uses her position in the domestic circle to extend her contracted mental horizon and to establish those kindly relations with the family which are daily becoming more rare between master and servant. But even in this most favorable and exceptional case, to keep a nurse is such an expensive luxury that many Roman families have to be satisfied with sending their infants to be suckled in the country, where the sacrifices which custom sanctions are exacted on a reduced scale. The most costly among them are the so-called *Regalia*—presents, either in money or jewelry, which must be given to the nurse, according to a fixed tariff, on four of

the most momentous epochs in infantile life: on the breaking through of the first tooth, on the donning of the first frock, on the putting on of the first shoe, and on weaning.

There is, however, a reverse to this bright picture. Exceptional as the position is which the *Balia* occupies in the Roman household, much as the other servants may envy her who is so well paid and petted for doing so little, the happiness which she enjoys is but too transient and illusory. The short year soon passes away. When the husband, whose more or less frequent visits are perhaps not always the most pleasant episodes in the domestic life, comes for the last time and takes her home, it is no pure joy that awaits her. She is lucky indeed if her own child is still alive and in good health; only too often the poor forsaken little one has become the victim of its foster mother's neglect and ill usage. And what have the parents then gained by the sacrifice? Of what avail is the finery brought back, in the small hamlet and at the hard drudgery in the field and vineyard? How long does it last the woman, though worn only on Sundays and feast days? The trinkets remain so much dead capital, unless sold or pawned. Even the always considerable savings in cash, which remain after deducting the pay for the care of her own child, become, if not already squandered during the wife's service by the husband—for economy is not one of the Roman peasant's virtues—soon an object of envy and strife to near and distant relatives. Mother - in - law, sisters, aunts, nieces, and cousins beset the rich "town lady;" this one wants a new dress, the other a fresh covering for her bodice; a third even a dower for her marriage, though the bridegroom may still be wanting. After these come old creditors: the apothecary sends in a bill for medicines furnished years ago during a sickness; the parish priest demands payment for the burial of a father - in - law who has died during her stay in the city. The poor woman is beset on all sides and mercilessly persecuted; she has no peace; her assurances that she has no means to meet all these demands on her purse are answered by threats of the law

(*colla forza della legge*). As everywhere else, so also in the Roman territory, the peasant has an unconquerable fondness for litigation, and he will rather give house and lands to the lawyers than abandon some supposed grievance without resort to the courts.

The mental distress caused by these unreasonable demands, the resumption of the old drudgery in the field, the meagre diet, which consists mainly of maize - bread and sour wine, after the rich fare and dainties of the butterfly period in the city — all these combine to make the lately so happy woman twice as wretched as before. The fond hope to repair out of her earnings the rickety homestead, through whose roof the stars shine down on the large family bed, and whose windows afford a clean sweep to the keen Tramontana, or to set out new olive plants in the vineyard — these hopes always disappear. Thoroughly disheartened and miserable, the poor soul perhaps pours out her heart to her former master, to whom she, ignorant of the mystery of writing, dictates a long letter. But what can the distant patron do for her more than send, at the utmost now and then, a small token of his good-will and appreciation of her services? He tries to cheer her as much as he can, and advises her to submit to the inevitable and employ the little money she has left to educate her children. But he forgets that she cannot read. The letter must be read out to her, and in one hour the whole hamlet knows that she still has some money left. When her eldest girl goes the next day to the small school kept by the parish priest, the noble father asks pay. Without money he will no longer dispense the precious treasures of knowledge, and she must learn to read and write in some other way.

But in what way? Her parents, it is true, own a house and vineyard on the sunny decline of the Sabine range, a large piece of land, with a belt of splendid chestnuts, some fine fruit trees, apple, cherry,

peach, fig, olive, etc. Besides these, there is in the valley below a field planted with the manna of Italy, the indispensable maize. Truly, a fine and desirable estate, if it only did not happen to lie in the mountains. The proprietor might apparently revel in abundance: but though he is never in actual want, though he has his *polenta*, fresh or dried fruit, and is rarely without a keg of badly prepared sour wine; nay, though he is able to present at each visit which he pays to his wife in the city, baskets of figs, chestnuts, and grapes to the family — for the Roman peasant is liberal, and never likes to come with empty hands to those who do him a favor or a service — yet, in spite of this seeming prosperity, the poorest day-laborer in other European countries is not so poor as the inhabitant of the Sabine range. He never has a *soldo* in his pocket to buy a piece of meat, and when he happens to get hold of a little money, it hardly suffices to purchase the most necessary clothes, and to make the inevitable offering at the shrine of the miracle-working picture of the *Madonna del buen Consiglio* at Genazzano. The explanation is very simple. He has no chance to turn the products of his fertile soil to account. It is only within the last few years that the late Papal government had commenced to build passable roads in the mountains; and many localities still remain isolated on the steep heights, having no other communication with the outside world than rocky paths, accessible to none but man and the clever little asses of that secluded region. In long files, men and women descend them, balancing gigantic baskets with truly marvellous dexterity, on their heads, to dispose of their contents in the valleys at the foot of the range, and then to return with them empty, over many weary miles, to their rocky eyrie. If they take their produce to Tivoli, or to Palestrina, and forward it thence to the market at Rome, the cost of transportation eats up the proceeds of the sale.

W. P. Morris.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1812-1842. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

Those who may be disposed to doubt the somewhat hackneyed adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," would do well to read the biography of Charles Dickens by his literary executor and friend, Forster. That Dickens stood absolutely in need of the characters whom he met in actual life, to develop his talents in their most brilliant form, and that his imagination invariably failed him when he ventured beyond what he had personally seen and experienced, even the uncritical public will perhaps have intuitively and unconsciously gathered from his most popular novels. But we learn now for the first time in an authentic shape, from Mr. Forster's book, that the most pathetic scenes in the author's most admired novels, such as "Oliver Twist," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Dombey and Son," are autobiographic sketches from his own life. He passed an unhappy youth; such an unhappy one that its bare recollection caused him pain, even in the last years of his life. He was himself the David Copperfield who had been driven from his family hearth to go out into the cold world. It was he himself who had cleaned and assorted bottles in the blacking warehouse "over the river" — a menial position, in which they treated him so badly that he tells Mr. Forster in an autobiographic fragment, placed in his friend's hand, "I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with anyone, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain I then dropped, thank God!" (page 69). Never — he states on another occasion — has he had the courage to revisit the locality of his slavery; many years later he used to make long detours to avoid certain odors and sights which recalled his sufferings, and the old route home "through the borough" forced tears into his eyes long after his eldest son had learned to speak. He was that David

Copperfield who had roamed a vagabond through the London streets, ragged, half-starved, desolate, forsaken, half-ashamed of himself and the low company into which a hard fate had thrown him, but who felt, nevertheless, the warmest sympathies with all he saw and heard, while the crowd passed the poor boy cold and unfeeling. Even Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, the couple so vividly and deliciously drawn, are portraits dating from that period of his existence — they were in truth his own parents.

John Dickens, the father, was a clerk in the Navy pay-office at Portsea. There Charles was born in the year 1812. His parents, who had eight other children, were often barely able to provide the daily bread for so many mouths, as the salary attached to the clerkship was small; and they could, therefore, give them almost no schooling at all. Dickens refers to this subject with a bitterness not usual to his nature. His mother occasionally taught him English and a little Latin. Later his family removed to Chatham and Rochester. At four years of age, Charles, a puny, sickly, neglected boy, was employed at home in menial services; and the reminiscences and observations scattered through his subsequent works, no doubt extend back to his fifth and sixth year. In the school of adversity, his mind early assumed the form and character which led later to an unparalleled prosperity. The father lost his place in the Navy pay-office when the fleet was reduced to a peace footing, and the family then proceeded to London. There the mother attempted to open a school; but though little Charles carried round the circulars of "Mrs. Dickens's Establishment," no scholars came, and the scheme broke down. What kind of a person Mr. Micawber Dickens was, is known to the whole civilized world. He earned nothing, lived on his debts and illusions, brimful of elevated morality and sonorous maxims of economy, always succumbing to destiny, yet always recovering his legs; but, in spite of all this, he was an honest man, who only deceived others be-

cause he deceived himself : a jovial boon companion, who spent the brief hours when he found himself outside the sponging houses and debtor's prison, or not in actual want, over the punch-bowl and in humorous bombast. Poor Charles was no longer taught anything in London. He had to clean his father's boots, help his mother in the kitchen, wash and tend the smaller children, run errands, carry letters to importunate creditors, and gain that intimate acquaintance with pawnbroker's shops which he displays in several of his works. Every article the family possessed was pawned, and generally through the agency of Charles, until there remained at last only a kitchen table, a few chairs, and a single bed, in the house. The father was once more locked up in the Marshalsea for debt; and a relative thought it conferring a kindness on the family by offering the boy employment in a blacking warehouse. This relative was Lamert, the avowed rival of the renowned Warren, who advertised his fame and his wares even from the top of the Pyramids, whence his placards complacently looked down on the traveller with the historical forty centuries. We have already intimated how badly the boy fared during the three years he passed in the warehouse of Lamert, who appears to have had no idea beyond his own blacking. In this distressing position, against which the best and noblest instincts of Charles revolted, the indifference shown by his parents to his fate caused him more pain than anything else.

Dickens, senior, fortunately quarrelled—both verbally and by letters indited in Micawber's immortal style of grandiloquence—with his relative, and the result was that Charles came home. "Bob Fagin," who drills the boys in "Oliver Twist" to steal, is taken in name and character from the warehouse. Released from this slavery, Charles was finally sent to a "cheap school," where he received, with his wonderful talents and unflagging industry, all the schooling he ever had. Even in the most favorable case, that could not have been much, for we know the school from the pages of "David Copperfield," and are aware what the "cheap schools" of England amount

to even now. The father had, in the mean time, qualified himself for a reporter, and found employment on the different dailies in that capacity. The son soon left school and entered the office of a solicitor as a copyist, where he remained several years. Upon the whole, the prospects of the Dickens family had rather improved. The elder Dickens possessed precisely the qualifications and versatility calculated to make a glib penny-a-liner, from whose ready pen flowed the grandest sentiments. He was therefore in request, and pretty well paid, especially as he proved excellent company at public dinners, where he reported the toasts, and was often able to help out bad speakers with his eloquence on paper. There can be no doubt that the example of the father largely influenced his son in abandoning his desk in the attorney's office and entering on the career which was destined to bring him, with incredible rapidity, fame, popularity, and a material success far exceeding the wildest dreams of his obscure youth. Having mastered the difficulties of stenography, he became a Parliamentary reporter, first on the "Sun," next on the "Morning Chronicle," then already one of the leading liberal organs. In this capacity he attended the gallery when the Commons were in session, and followed the members about in the country to report their speeches in vacation. He fairly earned the reputation of a good reporter, but this signified little more than that he was a useful machine, capable of correctly and quickly reproducing the ideas of others. What then was it that made him not only the most popular of English authors, but one of the greatest novelists of all times and nations? He was hardly a genius : in the ordinary acceptance of the term he had learned about nothing; yet he became the Charles Dickens whose remains now rest in Westminster Abbey, the hallowed spot where a Byron found no place, though Shakespeare and Milton have there their monuments.

He soon engaged in literature, and began with an anonymous sketch put into the editor's box of a magazine published on the Strand. It was accepted; and from that day the fickle goddess, which had treated him in such a stepmotherly manner when a

boy, never again deserted his side. Every new sketch ("Sketches by Boz") added to his popularity and income; and his "Pickwick Papers" had no sooner left the press of Chapman & Hall, than the road to success opened before him. The publishers fairly fought for him. Each new work increased his reputation and profits. Each additional novel established him more securely in the favor of the public, and this continued even after his creative powers had visibly decreased, down to the moment when the weary head dropped on the first chapters of "Edwin Drood." On his death, all his detractors joined in the national lament, perhaps insincerely, perhaps because they were glad to be freed for all time to come from the satirical severity of his admonitions. The mourning was general, and envy paid such a tribute to merit as England had never seen before, even if we make due allowance for obituary exaggerations and the forced pathos of the press. In his twenty-fourth year, Charles Dickens had already become one of the most widely read and best paid English writers, the publisher of a popular periodical, and the most marketable author among the publishing trade. When he died, aged fifty-nine, he was a wealthy man, with an annual income of about £10,000. Having uniformly lived in good style, and educated his children regardless of cost, he nevertheless bequeathed to his family a country-seat, a well-paying magazine, and a large sum in ready money. Every avenue which leads, in England, to greatness, was open to him; but a modesty based on self-respect, or perhaps a still more honorable motive, would not permit him to take it. Though repeatedly solicited to become a candidate for a seat in Parliament, he firmly declined every such offer, having probably discovered as one of the founders and the first publisher of the "Daily News," that he had no talent for political intrigue, or perhaps because he knew that he could disseminate his views more effectively and profitably by his writings. Suffice it, however, that ambition and power had no greater attraction for him than aristocratic pomp and splendor. Charles Dickens might have as easily been made a peer as Bulwer Lyt-

ton. If he was not, it is because he did not desire the honor, as well as for some other reasons to which we shall briefly refer at the close of this notice.

We can never expect to know what some one else understands, unless we understand what he does not know. Dickens may be said to have grown up wild, and amidst surroundings which he himself painfully felt and bitterly resented. He had no education, and still less learning. For his escape from having become a thief and a vagabond, he thinks himself indebted to Providence, certainly not to his parents. He had never received a theoretical schooling worthy of the name. A systematic introduction to the arts and sciences which would have enlightened him on the importance and the responsibilities of life, on what had passed and was passing in the world, had been denied to him. The scraps of information which he picked up here and there, he appropriated as an autodidact. But with this, little was accomplished during a career favored by the smiles of fortune. We hear in his happiest speeches, we see in his best books, that he is deficient in harmonious culture, in varied and extended knowledge, and in large and comprehensive views. And yet, had he been born, as the saying is, with a golden spoon in his mouth, carefully prepared at Eton, classically, æsthetically, and theologically finished off at Oxford, his precocious talents and avidity for knowledge would no doubt have made him a more learned and profound man, but he could never have taken that place in English literature in which he stands absolutely without a peer. He might have learned to compose clever novels like Bulwer or Kingsley; he might have turned out a spicy essayist like Sidney Smith, an orthodox thinker like the late Dean Monsell, a radical political economist like Professor Fawcett, an accomplished statesman like Gladstone, or even an admired poet like Tennyson; but never could he have obtained that unique importance in life and letters which he has won without a regular education. The mission for which fate destined him, and which he intuitively recognized and carried out, was this: To unveil the sombre sides of Eng-

lish society, and call the attention of the pampered children of fortune, whom the luxuries of civilization have blinded, to the suffering at their doors; to show to this spoiled class that human hearts ache and break in the wide deserts which our so-called progress makes and leaves in its ruthless advance to remote goals; to remind us that the outcasts of society, the misery which perishes unheeded in masses, the vice which flourishes unchecked, are also human, and that all these things can only be learned by exhibiting the reverse of the picture. All that Dickens ever knew, all that made him great and original as a writer, he had learned in the bitter school of experience. This was naturally not so evident to him as it must be to the objective reader of his works and Forster's life; otherwise he would never have spoken of his wretched youth, of his severe trials, with that unrelenting spirit which we see him betray in his autobiographic communications to Forster. Experience is undoubtedly the best teacher, but, as Carlyle observes, he enacts a terrible price. Misery and genius are old-time acquaintances. Corneille, Lessing, Schiller, Goldsmith, Crabbe, all have drained that chalice to the very lees. But not one of them was thrust so immediately into a great active life as Charles Dickens — into a life whose seething whirlpools, secret hiding places, and dark abysses conceal treasures which need only to be discovered and utilized to supply poetic genius with its most precious materials.

Such a discoverer against his own will, but to his advantage and glory and the sympathetic admiration of a grateful people, was Charles Dickens. There is nothing singular in the mere fact that many of the most brilliant and absorbing scenes described in his novels mirror the events of his youth; that parts of "Oliver Twist," "Dombey and Son," "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Old Curiosity Shop," and especially "David Copperfield," are nothing more than thinly veiled autobiography. Every genuine poet draws first on his own experiences; and even the strange must first become his property before it can be poetically moulded. But it is indeed astounding — and it proves

how early the two characteristic features of his literary activity (his memory and fine powers of observation, especially the humorous) were developed in him — that these autobiographical scenes should reach so far back into his tenderest youth. His memory was truly marvellous. Having once seen a locality, its picture was imprinted on his mind with all the graphic details which distinguish his descriptions, and which enabled him to reproduce it after forty years, freshly and truthfully on paper. No name, no anecdote, no scandal, no conversation, escaped him after he had once heard it. And what he had ever seen, adhered still more firmly. This precocious development of his powers of observation is one of his most remarkable traits. Dickens saw more at a glance than others often see in years. Of course he did not see all. He saw only the objects which are on the surface, and even these presented themselves to his eyes chiefly in a humorous form. The comical caricatures, the grotesque distortions, the grim contrast of the surroundings, always attracted his notice first and clung to him afterwards. He had no wit: his attempts at it often produce a painful impression; but he possessed that genuine humor which smiles amidst tears, which exorcises from a dark background luridly illuminated carnival masks to perform burlesque death dances, which springs from the touching opposites of joy and pain, of rich and poor, of luxury and want, of rude brutality and modest diffidence, of noisy orgies and sad desolation, and which leaves an indelible impression on the heart of man. In this humor he grows pathetic, and his pathos affects us so much more powerfully because the poet is indebted for the sensation he produces on the living, breathing, palpable reality.

At the same time we must unconditionally grant that his memory and powers of observation constitute the most essential elements in his poetical nature. When Hogarth encountered on the crowded streets, or in some public places, an individual, or a group, which caught his eye, he drew it on the nail of his thumb, to enlarge the miniature at home on paper or canvas. Thus the boy Dickens took mental sketches to which the man afterwards gave more

imposing proportions. Portraiture and photography are not, it is true, art in its highest sense and perfection; but we dispute that those who furnish us in literature with faithful portraits and photographs are not artists, not poets. To find worthy originals requires a poetical genius like that of Dickens. His powers of observation may have greatly exceeded his powers of reflection; his sentimental humor may have been stronger than the vigor of his thought; he may not have fathomed the deepest depths of life, and only rarely risen above his limited commonplace horizon and the most natural sentiments; yet, as we have already pointed out, the peculiarity of his poetical nature and the imperishable value of his writings are the direct result of this limitation. Nay, more. To this limitation we owe the effect, the salutary influence, which his romantic sketches, or sketchy romances, have unquestionably exerted over his contemporaries. The great did not seem to him great, because he would not kneel down before them. He stood erect in their presence, and his keen eye saw how small they were. This should be steadily borne in mind by those who wish to understand why the organs which represent the ruling English classes assert that Dickens was unable to wing his flight higher; in other words, why the aristocratic circles of society are said to have been beyond his comprehension and unattainable to his grasp. But that is not so. Dickens knew these circles but too well; and it was just because he had hit them so hard in several of his works, especially in "Bleak House," that they hated him living and eulogized him in death.

The voice of truth speaks so distinctly and directly from the writings of Dickens, that the classes castigated by the lash of his satire always supposed themselves personally attacked. A Yorkshire schoolmaster, who felt himself hit by the poet's masterly description of Dotheboy's Hall, in "Nicholas Nickleby," sued him for libel. The "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" brought him a number of threatening letters and challenges from this country. The English bar moved his expulsion from the "Savage Club," when his attacks on

the profession appeared in "Bleak House." A Manchester cotton spinner insulted him in the streets, because he thought himself portrayed in "Hard Times." This incapacity to leave the streets and the realities of London life, marks at once the greatness of his genius and its limits. Without the types of actual life before him, he was able to write but little worth reading.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LAND OF DESOLATION; Being a Personal Narrative of Observations and Adventures in Greenland. By Isaac I. Hayes, M.D., Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the Société de Géographie, Paris, author of "The Open Polar Sea," "An Arctic Boat Journey," "Cast Away in the Cold," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman, author of "The Life and Times of Rev. S. Wesley, M.A.," Father of Rev. J. and C. Wesley. In three vols. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

NOTES, Explanatory and Practical, on the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians. By Albert Barnes, author of "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity." Revised Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

CHARACTER. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help," "Life of the Stephensons," "The Huguenots," etc., and editor of "Round the World." New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

AROUND THE WORLD: Sketches of Travel Through Many Lands and Over Many Seas. By E. D. G. Prime, D.D. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

TWENTY YEARS AGO. From the Journal of a Girl in her Teens. Edited by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST. By Charles Dickens. With twenty-eight Illustrations by J. Mahoney. Household Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Author of "Crumbs Swept Up." New York: Adams, Victor & Co. (The Western News Co., Chicago.)

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

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TWENTY YEARS AGO;

A STORY OF REAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REPENTANT SINNER.

BRACKETT was left alone in his shop. He knew as soon as Brent had gone that he had deeply erred, and his conscience exaggerated the error into a dreadful sin. It did not pain him that he had endangered his reputation in Buntingville. He felt that he had demeaned himself. In a moment of wrath he had lost all the merit of patient suffering, of heroic submission, of wise forbearance. He had poured on an iron man a tempest of impotent passion and foolish words. This sense of shame that always follows anger, and a shade of which follows all violent excitation of the soul, was, in Brackett, a burning remorse.

"Ugh! I loathe myself. I always knew John Brackett was a fool, but to be such an ass!"

He sat down on his nail-box, hid his face in his hands, and moaned out his spiritual sorrow. He had thought his self-mastery complete. Such years of battle for this self-possession in patience under the whips and stings of life he had undergone, and in vain! The belief in his self-control, and rest

in duty which had filled his soul with a calm that seemed holy, had been a tropic lull of winds, precursor of monsoons. But he had believed the seductive charmer—his spiritual pride—he had spread all sail to catch this slight breath of vanity, and behold, the tempest has driven him in a moment on the coasts of despair! He sits on that nail-box a wreck to himself. Such a rush of shame, remorse, disgust, humiliation, comes over him! As though the waves, not content with destroying the proud ship that rode their summits an hour ago, must in very spitefulness or vengeance pound and beat and hammer the wreck into indistinguishable fragments.

The man sat there, hugging his sorrow, struggling with his despair, wrestling with the angel of hope, till his lips grew white, his brow ashen, and his face damp with cold sweat. Low moans, which were wordless prayers, issued from the unmoving lips. John Brackett was before himself and God in awful repentance. Perhaps both accused the sinner; but he, infinitely more than God, poured out reproach. The All-Just reckoned the temptation, and knew the sinner's frailty.

The sinner himself reckoned neither. Like Saint Paul, he could say, "*Sin revived and I died.*" As an autumn frost crisps in a night the green leaves of the forest, as a tornado blots out harvests and homes and villages in a moment, as with the breath of the nostrils of the Almighty, SIN, revived, full of lusty life, smote the fair fabric of the sinner's steadfastness and purity, and lo! it was gone.

The man's whole soul was in that humiliation. His whole body shared in that mortification. It was a sinner repenting. He was left alone. If one had entered he might hardly have noticed the sufferer coiled together in the remote corner of the low shanty. But none came. Who wanted to see John Brackett that day? His sorrow had free course, and was at last glorified.

Rocking himself to and fro in the conflict of his soul, the hours sped by. At last the clutch of pain relaxed, and his heart lightened as the hills when sunrise tips their summits. This was a fairer dawn — the rise of Faith on the landscape of a repenting soul.

Unspeakable peace and confidence! Wondrous morn of hope! Strange passage from death unto life! Surely the great Helper, in unwonted kindness, undid altogether the burden. He usually helps us to bear, and left the weak one to walk without his load.

John Brackett went out of his shop weak and humble. Fasting and agony had made him weak; repentance had clothed him with humility.

We are looking at Brackett from his own standpoint. He who has not known such spiritual sorrow may sneer at such agony, born of such slight deviation from propriety. Another may see in his anger at Brent only just resentment, and may regret that his hammer had not descended on the obdurate speculator. But the tempest in Brackett's soul was real, and had a cause. He had outraged himself, though he had not outraged Brent. If he had rolled the speculator out of the shop and kicked him sound-

ly when there, no injustice would have been done to Brent. But any attempt at playing the executioner was, in Brackett, an effort to brutalize a soul strung to the finest spiritual accords.

He had attempted a language he had never learned. He could not rave in the round, sonorous, brawny rhetoric of coarse men, whose logic carries clubbed epithets, and has every loose end of the argument pinned up with a damn.

Brackett entered the next day on a new and painful life. His popularity and influence in Buntingville had come unsought and unexpected. This regard had surprised him, but it had been all the more pleasant for the surprise. He would have shunned the responsibilities this esteem created. No place-seeker, he would have preferred no other duty than the honest earning of his bread and the humble use of an humble influence. He would have said any day, and thought it his sincere feeling, "I could wish people thought less of me." But it is one thing to feel that the respect of one's fellows is burdensome, and it is quite another thing to feel that this respect is lost by no fault of our own, and that we are left under baseless suspicion.

If Brackett could have dropped out of Buntingville regard as easily as a stone drops to the bed of the stream, probably he would have felt keenly the loss of deference. For there is nothing of which the soul is so avid as praise, and those feelings in others which prompts it. It is a dish whereof when one has once tasted he must eat daily, or dine unsatisfactorily. Let us hope there is somewhat celestial in an appetite that, once awakened, can only increase.

But John Brackett had *not* dropped silently out of Buntingville regard. He was foundering in a storm — an idle storm — but still a storm. When the winds got loose without the knowledge of Neptune, they made not less havoc of the ships of Eneas than if Jupiter himself had given them loose

reins. So, though a popular tumult may have no business to be, its fervor and virulence are the same; or, to select a fitter figure, whoever knew a base-born cur to bark humbly in remembrance of his ancestry?

This trial was greater than he could have believed. He had been unconsciously leaning on the prop now so suddenly taken away. The vigor of his arm, the brightness of his complexion, the buoyancy of his spirits, had been produced by the stimulus of Buntingville praise. It were hard to tell whether the humiliation at having loved the food, or the famishing at its lack, was the greater trial.

This loss of favor with the villagers he might have borne with less pain, if it had not come just when he was tortured by a re-awakened and hopeless passion. It needed but one thing to make it a crushing calamity, and that came in its being linked with that very love. A new complication threatened. Our hero had gotten the enmity of masculine Buntingville by an outrage upon Interest; the crinoline citizens had a more classic wrong—"the injury of their slighted grace." Could they forget that John Brackett might have selected the fairest daughter of the oldest settler? And he had laid his heart at the feet of that *baby* from Connecticut! Booty and Beauty made common cause. For there was no maiden but had her grief, no mother without her indignation. The wrong was universal precisely because it could not be particular. None could advance any claim to be offended, and the arena was open for all.

The danger was that this foolish story should come to the ears of the Johnsons—of Mary herself. There was just enough truth in it to make it the last thing Brackett would have wished Mary to hear. Something must be done. The blacksmith sauntered listlessly into the street, hoping that a resolution might be suggested by a walk. The first man he encountered was Fence, with a "dissolution of part-

nership" in his hand. The poor 'Squire had found great difficulty in bringing himself "to do his duty." He softened the blow, to his own thinking, by generously offering to give Brackett his note for the balance due him on the books, when that should be ascertained.

All this did not move the blacksmith. He knew Fence, felt the littleness of the revenge, and rather rejoiced in deliverance from a duty to be done in Buntingville. He would at least be free to go when he chose.

In half an hour the notice of dissolution, written in a fair round hand, every word beginning with a capital,—a *chef d'œuvre* of the 'Squire—was posted over the closed shop door, and perused by the satisfied citizens.

Brackett wended his way up the street, passing here and there citizens, who went by on the other side with averted faces, or bowed coldly. He met, at length, Simpson who had just returned after a week's absence from the village. Simpson met the blacksmith with his wonted cordiality, rallied him on his dejection, and assured him the storm would blow over in a week.

"But tell me, old fellow, is it true that you are engaged to the girl? For if you are, you can snap your fingers in their faces."

"No. It's not true, Simpson, and that is what hurts most. I am afraid the silly story will get to her ears, and that they will make her believe that I told it first, ridiculous as it is."

"Not so ridiculous, after all. The girl has the four B's—Blood, Beauty, Breeding, and Bullion. I would n't mind such a wife myself. I have never seen her, but I would wade in on common report and common envy."

"I do n't mean," interposed Brackett, "that she is not good enough for anybody; indeed, I think her surpassingly charming. But of such presumption as to dare to seek her, I am not capable."

"Now there's your cursed modesty

again. Do you suppose a girl often gets a chance to marry such a saint as you are? And I tell you what, if I wanted to marry, I'd rather have your piety than all the money I am supposed to have. Do n't blush, now. Women have a passion for the saints. I'm always vexed with a preacher who fails to marry well. Lord! he has the pick of the flock."

"Do you ever despair of your own prospects? Or do you speak from some painful experience?" said Brackett, provoked to raillery.

"No. The fact is, my style takes too. An audacious sinner is almost as good a card as a minister. Women like a fellow to be at one pole or the other. Besides, I had some Homer whipped into me at school; and I have always thought Helen rather liked being carried off by Paris."

"I do n't see the point," said Brackett.

"I mean just this: that we sinners make up in boldness what we lack in attractiveness. We carry them off in a moral sense, as Paris did Helen literally. Though I suspect that the gay dog did both."

"I wish you would marry, Simpson, and settle down into a sober life. You would then leave off your rowdy ways. You could n't refuse it to a wife, you know."

"I never employ doctors who do n't take their own medicine," said Simpson, gayly, and went off down street, singing an election song, with the chorus

"Jordan am a hard road to trabel, I believe."

Brackett next encountered Johnson, who greeted him with more than his usual cordiality. This cheered the blacksmith more than anything else — always excepting a smile from Mary — could have done.

"I have just had an interview with our dear Brother Brent," said Johnson; "a very delightful, cordial, heart-cheering affair. How magnetic the man is! He makes you at ease, happy, by his irresistible good humor."

"That is to say," said Brackett, "he chills you like an iceberg, shuts up your mouth by his silence, and throws you entirely off your balance by his admirable way of doing nothing at all."

"Exactly. Just that. If I had to choose between riding a hundred miles with him alone on one of your prairies and a year of prison work, I would take the latter, every time. The man would not rob or murder me, but he would freeze me up so tight that Cuba would n't thaw me."

"Please do n't say anything more about Cuba. But you have heard of my dissolution with Fence, I suppose?"

"Yes. Our good Brother Brent gave in about twenty words a whole history of a very religious and peaceable war down among you 'people.' It was very edifying, very. But come up to our room — I dare not say rooms, for I respect the truth almost as much as our dearly beloved Brent."

"No, excuse me to-day. I am not very well, and a little upset, too."

"Well, well! You are always welcome. Come to - morrow, then."

"But before we part, Mr. Johnson, tell me whether I have done anything, or said anything, to give you suspicion of ill motives in my conduct towards you. This concerns me deeply."

"In the first place, Brackett, you never did but one thing that I did not ask you to do — the snow-bank affair, you know! In the second place, I am thoroughly satisfied with you, and there are not Brents enough in the State — though there could be but one — but if there were a thousand, they could not shake my good opinion of John Brackett. Now, please take that once for all. I do n't like to repeat my creed every Sunday; it always seems to me to imply that I might have changed my mind. Now, once for all, I believe in John Brackett. That must answer for a lifetime. I hope you are satisfied?"

"Delighted. This pays for the damage done by the storm. I think I never was happier in my life."

"Well, if that is the effect of saying my creed, I will take to mouthing every day, if you like; but really, I think you overestimate the value of it. What are you going to do? You are one of those fools that will let nobody help them, or I would give you a lift."

"I have no plans yet."

"Well, I have. I am going to Patriot City to live until a house can be built on my farm. I start to-morrow. Come up and take tea with us this evening, and tell me what you shall have resolved in the meanwhile."

And giving Brackett no time for an acceptance or refusal, Johnson dropped the hand he had been holding and walked back to his hotel.

At the hour of "tea," the Johnsons received this note:

"I find myself too much indisposed to accept your kind invitation. Excuse my failure, and may blessings attend you.
J. B."

"So he does not even come to bid us good bye," said Mary, with a pretty pout. "What a naughty John he is!" And in the press of other thoughts and cares, the hurry of packing, the difficulty of finding one whole carriage and two horses with four legs each, the crowding in of disinterested friends to say farewell to "our dear friends," John Brackett slipped out of notice, and, to his great joy, escaped a call from Johnson.

Brackett was not ill; he was completing his repentance. The kindness of Johnson had stirred his hopes into life, and Love came back to charm and torment him. That night completed his self-renunciation. In manifold bitterness, and with countless struggles, he laid it away among the dead. The next day he went forth to a new life, whose sources and support were of the world unseen. And they were sufficient for his utmost need.

At the foot of the hill on which Buntingville stood, and on the south side of the stream across which we travelled in the first chapter of this

story, in the edge of a grove which deepened presently into a wood, extending for miles east, west, and south, stood a deserted log-cabin. It had once been the "residence" of a brickmaker, who, failing, had taken to the prairie and left his habitation desolate.

This brickmaker was a German, a stout, square-faced, honest fellow, with whom the world did not thrive half so well as his family. A new baby arrived every year, and a cow or a horse or a wagon disappeared about as often from his yard, these pieces of portable property going to pay debts.

Brackett, pleased with the man's cheerfulness, which was never clouded, and pitying his misfortunes, had shod his horses and mended his plough without hope of pay, and thereby won the good Teuton's heart.

The first man Brackett encountered the morning after his night of repentance, was Teuton, who had the whole story of the battle and its results, and his own plan for "making a stand."

"Dere ish mine gabin, John, mine very goot friend; you dake him. You shoe horses goot. De farmers care notings apout de Brents. Dey stop down at mine goot friend Brackett's shop. You see it ish one very goot plan."

Brackett accepted the generous offer. The lonely place pleased him. He did not wish to make new voyages of discovery, and though the cabin was only a half mile from the centre of Buntingville, it was as perfectly isolated from the village by the intervening hill as though it had been located ten miles away. Honest Teuton's plans for Brackett were no better conceived than those he made for himself. The new shop had few customers, and Brackett found the strictest economy necessary to enable him to live. The sum due from his old business was turned into food and clothing, and soon exhausted. Then Simpson came to the rescue, and lent him some credits (orders on the store), by which aid he managed to subsist for the following eighteen months.

CHAPTER X.

RETROSPECT.

John Brackett's settlement in his new abode opened before him another phase of his life. In a month he had described a cycle. A whole period of his history begun and ended in these few days. It was natural that he should put himself under new restraints, make new and solemn vows of perpetual burial of that which, whether he buried it or not, was the most vital part of his life. The chief barrier to success in his well-meant effort to suppress himself, was that his despair, like his love, was wholly confined to his own breast. Had Mary refused him? No. Was she unkind? No. Was there aught of which he could accuse her? No. His heart's peerless queen forever allured, charmed, and inspired his affection. A love declared and refused may not die, but a refusal is generally a *coup de grace*. Let us confess it: A passion loses something of its sacred fire in the declaration. It is degraded by a battle with the less noble sentiments—pride offended, shame awakened, fear of exposure to less sacred eyes than the dear one's. But a love undeclared, imprisoned in a sensitive soul, encouraged by kindness in its object, REIGNS.

It is not strange, then, that as we peep in at the little four-paned window of Brackett's "parlor," we find him at work upon that very history which he had a thousand times resolved to forget. He is recording those passages of his life which are beautiful to him because she is there.

Let us copy his retrospect. We shall find in it some characters who have to do in the future of our story.

It is over, then! That delicious dream which has enthralled my senses and my soul, is broken. Could we but sleep and dream forever. Why has life realities and duties—hard, rough bonds—that chafe while they fetter the spirit? Why should happiness be found only in the dreams of sleep, or

the more baseless illusions of our waking hours? Each of us has but a drop of bliss; one finds it in dream, another in illusion. Why should I complain? I have *drunk*, drank deep of the goblet of Joy. Why complain that the cup contained no more? I have been *happy*; so sublimely happy have I been that it should suffice me and console me. The very remembrance of it is sweeter than life's common wine.

But these realities crowd out of view the fair retrospect. May I not lose this joy of my life? Will not the vision of beatitude grow dim in the atmosphere of daily care? Will not the delight depart and leave only that sorrowful brother, Pain? Let me secure myself against that danger. While I confide to this faithful paper my story, I shall imprison the memory of what I prize most, and often perusing it I shall keep it warm and bright forever! No. That must not be. I shall play the fool again if I but see her there. No. I must bury my Cæsar. This be the tomb.

It is no matter when I first saw her. I cannot endure any chronology in this story. She used often to pass my shop on her way to the village school. A merry girl, she would sometimes look in, and repeat with a childish voice some portions of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." And then she would regret that I had no family to make the comparison perfect.

"How naughty you must be, Mr. Brackett, not to have a wife, or to have had one, and a 'daughter singing in Paradise.' I'm sure you're old enough." And away she ran with her young companions.

Time went by. Books were my solace and companions. A friend, now gone from among men, left me a rich legacy in the choicest works of the choicest souls.

A fruitful river flowed past the village of M. From its source in the mountains far down towards the sea, it loitered on its way to turn the busy wheels and spindles of men. It seemed to

do all this, not as a chained prisoner, or even as a detained traveller, but in fulness of freedom and charity, of its own sweet will. Not degraded by its office, not disenchanted by its prosaic work, it rolled blithely by, like a human heart going through life with all the freshness and beauty of youth, while gathering up the dutifulness of manhood and the wisdom of age. My river had kept all its virgin charms and gotten a staid matronly grace. To me, the ancient Naiads swam in the crystal waves, though a half hour before they had dashed over a dam, and in another half hour would cause to play with a gigantic wheel.

To me, this stream is more classic than the Tiber, the Arno, or the Rhine. For in my strolls along it I have crowned its banks with all that ever graced those famous streams. Here are all the castles of the Rhine, the sweet valleys, and fair Florence, city of flowers, that bedeck the sides of the Arno; and, on seven hills, sits an old Rome, and a marble wilderness, witnesses for "yellow Tiber." I have studied the topography of these Old World streams, to locate aptly my cities and towers and ruins. I carefully excluded all the dirt and wretchedness of the real rivers. Here only grace and sweet imaginings have place. I had purified for myself just so much of the world.

There were borderings of wood-crowned hills and slopes where one could find solitude, though the distant hum of wheels could not be utterly excluded. One of these had become my favorite resort. The seclusion enticed me much. I fear, too, that the neighborhood of Mary's residence was more attractive than it ought to have been. Her father's land ran down to the river; the residence stood a quarter of a mile in the rear, on the public highway. I had become a lover, but did not dare to use, even to myself, the name.

It was a day in June. Cloudless heavens, blue skies, fair waters, the

voice of birds, the bloom of flowers, attracted me away from my work an hour before sunset. That favorite spot was soon found, and in reverie I whiled away the remainder of the sunlight. The twilight deepened gradually into the paler glory of the round full moon, and I sat on the bank musing in a deep content of body and soul.

As I sat, the splash of oars came to my ears, but in a dreamy way in harmony with my mood. Gradually the sound grew more distinct; and then other sounds—the hum of voices—reached me. One of these voices I knew too well—the child tones of her who was now become a woman, but retained this token of the freshness and guilelessness of her soul. I roused myself and began to think. They were two. He was a stranger in the village, of whose occasional visits at Farmer Johnson's I had become jealously aware. He was a man who always seemed to me brutal, but I could never select the brute on whom I could fasten the odium of comparison. I knew casually that he had encountered Mary and her father in a hotel at Boston, some months before, and what purpose he had in seeking them out my jealous heart divined. He was a man about thirty years of age; he had been, in early youth, well-favored, tall, and stout. The mould for a woman's hero had been impressed upon him by nature; this he had preserved in all but one important particular: the corruption of his soul had found utterance in his face. The expression of it I cannot put into words. All his art and polish and address could not hide it from me, and I believe all men felt it and all women were stained by it. I do not mean that they knew of this bad influence over their souls; I only feel sure that he held it. None could talk with him without a painful abatement of purity. Children shunned him by the advice of their "angels, who do always behold the face of their Father."

Mary could not love him; I knew

that, and yet I feared that she might marry him. He had sailed, he said, all seas, and travelled all lands; he had the air of wealth, though he seemed to have neither friends nor home that he dare acknowledge. I had a hundred times cursed the fate that disqualified me from unmasking the bad man.

As I listened to their voices, now again receding, the boat came out into a broad belt of moonlight which fell on the stream from between two clumps of trees on the other bank. As the reality of the situation came upon me, I remembered that not far away there lay a rapid over which only a skilful boatman could safely pass. I knew Ross to be a good boatman, but I saw that, engaged in an earnest conversation, he had dropped his oars, and the boat was drifting full on a large rock that lay with its face just out of the water, on the very brink of the rapid.

I am ashamed that delicacy made me delay a moment to give warning. In that moment the boat struck the rock, was sheered round by the waves, and upset with its side full against the current. The boat glided swiftly away in the eddy, bottom upwards, and the passengers went out of sight. I took in the situation at a glance, rushed down the bank, and, plunging in, swam towards the lower point of the rapid. I reasoned that, though battered and bruised by the rocks, the body of Mary would be found there if I could but gain the point in time.

I was successful. I caught the limp and apparently lifeless form, and bore it to land. She seemed to be dead. O, God! what an end! I turned, in the hope of succor, to look after her companion. I did not doubt that he had cared for himself. There he stood on the rock which had wrecked the boat. He called to me to tell him how to get on shore. At first, thoroughly angry with him for his former carelessness and present indifference, I told him to swim as I had done.

"Yes, yes, my hearty, that's all very

well to say. But I don't know the reckoning, and you do."

"The worse fool you," I replied, "for taking this delicate girl into a river where you are a stranger! But if you do n't want to kill her outright, come and help me, quick. She has fainted, perhaps is killed."

"Yes; I'll relieve you of your charge," and he plunged into the water and swam ashore. He came up carelessly; felt coolly of her pulse, declared that she was not hurt, and then looked carefully at me.

"You're the blacksmith on Winter street, are n't you?"

"Yes; but let us get the girl off home. She may die if we do not succor her."

"The girl is in no danger, and I have made my fortune. Now, Mr. Anvil, what shall I pay you for your trouble—with the little proviso that you are not to mention your part in this affair?"

Disgusted with the man's meanness, I lifted my hand as if to strike him for his insolence at that hour.

"Ah, you are there, are you?" said Ross; and in an instant he felled me to the earth with a slungshot. When I came to myself, they were gone. Though I thought that I fathomed his purpose, and believed Mary to be safe, I hurried home, weak and faint as I was, to send a boy to enquire after her safety. I could not confess my part in the scene of her wreck and deliverance. The pretended savior was a rival, and had only to deny my agency to make me seem ridiculous.

My messenger brought me the whole story of her fall into the water, with a supplement of the heroic exertions of Ross to save her, as recounted by himself. Mary "was revived, but badly bruised," and must be confined to her bed for some time. In the confusion created by the accident, and the rush of friends who had heard of it, my solicitude excited no remark. Ross divined my secret, and knew that I could not make claim to a part in the

rescue. I had the mortification to read in the village paper a circumstantial account of the affair, in which Ross's carelessness or guilt was cloaked by his ignorance of the stream, and my part in the rescue was taken by the adventurer.

My native village had become distasteful to me. Ross was every day at the farm-house. He strutted in the garments that I might have worn, and doubtless hoped a great reward for his heroism. I believed Mary would not repay such a deed with her hand where her heart was not, but I feared.

"At all events," I said, "I cannot hope"; and I hurried away from the town in disgust and despair. My wanderings cost me my earthly all. I came here poor and friendless. I am still both. But I have strangely met Mary, and I am confident she has not favored Ross. What wonder that my love has blazed out fiercer than before—a passion now that threatens to consume me? But even this will, *must* pass away.

The following letters, written by Miss Mary shortly after the events related by Brackett, will help us to finish this retrospect. Her correspondent, Miss Kate Bradshaw, has kindly furnished them for our story.

M—, July 24, 185—.

MY DEAR KATE:—You reproved me with neglect. How little we often know of the reasons why people *seem* to neglect us! You thought I neglected you, when I could not even sit up in bed, much less answer your letters. Now there is a nice bit of a text for a sermon. You must preach it, you serious little Puritan; and if John Savage should ever need it, give him the benefit of the application. Now, I see you are all impatience to know what I mean. "*You sick, Mary?*" I imagine you saying: Yes, my dear, I have been sick—or at least (to stick to the truth), I have been confined to my bed three whole weeks. I assure you, Kate,

it is a nice little romance. But you wonder how being in bed can be romantic. Now, if it were one of your humdrum sicknesses, that helped you over so many hard lessons at school, there would be precious little to be told. You know, though, that I never could manage to make Mother Goose believe I had your complaints. I am sure you will not suspect me of it. The romance, my dear, was not in being in bed; that part of it was prosy enough. It was in getting there. You are breathless with impatience; and I shall pay you for that naughty word "neglect," by telling my story very deliberately.

You remember what I told you about Bernard Ross, the fellow whom we met at Boston. I want you to remember, too, that I told you I did not like him a single bit. Are you sure you remember that? Well, I did *not* like him, whether I told you or not. It was rather nice, though, to have so gay a gallant, if for nothing else but to make the other girls in the village envious; and just because I half hated him, I let him attend me, and say foolish things, and do foolish things. "For shame," you say; "you a coquette, Mary?" No, my dear; but you must distinguish a little. I knew that I could not hurt this fellow, and that he could not hurt me. Do you see my point? He had no heart to lose, and I was sure of mine when he was by. It was nice to have such a stick. He ran of errands like a spaniel, and, in short, was a good sort of slaye to me. I never played the tyrant so delightfully, not even when I had *you* for a subject, as in those three weeks before my sickness. To be sure, I began to get tired of it, and a little afraid of him. I hardly dare tell you, Kate, what occurred to me at last, and made him odious. I began to notice an influence in his presence that came tight around me, and I could not throw it off when he was here—a something which made me think of bad things with more complacency than I usually do.

One night last June — the 28th of June — (I shall not soon forget the date), he took me out for a row on the river at Smithson's. It was just sunset when we got into the boat. He promised to land in half an hour, so that I could get home before dark. When we got out into the stream, I began to see he had something on his mind, and I resolved that he should n't get it off that night, at least; and that, once ashore, I would keep clear of the fellow. So I joked and teased him until it got dark, and the moon rose. Then I told him that he had broken his promise, and must hurry me home, or I should not like him one bit. Then, Kate, the fool took up that unfortunate banter of mine, threw down his oars, and got it off — his mind, you know.

I was vexed at his having beaten me and got a chance to say it that night; so I just told him in good round Yankee that I thought him a fool, and would never marry him, or anybody else that asked me in that way. He would not take the hint, and wanted me to "teach him how to ask my love" — the gosling!

That made me serious. I can assure you, Kate, I quite preached on the subject, and, in short notice, forbade him ever to talk to me in that way again.

He replied angrily, and showed to my entire satisfaction, and disgust, too, that he did not love me.

"Now," said I, "Mr. Ross, if you have finished this little performance, put me ashore, and I will go home to my mother!"

Just then the boat struck a rock, and sheered round. I was frightened; and looking towards the shore, I saw a man standing there with his hands up, as if to warn us. It was too dark to see who it was; and in a second we went over into the water. I just remember seeing Ross climbing upon the rock, as the current whirled me past it; and then I lost all knowledge for — I do n't know how long.

When I came to myself, Ross was

standing over me and saying all manner of soft things. That stirred me up so much that I got up and told him to take me home. You won't believe me, but I did walk all the way home; and then found that I was so horribly bruised that it has taken me three weeks to get well again.

I soon found that Ross had made everybody believe that he had saved me. "And did he not?" you say? Not a bit of it, Kate. I *know* that cannot be; but I would give — my hand, if he were a good fellow — to know who did; yet I do n't dare to tell anybody what I think. Now, Ross did *not* try to get me on the rock, but put his own precious self up there. Then, I saw the man on shore; and I believe he did save me. I have not told you all my evidence. I found on my neck a red silk handkerchief when I started to walk home; and I have taken precious good care of it. Ross always carries white handkerchiefs. When I got well enough, I cross-examined him to learn if he ever carried colored ones, and whether he knew anything about this one. I assure you, I took good care he should not know what I meant. He says he detests a red handkerchief, and that gentlemen never carry them.

Now, my Kate, here is a romance for you. You may laugh at my folly; but I tell you, I am sure this red rag, as Ross would call it, belongs to the man I saw, and that he saved me.

When I got well enough to be in the parlor part of the day, Ross, who had hung round to get his pay, renewed his suit. I was obliged to be very nice and proper; but I told him I was grateful for all his kindness, but did not, and could not, love him.

What do you think the fool did then? Why, you could never guess! He coolly told me that the life he had saved belonged to him, and much more nonsense. I replied that I had read that a debt of gratitude was cancelled when the creditor demanded payment, and wished him a good day. I learn that he has left this village; and I

heartily hope never to see his face again.

Write, my dearest Kate, and beg pardon for your last. If you agree with me about the silk handkerchief—I assure you it is silk—I shall freely grant you absolution.

Your affectionate

MARY.

The second letter is from Buntingville, to the same person.

Buntingville, Jan. 30, 185-.

MY DEAR KATE:—So you are married before me! I ought to be glad that Savage has come round, and that my little preach last June helped you to hook the divinity student. I *ought* to be glad, but I *can't*. I have been frozen up for a week. I am writing with ink that was frozen solid an hour ago; and I am afraid—almost in hopes—you cannot read this scrawl. I will tell you about this town—or prairie—next summer, when I get warm. They *say* summer comes here. I hope so!

You ask about “my deliverer from a watery grave.” You mock me, Kate; but it is very serious. I have made no discoveries. All I could learn at M—, was that the poor blacksmith, Brackett (a good friend of father's), used sometimes to stroll down the river where we upset; and that very few people ever passed that way. I shuddered to think what Ross might have intended, when I came to know how lonely the place really was

I found out that Brackett had sent a boy to enquire about me that night, after I got home; but, as many others did the same, it proves nothing. I watched all the young men, to see who carried red handkerchiefs; but they all had white ones. Brackett went off to Cuba, and I found out nothing to relieve my curiosity.

Two days ago we arrived here. We stuck fast in a snow-bank in front of the hotel; and this same Brackett took Ma and me out, and carried us into the house. You will laugh, Kate; but I assure you, as soon as I saw him, I noticed that he had a red silk handkerchief tied loosely round his neck. He seemed to have taken it from his pocket, in his haste to help us, and put it on, for lack of something warmer. At any rate, he picked me out of the snow-bank; and if it should prove that he also picked me out of the river, who knows what might happen? I think he is better-looking than he used to be; and he seems to be quite an oracle in the town.

Now, Kate, I have said that to keep you from saying something like it. My deliverer could not have been this blacksmith; but I long so much to know who I am to thank for a great service, that I reason badly; or rather, as Professor Anatomy used to tell us, like a woman.

But I am *so* cold that I must bid you good-bye, asking you to write soon and often to

Your affectionate

MARY.

D. H. Wheeler.

SOME CALIFORNIA SAVAGES.

IN Russian River Valley, from Healdsburg southward for about fifteen miles, live the remnants of a tribe called by the Spaniards Gallinoméros, a branch of the great Pomo family, whose *habitat* is co-extensive with Russian River Valley, the region about Clear Lake, and the habitable coast from Usal Creek to Bodega. What their vernacular name was, neither the Chief, Ventura, nor his Cardinal Woolsey, Andres, though both are quite intelligent, can now recollect, if they ever knew. It is a good instance of that moral feebleness and abdication of the California Indians, which accepts without question any name the pale-face bestows, and adopts it instead of their own. Their mountainous neighbors, the Ashochémies, have a rather more honorable reason for accepting from the Spaniards *their* name (Wappos), for it was given to them by the latter when smarting under the terrible whippings which they used to suffer at the hands of that valorous tribe. From the fetichism prevailing in Russian River Valley generally, and from certain analogies presented by vicinal tribes, I am inclined to think the Gallinoméros were named after some species of birds, owls or hawks, to which they paid a kind of worship, as to devils who were to be feared and propitiated. At any rate, the early Spaniards named one of their great chiefs Gallina (a cock), from whom the tribe derives its present title.

As with most of the aborigines in that valley, their social and governmental organization is patriarchal, and the chiefship hereditary, though the functions of that office are nebulous. The remnant of them now living a little way below Healdsburg, occupy one great wigwam, twenty or thirty together, Ventura with his subjects, on the most democratic equality. This wigwam is in the shape of the capital

letter L, made of slats leaned up to a ridge-pole, and heavily thatched. All along the middle of it the different families or generations have their fires, while they sleep next the walls, lying on the ground underneath fine rabbit-skin and other less elegant robes, and amid a filthy clutter of baskets, dogs, large conical-shaped baskets of acorns stacked one upon the other, and all the wretched trumpery dear to the aboriginal heart. There are three narrow holes for doors, one at either end, and one at the elbow.

They are nearly black, Ventura being the blackest of all; and on a warm sunny day in February, when he is chopping wood briskly, his cuticle shines like that of a Louisiana field-hand. The nose is moderately high, straight, and emphatic, with thick walls, and ovoid or nearly round nares; lips rather thick and sensual; forehead low, but nearly perpendicular with the chin; face rounder and flatter than in the Atlantic Indian; eyes well-sized and freely opened straight across the face, with a sluggish but foxy expression; color varying from old-bronze or liver-brown, almost to black, though an occasional freckled face and sparse whisker betray a touch of Castilian blood in the veins. They live on the land of a good-natured farmer, and do occasional small services in the field in return for casual fitches of dubious bacon, baskets of specked apples, cast-off clothing, and the like. These and the contributions of the neighbors eke out their stock of salmon and acorns, and enable them to live in considerable affluence. In the matter of providing for the casual necessities of the patriarchal household, Ventura is worth all the dozen or so of his male subjects; and he demonstrates daily his right to the chiefship by chopping wood, breaking mustangs, fishing, and otherwise playing an altogether manly

part. Their small dogs are fat and churlish, and themselves look well fed — their black-brown faces shining out oleaginous from amid their tatters. Whiskey is interdicted by a wise and humane statute, which is generally obeyed; and they appear to dwell together in great tranquillity, dozing away their vacuous lives from day to day in the sun, and calmly brushing off the flies. The California Indian has a negro's fondness for the sunshine.

But the men provide all the wood needed in the scullery, and bring it in; neither are they sluggards in this matter, at all. I have seen Ventura and two or three of his right-hand men chopping lustily on a warm February day, until the perspiration rolled in great drops down their grave, dark, furrowed faces. Sometimes they have two or three cords of firewood neatly stacked in ricks about the lodge. Yet even then, with the heartless cruelty of the race, they will dispatch an old man to the distant forest with an axe; and you shall see him returning, with his white head painfully bowed under a backload of knaggy limbs, and his bare, bronzed bow-legs moving on with that cat-like softness and evenness of the Indian, but so slowly that the poor old creature scarcely seems to get on.

Strange mingling of cruelty and generosity! Give the Chief a handful of buns on Christmas, or a bottle of Bourbon — of which they are most covetous and stingy — yet will he distribute to all a portion, making his own no larger than any other.

These Indians walk more pigeon-toed than those on the Klamath, near the Oregon line, at least in old age; for in Northern California they plant their feet nearly as broadly as Americans. All California Indians emit an offensive odor, as peculiar to themselves as is that of the Chinese to them. An Indian scarcely ever totters in his walk, no matter how old. All his life long he has put down his

feet with so even and steady a motion that if he can get on his legs at all, he moves forward with balance. It is wonderful how cushioned and slow are the steps, and how straight the line of walking, observed by the aged Indian.

They have the avarice common to the California Indians amusingly developed. One day I offered Ventura half a dollar if he would tell me what traditions he knew. He refused, because he had been at the trouble of learning Spanish. He said it was worth more than half a dollar to learn Spanish; and if I wanted to get the traditions cheaper, I must learn Indian. I did learn some Indian subsequently — enough to show that the sly old man *had* no traditions, to speak of.

When a strange Indian arrives in the camp of the Gallinoméros, someone says to him, "*Ameka?*" (Is that you?) To this he replies, "*Heo*" (yes). The stranger then advances into the circle, or enters into the wigwam, as the case may chance, and squats down without ceremony and without a word. A squaw brings him some food in a small basket, of which he partakes in silence; neither does anyone address him so much as a word, until he has finished his repast. Then he is gradually drawn into conversation, and is expected to give an account of himself. In primitive times, these Indians frequently lay flat on their bellies in eating.

When a young Gallinoméro loses his parents and older brothers, he can bind himself to others by a sort of apprenticeship. That is to say, with a certain amount of shell-money he can purchase parents and brothers for himself, who are bound to guarantee him the same protection that they would if they were blood relations. If he possesses the requisite amount of money to pay them for this service, he does not become more beholden to them than before the contract; but in default of it, he becomes an apprentice or slave to his parents adoptive.

In like manner, a refugee or exile from another tribe can find among the Gallinoméros a kind of Alsatia, and entitle himself to citizenship and protection, by buying parents and brothers. Joseph Fitch related an instance of a squaw who came from some tribe in Sacramento Valley, purchased parents, and, by thus becoming naturalized and owing allegiance to the tribe, could not be taken away by her own people. From this we would infer that extradition treaties were unknown.

No crime is known for which the malefactor cannot atone with money. It seems to be the law, however, that in case of murder the avenger of blood has his option between money and the murderer's life. But when the latter is accorded him, he is not generally allowed, as among the northern tribes, to wreak on him a personal and irresponsible vengeance. The Chief takes the criminal and ties him to a tree, and then a number of persons shoot arrows into his body at leisure, one after another, thus putting him to death by slow and excruciating torture.

According to the testimony of these Indians themselves, and of early settlers among them, they sometimes committed infanticide. They made no distinction of sex, as the Chinese do, sacrificing boys and girls alike. When resorted to, the act was immediate; if the infant was allowed to live three days, they did not destroy it afterward. It seems to have been that mere heartless and stolid butchery which comes of over-population, and of that hard, grim penury which stamps out of the human heart its natural affections. They were grossly licentious, like all the California Indians; but this horrible crime never resulted from the shame of dishonest motherhood. Neither was it caused, as in recent times, by that deep and despairing melancholy which came over the hapless race when they saw themselves perishing so hopelessly and so miserably before the face of the American.

If in regard to their treatment of infants they resemble Chinamen, in their bearing toward the aged they are as far removed from them as darkness from light. While the Chinaman sometimes slays his helpless babes that he may the better support his equally helpless parents, the Gallinoméro reverses the practice. He puts his decrepit father or mother to death by strangulation. When the former can no longer feebly creep to the forest to gather his backload of fuel or a basket of acorns, the poor old wretch is thrown down on his back and securely held, while a stick is placed across his throat, and two of them seat themselves on the ends of it until he ceases to breathe. I could have hardly believed this horrible thing; and I record it only on the testimony of two trustworthy men — Joseph Fitch and Louis Piña — both veteran pioneers, who had lived among them many years.

When a young Philander of the tribe becomes enamored of some dark-eyed Clorinda, he buys her, in accordance with the usual custom, without any preceding courtship; but the parents must give their consent to the marriage. If dissatisfied with her, and he can strike a bargain with another man, he sells her to him for a few strings of shell-beads. There is extremely little virtue among them previous to marriage, which occurs early in life.

Being an eminently peaceable tribe, they have no war-dances. There is one very curious exhibition — a kind of pantomime or rude theatrical performance — which deserves a somewhat minute description, as it does not generally prevail among the California Indians. They give it no other name but *Coha*, which signifies simply "dance," although they translate it into Spanish by "fandango"; but I will call it, by way of distinction, the Spear Dance. It might also be called the Coward's Dance; for it seems to be intended as a kind of take-off on the greatest coward in the tribe, much on the same principle that a wooden

spoon is presented to the ugliest man in Yale.

First they all unite, men and squaws together, in a pleasant dance, accompanied by a chant, while a chorister keeps time by beating on his hand with a split stick. In addition to their finest deerskin chemises and strings of beads, the squaws wear large puffs of yellow-hammers' down over their eyes. The men have mantles of buzzards', hawks', or eagles' tail-feathers, reaching from the arm-pits down to the thighs, and circular head-dresses of the same material, besides their usual breech-clouts of rawhide, and are painted in front with terrific splendor. They dance in two circles, the squaws in the outside one; the men leaping up and down as usual, and the squaws simply swaying their bodies and waving their handkerchiefs in a lackadaisical manner. Occasionally an Indian will shoot away through the interior of the circle, and caper like a harlequin for a considerable space of time; but he always returns to his place in front of his partner.

After this is over, the coward or clown is provided with a long sharp stick, and he and his prompter take their places in the ring, ready for performances. A woman as nearly nude as barbaric modesty will permit, is placed in the centre, squatting on the ground. Then some Indian intones a chant, which he sings alone, and the sport begins, such as it is. At the bidding of the prompter the coward makes a furious sally in some direction, and with his spear stabs the empty air. Then he dashes back in the opposite direction, and slashes into the air again. Next, he runs some other way, and stabs again. Now, perhaps, he makes a feint to pierce the woman. Thus the prompter keeps him chasing backward and forward, and spearing the thin air toward every point of the compass, or making passes at the woman, until his wind is a good deal cut, and the patience of the American spectators is exhausted, and they be-

gin to think the whole affair will terminate in "mere dumb show." But finally, at a word from the prompter, the spearman makes a tremendous run at the woman, and stabs her in the abdomen. She falls over on the ground, quivering in every limb, and the blood jets forth in a purple stream. The Indians all rush around her quickly, and hustle her away to another place, where they commence laying her out for the funeral pyre, but huddle around her so thickly all the while that the Americans cannot approach to see what is done. Thus they mystify matters, and hold some pow-wow over her for a considerable space of time, when she somehow mysteriously revives, recovers her feet, goes away to her wigwam, encircled by a bevy of her companions, dons her robe, and reappears in the circle, as well as ever, despite that terrible spear-thrust.

Men who have witnessed this performance, tell me the first time they saw it they would have taken their oaths that the woman was stabbed unto death, so perfect was the illusion. Although this travesty of gladiatorial combat is intended merely for amusement, yet all the Indians, these stoics of the woods, gaze upon it with profound and passionless gravity. If they laugh at all, it is only after it is all over, and at the mystification of the Americans.

Another important occasion is the Wild-Oat Dance, in autumn. There is no feasting on the part of anybody; and what is more, all who participate in the dance are not allowed to partake of any flesh for a certain length of time. That is one singular trait in the California Indians, that, "huge feeders" as they are, they never feast at their dances, but content themselves with common foods. And another thing, which constantly reminds one of the ancient Israelites, is the frequency of the occasions when they are required to abstain from flesh. This Wild-Oat Dance is substantially the same as the general exhibition imme-

diately preceding the Spear-Dance, above described.

In their medical practice they employ several conjurations, one of which is to place the patient in a pole pen, which is ornamented with owls', hawks', buzzards', and eagles' feathers, as a propitiation to those diabolical birds. Then they chant and caper around the pen in a circle. Sometimes the medicine-man scarifies the person, sucks out blood, gargles his throat with the same, then ejects it into a hole dugged in the ground, and buries it out of sight, thinking he has thus eliminated from the body the *materia peccans*. The physician must abstain rigidly from food, especially flesh, while performing his conjurations over the patient; and they sometimes continue a good while.

As soon as life is extinct, they lay the body decently on the funeral pyre, and the torch is applied. The weird and hideous scenes which ensue, the screams, the blood-curdling ululations, the self-lacerations they perform during the burning, are too terrible to be described. Joseph Fitch relates that he has seen an Indian become so frenzied that he would rush up to the blazing pyre, snatch from the body a handful of burning flesh, and devour it. Squaws would often hurl themselves upon the flaming mass and perish, if they were not restrained. To augment the horror of these frightful orgies, the horse or dog belonging to the deceased is led up to the spot and cut off with butcherly slaughter. When the fire is burned down, they scoop up the ashes in their hands and scatter them high into the air. They believe that they thus give the disembodied spirit wings, and that it mounts up, to hover forever in the upper regions, westward of the sea, happy in the boundless voids of heaven, yet ever near enough still to delight itself with the pleasant visions of earth. But different Indians hold different views; and the totality of them believe in a greater number of heavens than the

Shakers. Some believe that they go to the Happy Western Land beyond the sea (the most common notion throughout California); others, that they ascend up indefinitely. The bad return into *coyotes*, or sink immeasurably deep into the bowels of the earth.

The dead are mourned for the space of a year. Every morning and evening for about two hours, during that length of time, all the relatives seat themselves in a circle on the ground, and set up their mournful wails and chants, while they tear their hair and beat themselves. Lifting up their eyes to heaven, they cry out with piteous voices, "*Wah totchedây! wah totchedây!*" (O, my mother!), or "*meätēga*" (brother), or whatever may be the relative. During the remainder of the day they go about their several employments with their ordinary composure.

They have a vague notion of a great ruling power somewhere in the heavens, whom they call *Calletópte* (the Chief Above). But this seems to be only a notion derived from the Spanish; for this personage is entirely a negative one, and the *coyote* performed all the work of creation, as is the usual belief of the Northern California Indians. They do not pretend to explain the genesis of the world, but they account that astute animal to be the author of man himself, of fire, of the luminaries of heaven, etc. Fire he created by rubbing two pieces of wood together in his paws; and the sacred spark thus generated he has preserved in the tree-trunks to this day.

This is their theory of the origin of light. In the early days of the world, all the face of the earth was wrapped in darkness thick and profound. All the animals ran to and fro in dire confusion; the birds of the air flew wildly aloft, then dashed themselves with violence upon the ground, not knowing whither to steer their course. By an accident of this kind, the *coyote* and the hawk happened to thrust their

noses together one day; and they took counsel together how they might remedy this sore evil. The *coyote* groped his way into a swamp and gathered a quantity of dry *tules*, which he rolled into a large ball. This he gave to the hawk, with some flints, and sent him up into heaven with it, when he touched it off and sent it whirling around the earth. This was the sun. The moon was made in the same way, only the *tules* happened to be damper, and did not burn so well.

These savages have a curious "Legend of the Flood," which runs as follows: As the *coyote* had created the earth and all the living things that thereon are, so he also took it upon himself to maintain them in order. But there came a mighty flood which he could not control, and all beings upon the earth, save himself alone, were drowned. Then he set himself to restore mankind in the following manner: He gathered together a large quantity of owls', hawks', buzzards', and vultures' tail-feathers; and with these he made the circuit of all the old Indian villages that had been destroyed by the waters. He searched diligently over their sites; and in every place where a wigwam had stood, he planted a feather in the ground, and scraped up muck around the same. In due process of time the feathers sprouted, took root, budded, grew finely, and became men and women; and thus was the earth re-peopled.

THE GUALÁLAS.

This tribe is closely related to the Gallinoméros, both belonging to the great Pomo family; and they understand each other with very little difficulty. They are separated, however, by the low coast-mountains, a range about twenty-five miles in width, as the Gualálas live on the creek called by their name, which empties into the Pacific in the northwest corner of Sonoma County. Fort Ross, on the coast, is the seat of the old Russian Mission and colony for the supply of

Sitka; and here to-day, within the line of the stockade, is the quaint old Greek chapel, with its bell-tower, from which on Sunday rang out the imperious summons to prayers—for stern was the rule of the Russian Commandant. It is pretty well summed up in the saying, "Go to church and say your prayers, or stay at home and take your dozen." Though these mongrel Russians have long since hoisted anchor and sailed, and sailed, farther up the coast, until they quitted the continent altogether a few years ago, and the Aleuts have gone in their *baidarkas*, and the worthy neophytes alone remain—debauched and dwindled by this pseudo-civilization and this religion which was taught to them with the cat-tail and the knout—there still remain traces of the Russian occupation among them. After the rigorous rule of the Ivans, they are, if possible, a little more indolent and a little more worthless than those who were subject to the Spaniards. To this day they use the Russian word for "milk,"—*malako*—which they have corrupted into *meluko*; and they sometimes use the Russian for "gun," which is *sooskhyo*. But the grim Northmen have not left so many traces of their physiognomy as did the Spaniards.

I saw, in the possession of a Gualála squaw, a fancy work-basket which evinced in its fabric and ornamentation, quite an elegant taste and an incredible patience. It was of the shape common for this species of basket—that of a flat squash, to use a homely comparison—woven water-tight, of fine willow twigs. All over the outside of it, the down of woodpeckers' scalps was woven in, forming a crimson nap, which was variegated with a great number of hanging loops of strung beads and rude outlines of pine trees, webbed with black sprigs into the general texture. Around the edge of the rim was an upright row of little black quails' plumes, gayly nodding. There were eighty of these plumes, which would have required the capture of

that number of quails; and it must have taken at least one hundred and fifty woodpeckers to furnish the nap on the outside. The squaw was three years in making it, working at intervals, and valued it at twenty-five dollars.

These Indians make much account of the wild oats growing so abundantly in California, which they gather and prepare in the manner following: The harvester swings a large, deep, conical basket under his left arm, and holds in his right hand a smaller one, furnished with a suitable handle. When the oats are dead ripe they scatter out easily, and he has only to sweep the small basket through the heads in a semi-circle, bringing it around to the larger one, into which he discharges the contents at every stroke. When the hamper is full, he empties it in a convenient place, and the squaws proceed to hull the grain. They place a quantity in a basket, moisten it slightly, then churn and stir the mass with sticks, which causes the chaff to accumulate on the surface, where they burn it off by passing fire-brands over it. This process is repeated until the grain is tolerably clean.

They then beat it into flour with stones, and roast it for *piñole*, or manufacture it into bread; and the latter article is said by those who have eaten it, to be quite palatable and nutritious. Considering the enormous growth of wild oats yearly produced in California before the Spaniards brought cattle into the country, we can easily believe the accounts of the dense population which existed here in early days.

Like all their brethren, they are fond of acorns; and the old Indians still cling tenaciously to them in preference to the best wheaten bread. To prepare them for consumption, they first strip off the shells one by one, then place a large basket without a bottom on a broad flat stone, pour into it the hulled acorns, and pound them up fine with long slender stone pestles. I had often noticed these bottomless baskets before, and wondered how the bot-

toms were worn out, while the sides remained so good; but here I learned that they were so made for a good reason. The flour thus obtained is bitter, puckery, and unfit to be eaten; but they now take it to the creek for the purpose of sweetening it. In the clean white sand they scoop out capacious hollows, and with the palms of their hands pat them down smooth and tight. The acorn-flour is poured in and covered with water. In the course of two or three hours the water percolates through the sand, carrying with it a portion of the bitterness; and by repeating this process they render the flour perfectly sweet. The bread made from it is deliciously rich and oily; but they contrive, somehow, to make it as black as a pot, not only on the crust, but throughout. Generally it is nothing but a kind of *panada*, or mush, cooked with hot stones in water. In a time of pinch they cut down the smaller trees in which the woodpeckers have stowed away acorns, or climb up and pluck them out of the holes.

And here I will make mention of a kind of sylvan barometer, which Mr. Charles Hopps, a veteran pioneer, told me he had learned from the Indians to observe. It is well-known that a species of California woodpecker drills holes in soft-wooded trees in autumn, into each of which the bird inserts an acorn, in order that when it gets full of worms in winter, he may pull it out and devour them. These acorns are stowed away before the rainy season begins, sometimes to the amount of a half-bushel or more in a tree; and when they are wetted they presently swell and start out a little. So, when a rain-storm is brewing, a day or so in advance, the woodpeckers fall to work with great industry, and hammer them all in tight. During the winter, therefore, whenever the woods are heard rattling with the pecking of these busy little commissary clerks, heading up their barrels of worms, the Indian knows a rain-storm is certain to follow.

Stephen Powers.

HYSTERICIS.

THERE is a domestic tradition which holds that a doctor who has suffered from a certain disease is more likely to understand its nature and to treat it skilfully than one who has not. The writer cannot claim ever to have had Hysteria, but he has seen those who have had it. For that matter, such an experience is akin to going to sleep in church, and to moral poachings of various kinds,—nobody makes voluntary confession of such a weakness. It is very rare to find one who will acknowledge that he or she has ever had Hysteria, or anything like it. What follows, therefore, concerning this strange disorder, will be based, not upon personal experience, but upon professional observation; which sources of information are by no means identical.

Like other diseases of the Nervous System, Hysteria occurs in paroxysms, which are vulgarly denominated "fits," "spasms," "jerks," or "Hy-ster-icks!" These fits may attack men, women, children, or animals; doctors or deacons, priests or politicians, bachelors, benedicts, sailors, spinsters, lawyers, loafers, and persons of all creeds, colors, and nationalities. They come under the most variable circumstances (but always at the wrong time), and often arise from the most trivial causes. The symptoms imply an uproar and insurrection among the bodily functions, which are liable to an endless variety of changes and contingencies.

The nerves have been compared to "an infinite snarl of telegraph-wires, each of which ends in a battery somewhere." Set these wires at play discordantly, when the supports have been blown down and the insulators damaged by previous disease, and the resulting chaos culminates in a fit of Hysterics. Add to the long list of sensations complained of, the symptoms which are observable to the bystanders,

multiply the product by the perturbing influences that surround the patient, and the sum total will include the phenomena that are incident to the fit.

Every creature that has a distinct brain, or more technically, all the Vertebrates, are subject to Hysteria in one or another of its forms; and this because of a possible disorder among three of the co-ordinate faculties to which the brain is chiefly devoted—the *Emotions*, the *Reason*, and the *Will*. The proper play and performance of these faculties implies a healthful state of the brain and of the general nervous system. But if one of them is operated or educated at the expense of the others, disease is a natural and necessary consequence. If we cultivate the Emotions more than the Reason, and leave the Will to become weaker and weaker from a lack of exercise, the brain and the subordinate organs will certainly suffer. And it is this preponderating influence of the Emotions that characterizes Hysteria in all of its protean forms.

Those persons who are most liable to this strange disorder are such as are of an emotional nature, who are excitable, fickle, nervous, erratic, unreasonable, and unstable. They are highly-wrought, impressible, and easily "overcome of their own feelings." They are apt to be swayed by sudden impulse, and to go into ecstasy over music especially. The most trivial circumstance upsets their equilibrium, and they become morbidly sensitive to the little ills of life. This predisposition may be hereditary, but with the majority it is either accidental or acquired. The work and worry of those who carry too much weight in life, often induces it. Fatigue, depression, disappointment, harrowing mental cares, the incubus of unenviable prospects, and domestic infelicities and improvidence, may develop it. Or it may arise from a

surplus of toil and anxiety experienced by the wife of a clergyman, a politician, a merchant, or even of a physician. Or the priest himself, the politician, the merchant, or the doctor, may have acquired a predisposition to fits of Hysteria by the almost exclusive indulgence, caprice, and culture of his emotions, at the expense of his better judgment and resolution as a man and a citizen.

Many women become fatigued, who, strictly speaking, take but little exercise. The fault is not that their time is not occupied, but that they lack the stimulus and benefit of *variety* of occupation. Their home-life is a species of routine, a tread-mill round of toil, with little or no change. They wear out their lives with household drudgery. If their cares could be seasoned with a little of the spice of the outside world, they would overcome the bias to Hysteria. Fresh air, travel, sunlight, society, music, the substitution of an additional servant, or the translation of a shiftless husband, might cure them radically.

Among what are called the "better classes," with whom life is a perpetual holiday, this predisposition is often unwittingly nurtured. Its seeds may have been sown in boarding-school. In America, boarding-house and hotel life are the nurseries of Hysteria. It subjects its victims, who are without proper and constant employment of their time, to vicissitudes of excitement and of individual experience that are inimical to health. Their life becomes an aimless, artificial one, with a margin of leisure that is apt to be wrongly appropriated. It is almost impossible for an attractive person to escape the perils of such a home — if indeed it deserves the name. Thousands of women would be cured of the hysterical tendency if they were settled in homes of their own, where proper domestic cares might occupy and interest them. They need to get out of their Trunks and into their Homes. It is sometimes essential to remove them

from a boarding-house or a hotel, in which everybody knows everybody's business, and in which few women — excepting the housekeeper — have any business.

Young persons may develop this morbid inclination by their habits of reading and of social intercourse. Books and novels that inflame the imagination and excite the emotions, without affording a species of gymnastic exercise for the reflective faculties and the will, may work mischief in this way. The French have a maxim. "*Si votre fille lit des romans à dix ans, elle aura des vapeurs à vingt.*" And so also of those plays and poems which do not appeal to the finer feelings and give the mind something that is both beautiful and true to admire and to work upon.

Madame de Staël defined architecture as "frozen music." True poesy is the vehicle for clarified sentiment. Without its harmonies our life would be a discord; without its flowers our literature would be a dreary waste. A modern author thinks that, for the most part, poetry is what he calls "sensual caterwauling." In a qualified sense, his judgment is correct. For a bad poem often induces a mental *pica*, or false appetite, that ruins the taste for something better. It stirs the emotions and unsettles the reason. Its frequent perusal is a foe to tranquillity. It begets a species of voluptuous indolence which is better suited for the harem than the household. It is feverish and morbidly exciting, and tends to reverse the finer traits of character in man or woman. And in the proportion that one acquires a distaste for such sweet and simple poems as Longfellow's "Rainy Day," or the "Children's Hour," and takes to those of which "Don Juan" is the type, will the hysterical predisposition be fostered and made to flourish. Between Swinburne and Shakespeare there is an impassable gulf.

The exciting causes of Hysteria are curious. The list is a long one. One

susceptible young lady catches fire at the name of a rival ; another at a fancied slight ; a third from a fit of anger, chagrin, or of jealousy over somebody's superior *status* in society, dress, or equipage ; and a fourth from the scent of something disagreeable. With one the spasm may be induced by picking over a few shreds of gossip. Others are victimized by sleeplessness, creaky boots, noisy doors, a mouse in the room, the ticking of a clock, the prattle of children, being compelled to go to church, or staying at home from a concert. This woman has a fit because her husband is obliged to leave his roof-tree now and then to go to his business ; while that one is nervously wretched because her "man" sticks like a plaster, and it is impossible to shake or to send him off. With one, a harsh word is like a blow upon the head ; with another, a tender epithet is the spark to the magazine. There are those who "cannot bear the sight of a cat," although they sometimes associate with "puppies" with perfect impunity.

A thousand little things jar the sensibilities of these very emotional persons. The resulting symptoms are as varied and as real as the causes themselves. When the paroxysm arrives, it ordinarily follows certain premonitions. An unusually irritable state of mind, taciturnity, or a tearful mood, may be a kind of warning aureole of the coming spasm. This may culminate in a cataract of tears, which, as the clouds lift, reveals the bow of promise. Or it may develop into high drama that shall startle the household and afford the nearest doctor a free ticket to the entertainment. Now and then we have a comedy—which is one of Errors or of Terrors, as the case may be ; and sometimes a roaring farce that eclipses anything "on the boards."

Occasionally such an attack uncaps and reveals a latent gift, or genius, of which the patient had not been supposed to be the possessor. Under

these circumstances I have heard a woman sing most divinely and delightfully, who never in all her life sang before. Others extemporise a sermon or a set speech, and tricks in elocution, poetry, and word-painting are often played by such persons upon bystanders. This one's talk has the bouquet and sparkle of champagne. Perhaps it has little "body" or "brains" in it, but her language effervesces, bubbles up, and exhilarates others, while its overflow exhausts her own strength and vitality. That one's words are made of a sort of fulminating powder, and they burst like little torpedoes against one's tympanum. The phrases employed may be "cute" or caustic, wise or otherwise, full of praise or blame, of love or hate, of hope or of despair. While the fit lasts, the perceptions become more acute, and are on the *qui vive* for the most delicate impressions, especially if they are disagreeable and discordant. Her memory retouches its "negatives" with all the shadows that cross her path. It registers and reflects the gestures, the expression, the solicitude of lookers-on. The more they are distressed and alarmed, the greater her own perturbation. Her emotions are under the lash of the Furies, and she is no longer accountable for word or deed. She tears her hair, clutches at her throat, beats her head, or is agitated and convulsed, and throws herself wildly about. She refuses to speak, or may talk incoherently and even incontinently. She weeps and laughs alternately and immoderately, sobs, cries, screams, supplicates, cajoles, threatens. Her behavior is brimful of antitheses. She is a "pathological kaleidoscope," sensitive, impressible, tearful. She sees and hears every motion that is made in the room. Nothing escapes her. For her to remain passive is an impossibility. She is under the dominion of an evil genius which destroys her own peace and quiet, and that of all concerned.

It is under these circumstances that the higher forms of emotional con-

sciousness are liable to become decomposed, or rather, perhaps, transposed and reversed. As a result, the kind-hearted and benevolent may suddenly become cruel and selfish. Friendly feelings may be soured in a moment, and vows that were once sacred will be outlawed as soon. Love may be transmuted to hate, joy to grief, trust to distrust, and happiness to misery. And so a laudable ambition, or veneration, hope, wit, or humor, may be dethroned by this hysterical iconoclast.

Human nature is the same, "with variations," the world over; and doctors have more to do with it than anybody else. Lying may come of Original Sin, or otherwise; may be ingrain or incidental, pre-natal or post-natal, an inheritance, a bias, a predisposition, a propensity, an infirmity, or a possibility with all of us; but when we are ill it is very apt through either word or act, or both these modes of expression, to give color to our symptoms. Thus, we may deceive others, and perhaps ourselves also. For a sick man may lie to himself and not be able to detect it. Among the lame and the lazy there are multitudes of cripples who are hoaxing themselves in this way.

The well-known tendency of Hysteria to imitate other diseases, has in it a tinge of deceit. It is like the leaf-butterfly, which almost exactly resembles in appearance the leaf of the plant upon which it alights. Its power of mimicry is one of the most remarkable things in Medicine. Persons of an hysterical constitution seldom pass through the different stages of an acute inflammation or fever, without some peculiar experiences and revelations of a nervous kind, that are totally foreign to the special history of the disease in question.

In health our emotional susceptibility exists as a pleasurable consciousness. We enjoy it and what it brings, as the healthy eye enjoys the light, and the ear the undulations of sound which we call music. But when that emotional susceptibility is morbidly

acute and intensified, what was pleasurable becomes absolutely painful; and as the diseased eye is intolerant of light, and the ear of sound, so our perceptions develop into so many avenues for distracting thoughts, emotions, and suffering. We brood over imaginary evils. We acquire wrong views of life, and wrong ideas of society. Our best friends come to be of opposite polarity. Our ideas will no longer fuse with theirs. We charge them with insincerity and shallowness. The change may be entirely within ourselves; for without knowing it, we have grown skeptical, fussy, nervous, petulant, suspicious, and unhappy. These mental aberrations may react upon those who have a claim upon our sympathy and friendship. They are the offspring and outgrowth of the hysterical bias. If the Emotions were always subservient to the Reason, and the Will had its proper sway, there would be a thousand-fold more harmony and happiness among men, and such experiences would be almost entirely unknown.

It is true that human nature is so fallible, and so weak at so many points, and that we are so occupied with fighting the physical evils which threaten to overcome our native energy, that at present it is very difficult to say where this series of phenomena began and where it will end. A trivial accident is supposed to have given origin to our Great Fire. So it is with the chain of circumstances that may demoralize the interests of community, and that often bear upon and break up a healthy tone of social sentiment. Somebody has conceived an idea which proves to be incendiary. Some other body's emotions are ignited, and nobody knows where the mischief will end.

If we read the symptoms backward, we shall discover that the inordinate love of the sensational, and the feverish thirst for novelty and notoriety which characterize the present age, have the same origin. If the emo-

tional side of our nature was not so disproportionately developed, our mental appetites would not crave such condiments. We could hear a sermon, or a plea at the bar, without requiring so much of spice and flavor to make it palatable, and our periodical literature and our publishers would withhold much that should not be ventilated at our firesides.

It must be true that any reform which does not include and prescribe a correction and an arrest of this hysterical habit or bias, is imperfect and impracticable. For, unless the Emotions are answerable to the Reason, and in league with it, and the resulting actions are under the dominion of the Will, the actor is practically and positively, although perhaps temporarily, insane. "Nearly all the most famous impostors of the female sex have been of the hysterical constitution." And a majority of the men who have made a noise in the world have been subject to fits of emotional insanity from the same cause.

Macaulay tells the story of a man who, on his way to the gallows on a rainy day, for the express purpose of being hung, insisted upon carrying an umbrella over his head to prevent his taking cold! He was a fitting representative of a *man* with Hysteria. For the men are not exempt from this strange disorder, and when they get into the turmoils of controversy are very apt to become hysterical. Questions in politics, law, medicine, and theology intensify their emotions and induce the paroxysm. The men who build and repair the denominational fences are almost always hysterical. The operations of the Gold-board, the Stock-board, and the Exchange, and the stormy waves on the sea of public life, cause the greatest possible tension and perturbation of the nervous system. The "living" of men thus exposed is so precarious that it is no marvel if they become dizzy and unsettled. They are fit subjects for what Weikard calls *tabes imaginaria* — a distressing

compound of apprehension and actual suffering. They cannot emancipate themselves from their necessities, nor from the contingencies that beset them. Want or ambition or pride or covetousness may be the predisponents of Hysteria in men, as love is in women. When they become bankrupt in intellectual resource and in will-power, they are left to the caprice of accidental emotions; and hence a train of symptoms which are essentially the same as those of Hysteria in women.

Acting upon this acquired impressibility, the incidental causes of Hysteria have incited many a mob; spiced all sorts of civic and military harangues; brought on revolutions — that have moved forwards or backwards; thumped the dust out of a thousand pulpit-cushions; uprooted certain evils, and sown the seeds of many others. They have caused new instincts, passions, and emotions to be evolved from the nervous systems of men, as the Commune was the outgrowth of immature ideas concerning constitutional liberty. And worse than all beside, they have set men by the ears whose antipathies and antagonisms should have given place to mutual admiration and encouragement.

Pinel classes Hysteria and Hypochondria as forms of veritable insanity. Shakespeare understood the nature and whimsicalities of Hysteria perfectly. He makes Enobarbus to say of Cleopatra: "Cleopatra catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment — she hath such a celerity in dying." To which Anthony replies: "She is cunning, past man's thought."

But this *penchant* for dying on the slightest pretext is so compounded with self-deception that it is not always safe or proper to blame these persons. In every case, however, this form of self-delusion is undertoned with the instinct of self-preservation. These habitual victims of Hysteria have no idea of dying "intirely." Only the most remarkable

perseverance on their part makes such a result possible.

The half-speculative, half-observant look and tone of one who seems more than half dead from Hysterics, betray its real nature and freedom from danger. There is such an incongruity in the symptoms; such an insane pleasure is taken in the repetition of these death-bed scenes and tableaux; they are gotten up on such slight provocation; and the cry of "wolf" has come so often in the same case, that "Sairy Gamp" and all the gossips in the neighborhood are satisfied that "she can't die if she tries."

The records of death from Hysteria alone show the most discouraging statistics for those who are hoping finally to take wing in this way. I have, however, resurrected the brief history of an exceptional case of this kind. The virtues of the victim are commemorated in an old-fashioned epitaph, which runs thus:

Here lies the body of Susan O' Rannyydid,
Who died of the fits, the same as her granny did;
She had sixteen in one hour, and might have had
more,

If the doctor, just then, had not opened the door.
She drank barrels of tea, and slept upon feathers,
Doted on 'Tabby,' and 'turned out' in all weath-
ers;

Was fussy and fickle, and sang through her nose,
Spent all her spare time in darning her hose,
Had a mission to look for the motes she could
find,

Over beams of her own, in the eyes of mankind.
Had a fondness for doctors, and such other folk
As love the 'dear people' because they will
croak!

For sixty long years she complained of her side,
Which was not a whit better the day that she
died.

Her death had been watched for and looked for
so long

That her threats had grown stale as the common-
est song,

All her friends who had brought their eye-water
to spill,

When she heaved her last sigh, were holding it
still;

Until, one bright morning, when nurse turned
around,

The old lady's bark ran quickly aground!

Without note of warning the crisis had passed—
Her own fit-ful *Finis* had come, at the last!

Dr. R. Ludlam.

THE LICENSE SYSTEM OF TAXATION.

AS all men are taxed, either directly or indirectly, and probably always will be, the question, which among the various methods of taxation is the best, interests every citizen. The difficulty with which, in some countries having large national debts, the necessary revenue has been raised by the old methods of taxation, and the growing discontent and agitation among the people caused by the excessive and unequal pressure of the system on individuals and classes, and its mischievous and ruinous effect on production and commerce, have brought about great alterations and improvements in the established ways of raising the supplies. A long and severe experience has at last made it clear that to increase taxation is not always and of

course to increase revenue; but often, on the contrary, the surest and quickest way to increase the supplies has been found to reduce the taxes. Acting on this principle, the taxes in some countries have been taken off from a multitude of commodities, and yet the supply of revenue has not been decreased; so that it has come to be admitted that often the best way to fill the treasury is not to lay on new but to take off old taxes. The conviction has been growing that under the old system taxes had been levied with such utter recklessness and folly, and had borne with a weight so heavy upon trade and industry, that the only hope of securing the necessary revenue was to be found in a large reduction or total repeal of most, if not all, of them. It

is now acknowledged to be a matter of the first importance to the wealth and progress of a State, in what manner and by what means it attempts to raise its revenue; and that a system of taxation may be so blindly conceived and badly framed as to become at the same time a most cruel engine of wrong and oppression to the citizen, and most destructive to the wealth and power of the State. Notwithstanding the great study and attention the subject has received from some of the best thinkers of our time, and although great progress has been made in abolishing abuses and establishing new and better principles and methods, we are not yet free from the crude and false notions, nor from the clumsy and barbarous practices of more ignorant and barbarous ages; and much work still remains to be done, and many battles to be fought, before we approach a perfect system, or rid ourselves of the antiquated ideas and methods that still continue to distress the citizens and impoverish the State. There are, however, some conclusions or principles in the science of taxation that it is believed are settled, and which should control as far as may be in devising any system. It is agreed that of the evils and wrongs that may be the result of a bad system, there are two of the greatest importance: one being the hindrance and harm that such a system works to the wealth and growth of a State, and the other the inequality with which its burdens rest on individuals and classes. And it may be considered that any system of taxation worthy to be adopted must avoid so far as possible these two evils, and possess the two leading requisites that it does not hinder nor diminish production, and that its burdens bear with equal pressure on all.

It cannot be disputed that taxation may be, and often is, a most heavy and embarrassing burden to industry and business; and a most important feature of a good system is that it shall disturb as little as may be the national

course of enterprise in developing the resources and extending the commerce of a country. As there are in all production two elements, capital and labor, it should be a first care that taxation neither lessens the quantity nor impairs the efficiency of either of these. Of all the wealth of a country, taxation should never take any of that portion which is devoted to production, so long as it can possibly be avoided. To take this, which is its capital, is self-destruction, for it is to destroy the very source and only hope of any revenue; and it should never be touched so long as there are any other means of supplying its wants. There is a large portion of the wealth of a country that is devoted to consumption, and is good for nothing else; and it is from this portion that taxes should be drawn. So long as the wealth of a country that is set apart to be consumed is large enough to furnish the supplies of Government—and in our time in all civilized lands it is abundant—taxation should be limited strictly to it, and never be permitted to go beyond, and fall upon wealth reserved for production. This principle is almost universally admitted—that taxation should not touch upon capital; yet it is far from being always regarded in practice, and it may be well to state some of the modes in which it is constantly violated.

In many of our State Constitutions is a provision requiring the uniform valuation and taxation of all property of every kind, and the practice in most States and cities is made to conform to it. But this practice, that it is attempted so generally to carry out, is clearly open to the objection that it must carry off some part of the capital of the State; because when all property is taxed, it must be frequently, if not always, the case, that capital is taxed; and to the extent to which it is taken production is defeated. We know it is said in reply that it is impossible that taxation should not sometimes fall upon capital, and that it may without great risk be left to each person to de-

cide whether he will pay his taxes from his income devoted to consumption or from that saved for investment, and that nearly always it will be the former. But it would be better that the law should make the decision whenever it can be done, and not leave it to the discretion of the individual so long as the danger can be guarded against. The State should provide that no capital, no wealth saved for production, goes to pay taxes; and so long as it fails to make such provision in its statute, and leaves it to chance or personal caprice, its law is defective and its duty undone. Hence there is reason for asserting that any law enforcing a uniform method of taxation on all property alike is bad. All property should not be taxed, but only property reserved for consumption; and to secure this the distinction should be made and its observance required by law. The State is guilty of a neglect of duty whenever it permits any capital to be taken for revenue. It should confine all its demands for supplies strictly to that part of its wealth that is reserved for consumption, and never trench upon that devoted to production.

As production and wealth are reduced by suffering taxation to fall on capital, so a like wrong and injury may be done by any measures that compel an increase of the capital employed in carrying on any industry. This is done when commodities that are the raw materials, or used in any of the processes of manufacturing industry, are taxed. The prices of such taxed materials at once rise, more capital is required for carrying on the industry, and the production falls off in the employment thus taxed, or if kept up in it, can be done only at the expense of some other industry. And the mischief done is not limited simply to the raising of prices by the amount of the tax, but the price continues to rise at every step of the process, through all the hands engaged in making, carrying, and selling the article, and is paid at last by the consumer with all its ac-

cumulated cost and charges of insurance, interest, and profits. Next to seizing the things themselves and confiscating them, taxes on raw materials have the most injurious effect on production, and are most damaging when they enter into the first stages of manufacturing, as the evil is then felt and spread down through the whole process in an ever increasing degree. To avoid the great evil of this accumulating expense and burden, taxation should be levied on an article only when it has reached the last stage previous to, and is ready for, consumption. It is evident that taxes most injurious to production are indirect taxes on raw materials and articles used in industrial processes, as they are sure to be added to by all through whose hands the articles pass, and finally, after disturbing and checking industry at every step, fall on the customer with all their heaped up cost. The prices of articles thus taxed, or of fabrics made from them, must rise, demand must fall off, and production become less, with a continued disturbance of values and employments, and hindrance and loss felt through all branches of trade and industry and by producers and consumers everywhere.

Besides taxes that hinder the progress of a country by taking off some portion of its capital, and those that work injury by making a larger quantity of capital necessary to the carrying on of certain industries, another mischievous kind in their effect on production are taxes on articles which go to the support and subsistence of labor. The cheaper the labor the greater the production, and anything that increases the cost of labor must be damaging to increase of industry and wealth. Thus, taxes on any of the necessities of life, such as food, fuel, shelter, or clothing, have a directly injurious effect on the productive industry of a country. Such taxes raise the cost of labor by making subsistence dear, and are immediately felt in a slackening industry and reduced production.

It is not uncommon for various branches of industry to claim exemption from their equal share of taxation on the ground that they are of peculiar advantage or necessity to the community. Sometimes the manufacturing class claim to be thus exempted; for what is more essential to a country than manufactures? sometimes the transportation or shipping interest push their claims; for how can a country live or thrive without them? and sometimes others make the same demand; and it is clear that any such claim has foundation, and that the difficulty is to decide between them. For while it is impossible to select any one kind of industry or branch of trade, and say that it so excels all the rest that it shall have special protection or be exempt from taxation, it must be admitted that it will be a great advantage and gain if all could be shielded and no one weakened or obstructed by it. Indeed, no system of taxation can be defended that levies its exactions on the industry or production of a country. From its hindrances and burdens, labor and capital should always be free. To tax production is a gross blunder, and never, until all other means of raising the supplies have been exhausted and it is found impossible to avoid it, should any system be adopted that turns away from consumption and seeks to make production a source of revenue.

Besides the already mentioned ways in which taxation diminishes production and so injures the State, one still more obvious is found in the labor and cost of the men and machinery that any system requires to its successful working. It is plainly to be desired that all this burden and expense, or so much of it as may be, should be dispensed with, and the army of men thus employed be remitted to other and more productive industry. A system that requires the listing and assessing of all property, and the collecting of taxes from every member of the community who owns anything, necessi-

tates a vast and most expensive machinery. If a mode can be devised by which some part of all property can be exempt, and only the remainder be taxed, it is plain that to that extent labor and capital will be saved. If taxation can be limited to the property reserved for consumption, and that devoted to production be excluded, a large part of the expense of valuation and assessment would be saved. If, in addition to this reduction, a mode can also be found by which the expense of collection can be reduced, and salaries and commissions of tax gatherers be dispensed with, another great source of expense, inseparable from the present system, would be cut off. Collection, it is believed, can be rendered far simpler and cheaper, and valuation almost if not wholly dispensed with. When it is considered how difficult an undertaking it is to place a just valuation on all property of every kind and description, remembering that value is said by the best authorities to be only a varying relation between varying qualities, and further considering in what almost infinite ways the judgments of the best men must vary as to values, and also how many times this process of valuation has to be repeated by State, county, town, and city officers, it is clear that it would be hard to devise any more perfect means for increasing labor and making expense, or that would create greater perplexity and confusion in practice, or a greater conflict of authorities. If the purpose be to increase the cost of raising the revenue, or to raise up and support an army of retainers and dependents for party purposes, or to create countless hordes of hangers on and tax eaters to disturb industry, consume capital, and devour the substance of the people, then the present system must be pronounced admirably fitted for the purpose, but otherwise not a success. A system that requires the valuation of all property of every kind and to whomever belonging, and the collection of taxes from every person who is the owner of

anything within the bounds of the State, must be pronounced in many ways most injurious and expensive, and too cumbersome, costly, and corrupt to be preserved long without great alterations and amendments.

If we go through the list of the various kinds of taxes, we shall find few that do not violate this first principle. They all diminish and hinder production and wealth by either taking and consuming unproductively some of the capital of the country, or by enhancing the cost of the materials used in production. Nearly all our taxes do this. Whether direct, and laid on all property, real and personal, as is the mode in most of our States and cities, or levied on income, either in the aggregate or in its separate parts of rent, profits, or wages, or whether indirect and laid on commodities, all are alike liable to the objection, that instead of being confined to consumption, they fall often and largely on production, hinder industry, and diminish wealth. The only taxes that are exceptions to this general statement are taxes on expenditures, such as imposts on horses, servants, carriages, and the like, that are hardly known among us. Not only the taxes themselves, but the machinery by which they are assessed and collected, is so cumbersome and expensive as to add greatly to the burden with which they press upon the progress and wealth of the State; and it is strongly to be desired that some way could be found by which this large expense could be brought down, and this great burden be thrown off from production.

The other requisite of a good system of taxation, is that its pressure shall be felt equally by all citizens. It is agreed that equality of taxation is secured when each pays according to the revenue he enjoys under the protection of the Government—that is to say, according to his means. But when we pass beyond this general statement, and inquire what constitutes means, in the sense here used, we find the utmost discrepancy and confusion of opinion,

and a conflict of usages and authority—leading to great injustice and inequality in practice. One—perhaps the most important and well known—instance of this inequality that prevails in both State and city assessments under the present system, and which the provisions in our State Constitutions enforcing uniformity of valuation and taxation has been unable to remedy, is found in the notorious fact that while generally all real estate is taxed, a large part—frequently half at least, and often the whole—of personal property escapes assessment. Another injustice that falls especially on real property is, that while nearly the whole of it is listed for taxation, yet so great is the difference of valuation made by different assessors, that gross inequality and injustice are the result. So also as regards the valuation of personal property: the views and practices that prevail in different localities as to deducting indebtedness are so diverse, questions under what jurisdiction the property is located and to whom the tax should be paid, and many other questions constantly arising, are so variously answered, and are so largely controlled by personal opinion or private interest, as to lead to gross injustice, and the utter want of anything like uniformity of assessment or equality of taxation. The frauds, indeed, have become so great and frequent, and the inequality so flagrant, under the law requiring the uniform valuation of all property, that the conclusion is forcing itself upon those who have given the subject the most attention, that the equality sought can never be thus gained, and that the attempt to have all property valued and taxed, always has proved, and always must prove, a failure. Many are already prepared to abandon this method, the fruits of which have hitherto been so largely fraud and injustice, and are trying to find some other mode that promises some escape from or safeguard against the manifold evils and oppressions of the old plan of a

uniform taxation of all property. It has been proposed, casting aside this method so encumbered with fraud, to resort to the house in which a person lives as an index or sign of his wealth, and infer the value of the property on which he shall pay taxes to be according to the expensiveness of his residence. Without discussing the merits of this new method of assessment, it is sufficient for us to remark that this change admits the great imperfection of the old system, and also admits that the best way to get at the wealth or property of a person is to observe the cost or style of his living. As equality of taxation requires that each person should pay according to his means, it is all-important to know if there be any way of getting an accurate valuation of a person's means other than by a direct estimate of the value of his property; and this new plan professes to be able to do it by resorting to the valuation of the premises one lives in. According to this, the best measure of a man's wealth is the rate at which he lives — that is, his expenditure or consumption; and in this conclusion we are inclined to coincide.

An income tax, it is generally held, would be a most just tax if it could only be fairly assessed and collected; but the obstacles to this are so great and insuperable as to render it the most unjust and impolitic of all taxes. A man's means, according to which he should be taxed, and his income, are so nearly the same thing, that only the manifest impossibility of ascertaining truly the amount of income prevents the adoption of such a tax. Yet, as nearly right as it seems that men should be taxed according to their income, a tax according to expenditure would be still more just, because, although through pressing debts, extraordinary expenses, great enterprise, or sudden emergencies, it might be that all income of all persons could not fairly be taxed at the same rate, yet it would be difficult to state a case in which injustice would be done to any person who was taxed only ac-

cording to what he chose to spend. The only objection made to taxing expenditure, is the same that is made against taxing income — that you cannot rely upon the honesty of men to give a true statement of it. But it will be admitted, it is believed, that if this could be done there would be little need to look further to secure equality of taxation, as it is hard to conceive anything fairer than that men should be taxed only according to what they choose to spend. Under such a rule, taxation would be determined by each for himself, would vary exactly with the ability and resources of each man, and, avoiding production, would fall wholly on consumption.

If such a tax could be levied and collected, there would be, however, great objection to it so long as it bore equally on all kinds of consumption. A tax laid uniformly on all sorts of expenditure or consumption, would fall with disproportionate weight on the lower and poorer classes, who are least able to bear it, but being the most numerous are the largest consumers. As this is doubtless true, so far as necessities are regarded, to prevent this injustice, the obvious remedy is to exempt necessities, and tax commodities only that are not necessities, but comforts or luxuries. We present one controlling reason for not taxing necessities, in the fact that to tax them would work injury by raising the cost of labor, and diminishing production; and we discover now another equally strong reason to exempt them, in the manifest inequality with which such a tax falls on the poor, and the wrong and impolicy of taking away from any class a portion of the earnings necessary to healthy and vigorous existence. All commodities necessary to the support of health and life should always remain untaxed. If this be conceded, — and it is not easy to see on what grounds it could be disputed — we reach the conclusion that equality of taxation would be secured if taxes were levied on the consumption of all commodities

that are not necessities. And the two most important requisites of a good system of taxation — one, that it never fall on production, and the other, that it shall fall equally on all — we find to be both most nearly attained when taxation is limited to the consumption of all commodities except necessities.

But if it were admitted that the leading features of the best system of taxation are found in a system that confined taxes strictly to consumption, the important inquiry would remain, by what means, if any, such a result could be attained. How can it be ascertained, with any approach to accuracy, what, or how much, a person consumes? And how can a separation be made between commodities that are necessities, and those that are not, but are comforts and luxuries? And how can the consumption of each be measured? If we were obliged to rely upon any valuation of the amount or kind of articles consumed, such as is prescribed in the received system, to determine the value of real and personal property; if we had to look to the judgments of experts, or to the sworn statements of consumers, we should abandon the attempt at once as utterly hopeless. But if a method can be found that dispenses with all the clumsy and costly machinery that now rests like an incubus on production, that will discharge and send to useful work the hordes of dependants and officials that now infest the public service and are fed from its crib, it must commend itself strongly to public favor. This will be accomplished, we believe, to a great degree, if a system of licenses be substituted in place of the established method, and the dealers in commodities be made the agents to collect the taxes from the consumers. Let every dealer in such articles be required to take out a permit or license, the amount to be paid for the same to be determined by the amount of revenue to be raised, number of dealers, amount of business done, and such other considerations as may be appli-

cable. There would, it is believed, be no great or insuperable difficulty in the way of adjusting such a system of licenses, and no obstacle in practice that would not give way before ordinary business sagacity and common sense. A system that promises so much to prevent fraud, to relieve production, and reduce expense, should, we maintain, at least not be dismissed without good proof that it cannot be made to work.

Another most controlling reason, plain to all, for substituting, if it can be done, some other for the present mode of assessing, collecting, and disbursing the public revenue, is, that besides its damaging and destructive effect on production, and the unjust and unequal manner in which its burdens are distributed, another great and fearful evil it works, is its all-pervading and most pernicious effect on the public morals. The established mode of raising revenue is found to be prolific of abuses and overrun with corruption. It is one of the crying evils of our times, and civil service reform is a necessity everywhere felt and universally demanded. We do not propose to allude to this view of our subject further than to say that there are those who maintain, and we think with good reason, that these abuses and corruptions are inherent in the very nature of the present system, grow out of it, and are so bound up with it that the only remedy will be found, not in reform, but in extirpation. What we sow, that must we also reap; and when the seeds and germs of abuse and corruption have been as lavishly sown as they are under this system, in a hot-bed prepared with such a compost as is to be found always in the tax-office and the custom-house, what other crop could be looked for than the one that has sprung up? So long as we continue to plant the same seed in the same soil beneath the same atmosphere, what other fruits can we hope to raise? It is not probable that a system whose limbs and branches, blossoms and

fruits, in every country, in all time, have been dishonesty and fraud, perjury and bribery, should bring forth anything else in our day and century. You cannot graft upon such evil stock sound and healthy shoots, and hope to have them grow and thrive. The poison from it infects the air; it is deadly to our free institutions; and the belief is growing and strengthening that it is a diseased tree, that can neither be preserved nor healed, and that it must be cut down.

But while the corruption and dishonesty of the system are seen and felt everywhere, and men are beginning to combine and arm against them, there prevails in many minds and sections no little incredulity as to the great and fatal injury it works to the national growth and prosperity. But few, if any, realize with how heavy a weight it presses down on all the springs of industry and enterprise; and yet it may well be doubted whether there be a single kind of industry; or branch of trade, where its blighting and paralyzing influence cannot be traced. Its effects are so indirect and hidden that they may be disputed and denied; but if once done away with, and their

depressing and destroying influence wholly gone, the quickness and power with which the country would then spring forward on a new career of wealth and progress, would prove how low she had been borne down and how long held back by the obstructions and oppressions of the established system. We should then know how greatly her native powers had been crippled, and how largely her immense revenues had been wasted, as we beheld the achievements of her industry and the triumphs of her commerce, free at last from the burdens and fetters of an old and antiquated method of taxation.

The many and great evils of the prevailing method for raising revenue cannot well be denied. We have shown, we think, that in two important ways it works great injury — first in hindering and diminishing production, and next in the gross inequality and injustice with which its burdens are distributed; and we call attention to a method of taxation by means of licenses, as being more free from the evils mentioned than any other, as being also much simpler in machinery, less liable to abuse, and far cheaper.

Walter Wright.

REVISITED.

DOWN-FALLEN the Trojan's grand
 Renowned ancestral halls
 The far world mourned; and her, Persepolis,
 With all her loveliness,
 And Carthage — touched as by a wizard wand;
 And still with grief recalls
 Rome, Albion, aglow,
 The Crescent's shrines laid low,
 And her that stood where Moscow's temples stand!

But what are these to me?
 They lighten, pale, and show
 Like far-off flaring of a furnace-blast,—
 A pageant of the Past,
 Fearful and grand — flaming in History!

With thee it is not so,
 Beloved! Thee I knew
 While yet thy days were few,
 And all thy greatness in the time to be!

As oft to ripened years
 Some youth and maid unknown
 Together grow from childhood's summers brief,
 Till one in joy or grief
 That evermore them each to each endears,
 Have we together grown:—
 But oh! as he that goes,
 Whose fond heart thrills and glows,
 Hiding the pain of love's delicious fears,—

Joyous, and bearing thence
 Treasured affections old,
 Lit with the brightness of one form and face,—
 Returning, finds each grace
 And beauty withered by the pestilence,
 Sad weeping unconsol'd,
 Deplores and mourns in vain;—
 Such is my bosom - pain,
 Finding in all my loss no recompense!

In anguish prone I wait
 Where ruins strew the plains—
 Where smouldering heaps the wealth - bethroning mart,
 By fallen shrines of Art,
 Oblivion'd tomes, and hearthstones desolate;
 Religion's fallen fanes,
 And Learning's halls o'erthrown;
 By trees stripped, blackened, lone,
 Dead—monuments of a relentless Fate!

We hark the bell that tolls
 Thy fallen fame—but tongue
 Can never tell thy tale of miseries,
 Of awful tragedies!
 Of martyrdoms no poet's pen enrolls;
 Of noble deeds unsung;
 Of thy unconfined dead!
 Thy living hosts that tread
 Serene the heights, with all heroic souls!

As unto her that grieves
 Less for her pain than his,
 The lover—he, alas! who can but miss
 Her dower of loveliness—
 Our pity yearns, and quick each want relieves
 With thousand charities;
 Brings for love's deeper needs
 Kind words and gentle deeds,
 And thus, in little part, her loss retrieves;—

So, with one heart amain,
 In tender sympathies,
 To thee the peoples of all tongues and lands
 Have stretched full, pitying hands;
 Anon have sought to soothe thy poignant pain
 With all sweet ministries;
 Until our souls go out
 To ask, not all in doubt,
 If in this fiery wrath be more of loss or gain.

Can aught again restore
 The old-time beauty? No.
 Ah me! Howbeit the soul that fair arrayed
 In every grace the maid,
 Still lives as when those outward charms it wore;
 And Love, bewailing so,
 Beholding how of pain
 Is wrought the spirit's gain,
 At length is comforted, and weeps no more.

And thou that wast so fair,
 And now low in the dust,
 Bearing thy weight of grief — thy grime and stain,
 Without complaint of pain;
 With hands still quick to do, as heart to dare —
 Strong in all toil and trust;
 I see thee, sorely tried,
 Uprising purified,
 And hope again is born of my despair!

Shall not the near years show
 Thee crowned and lovely — nay,
 Fairer than in thy maiden beauty brief?
 And we, ere long our grief
 Outworn — what time the harvest sheaves of woe
 We reap — shall we not say,
 Recalling without pain
 Our anguish, then in vain
 We wept and mourned — but it was better so?

Alas! we only see
 Dimly — and darkly spell,
 In pain and loss, above all cant or creed,
 Sermons we can but heed;
 Oh for the faith that One, whatever be,
 Doth order all things well!
 We *feel* — we do not know —
 It somehow must be so,—
 Our loss be still thy gain, Humanity!

B. Hathaway.

PEBBLES AND MOSSES.

IN the cars, one day, on my way from San Francisco to San José, I overheard the conversation of two gentlemen in the seat before me. The train was halting at San Mateo, and one gentleman said :

"This is the place to take stage for — what d' ye call it? — where they go in summer to pick up pebbles on the beach! Oh! I can't think of the name! — Pest — Pesky — Peskydora — that's it! Drat the pesky place, anyhow! I had to swallow more dust before I got there, than all the water in the Bay could wash down, if I'd drank it!"

"And what of the pebbles?" asked the other gentleman. "Enthusiastic Californians assure me that there have been pebbles found there worth five hundred dollars apiece?"

"You have n't made up your mind to believe everything they tell you here, have you?" laughed the first speaker.

Like most Eastern visitors, they had come to California one or two months too late in the season (it was July); hence the complaint about dust. With the value of the pebbles, the season has nothing to do; they are, at all times of the year, very pretty — pebbles.

Just then the stage drove up to the platform to receive the passengers from the train, and the inscription "Pescadero" caught the tourist's eye.

"Oh, here — I was mistaken about that name. Drat these Spanish names, anyhow; who's to remember them all?"

The other gentleman "made a note of it"; and I, waif and bird of passage that I am, determined, suddenly, to see the wooded ravines and green hills of San Mateo County, and gather sea-moss and pebbles on the beach at Pescadero. My satchel was readily transferred to the stage; and ten minutes later we were dashing through as

grand a park as could be found in Old England itself. Noble indeed the old oaks looked, and fresh and cooling to the weary eye were the dark-green leaves of the laurel, and the rustling and murmuring foliage of the maples that grew up out of the tangled green-wood on a little rivulet running in the bottom of the ravine by the roadside. The birds chirped a merry welcome to us, and flew from the live-oaks on our right to the dense forest-growth on our left, drinking of the dew on the trees and from the waters of the brook with equal relish and appreciation.

A drive of five miles brought us to Crystal Springs — a place that tempted me sorely to change my mind and point of destination again; but I wanted to prove to my own satisfaction that men were wrong in charging my sex with fickleness and inconsistency, so I resolved to go on. I did not see the Springs, though; indeed, I believe a great many people go there and stay for weeks without ever discovering the whereabouts of these mysterious waters. But for all that, there is so much here to attract people in search of health, recreation, and rest — more particularly for those coming from dusty, bleak, crowded San Francisco — that no one ever complains when he or she happens to recollect that the "Springs" were never once seen. In front of the pleasant-faced house, are grounds with a fountain in the centre. Yes, "there are grounds"; but really, one does not notice the absence of flowers and shrubs, because the forest-trees come in so close; and a vine now and then leaves the old tree it has so long embraced, and sends its shoots to cover a part of the "grounds"; and wild-flowers have sprung into existence where the spray from the fountain can kiss their upraised heads. Farther on, where a tall wind-mill and tank-house draw up and keep on hand a big vol-

ume of water from the mountains somewhere, there is such an eternal splashing and sprinkling that the air feels cool and moist for a mile away, and cheats the green willow bushes which have grown there into the belief that they are standing in a low, swampy place, where it is always raining.

Deeper grew the ravines beyond Crystal Springs, and higher the hills; and veil after veil was drawn from side-pocket and travelling-bag, and then doubled, and finally tucked in and knotted fast about head and neck with increasing energy, as cloud upon cloud of dust arose from the earth and was hurled at us with every breath of the rising wind. On the right, the live-oaks had vanished, and beyond the low hills lay the placid silver sea. The sun smiled but sadly through the white mist, and that, I fancied, was why the sea had changed its deep azure dress for one of the palest gray. Then we left the sea, taking with us the mist, that was gradually growing into a fog, through which the sun broke occasionally, bringing into marked contrast the emerald-green of the grain-fields on the hillsides, and the dark *chapparal* above and between them.

Strange that in a country where thousands of smooth acres lie uncultivated, these steep hills should be planted with grain and corn to the very top! I suppose, however, that farmers and their grain-fields appreciate the heavy sea-fogs almost constantly obscuring the sun here, better than I do; and that probably accounts for this "steep cultivation." Houses there are none to speak of, on the road, except at the stage-stations, where there is generally a grog-shop, styled a "Hotel," and further disguised by one of those "dratted Spanish names" that had roused the ire of the Eastern gentleman in the cars. Wagons heavily laden with sacks of grain met us, and made the dust intolerable, hiding from sight almost completely portions of our original outfit. It is

nothing unusual to find these large unwieldy wagons fastened one behind the other, to the number of three, and guided by a single teamster. Whether this is done to save the extra expense of hiring additional men, or whether teamsters are scarce in this country, I cannot say; but it is certainly a novel, one might almost say break-neck, sight to meet these trail-wagons in the mountains.

Noon brought us to Spanishtown (Half Moon Bay), where we took dinner. It was laughable to see the clouds of dust that flew from the shoulders of each passenger, as he or she jumped from the stage to the platform in front of the hotel; laughable, too, to see one lady after another step up to the glass in the parlor, where a start and a little scream betokened the horror she felt on viewing herself. Of little use had been the veils so carefully tucked in and knotted fast. There were ridges and hills and valleys of fine clay, where brows and nose and eyes should have been. Perhaps there was something in the dust or the atmosphere that disposed me to find fault and grumble. I was quite indignant with the people who had called *this* place Spanishtown. There is nothing Spanish about it but the name — for even the Catholic church, that should by right have been of *adobe*, was only a dingy, flimsy frame building; and of *adobe* houses there was hardly one to be seen. They were all frame houses, like those of a Western prairie-town, only far more bare and cheerless than could be found there. No matter what hard things I may have said about *adobe* houses in general, there is an air of homely comfort about those in the older California towns — like San José and Los Angeles, where they are often completely embowered in scarlet geranium and passion-vines — that makes them far more attractive than the stiff Western frame house.

There was great excitement in Spanishtown. One of the numerous China-

men who had pitched their tents here, had had a difficulty with an American, whom he had attempted to reduce to mince-meat. Hereupon the rest of the Americans had given warning that every Chinaman found within the precincts of the town twenty-four hours later, would be summarily and permanently disposed of;—hence the number of pig-tailed Johns, with bundles done up in rice-matting, we saw trotting along at a very lively gait in all directions.

For some distance beyond Spanish-town, the country is bare and uninteresting; then come the hills again, growing more rugged as they tower one above the other. Deeper again and wilder grow the chasms and ravines that divide them, and many an acre covered with green tangled undergrowth and sparse timber do we find hidden in the jealous embrace of the mountains. Then there comes a mountain higher and larger than all the rest, and we can see the road for miles behind us and ahead—a narrow strip of white lifting itself from the dark mountain-side. Finally we reach the bottom—a little narrow valley, very fresh and inviting; and out of it seems to lead but one road—a straight, hard-beaten track, rising up with the bleak, bald hill before us—plain, undeniable, and uninviting, like the path of duty pointed out to us by the stern, unwavering finger of conscience. A dull dread takes possession of my heart, lest that should be my onward road;—but no! beyond the spur of the mountain lies a path less straight and hard, with flowers growing by the wayside, and trees to break the rays of the hot sun.

Soon the sea meets us again, with a loud impatient roar; vanished the pale silver gray of the tide that played on the beach below—frowning and dark the heavy waves that break on the steep rocky shore. For miles we wind along by the ocean—the howling wind and the breakers thundering on the rocks beneath, half drowning

the sounds of the horsès' feet as they strike on the hard stony road. No dust now, and no sunshine; but there is something to call forth every element of strength and combativeness in one's nature, in this fierce wind and the battle of the waves against the invincible rocks. Higher climbs the road above the sea; and there—just where it has reached the highest point, and falls off, steep and rugged and sudden—there rises a bridge, dark and gigantic, like a serpent stretching its huge body over the dark chasm, and seeking, many rods away, a support for its endless length. Beneath roll the swift floods of the Toanitas, mingling its muddy waters with the boundless sea, that rushes up again and again with angrily-crested waves, to drive back the petty intruder to its inland home. How grand and threatening they come, roaring in anger as they storm up to the shore! But their anger and their strength die out—powerless to check the tiny waves of the Toanitas.

The clouds parted, the fog rolled away, and the sun came forth once more, as we rolled into Pescadero at five o'clock in the afternoon. The Pebble-beach is but three miles from Pescadero, the Moss-beach some seven or eight. But they laughed when I spoke of visiting both the same day; they said no one ever left the Pebble-beach till the day was out. The Pebble-beach proper—that is, where the celebrated small fine pebbles are found—seems to be a mile or two in extent; but there are favorite spots, of course, where it is said the prettiest are to be found. The country seems to be uninhabited for miles around: the road leads—wherever you can drive; and when you have driven as far as possible, you have some climbing to do beside, before you get on to the beach. But when you get there, you suddenly find yourself in the midst of such an expanse of shining, glittering, glistening stones, that you lose all idea of time and eternity, and fall to digging

with your hands as though there were diamonds and pearls to be found at the bottom. Such a fascination as there is about these millions of smooth shimmering little stones, varying in size and shape from the head of a good-sized pin to a small bean, and in color from the blackness and gloss of polished jet to the crystal clearness of the diamond. Pink, brown, green, red, yellow, are there, and all polished as though ready for setting; but the most highly prized seem to be those of an opaline whiteness—as though a drop of milk were stirred into a glass of water. Those resembling jet are also highly valued; but among those that I found there are two, a pink and a red one, resembling cornelian, by which I set great store. Then there are those of a salmon color, almost transparent, and some of a light green, resembling malachite.

It is impossible to describe them all; and when the tide has just gone out, and the water is still on them, there is nothing more enticing to the eye than these beds of pebbles. The deeper you dig down, and the nearer to the water's edge, the finer and brighter they seem to grow; and at times the whole beach is covered with dark objects, resembling seals basking in the sun, but which on closer inspection prove to be women with water-proofs over their dresses, stretched out at full length, and digging with both hands, as though for dear life. I had been cautioned against venturing too far down on the beach, when the tide came in; but forgetting everything about me, in my eagerness, I was reminded of the incoming tide only by a heavy wave dashing over me, which startled me so that my feet became entangled in my dress, and I could hardly extricate myself from my unpleasant position. Episodes like these, however, were of such common occurrence that the rest only laughed; and I went to work in a fresh place—my ardor not in the least dampened by my unlooked-for sea-bath.

As had been predicted, the day was far spent before we cried "enough," and returned. But I must have sea-moss too, of course—though I knew I should throw it out of the tail-end of the wagon before we ever got home. The fact is, I have neither taste nor talent for making the wreaths and crosses and baskets out of mosses and shells, that some women have; indeed, I must own to a settled dislike for everything belonging to that class of ornamentation, and prefer a blank space on my writing-table to such a stiff thing of a tower as I once saw manufactured out of pebbles and shells. We were obliged to keep the beaten road on our way to the Moss-beach; and the dust, as usual, was frightful. The sun disdained to shine on us miserable mortals, and the black fog that rolled toward us from Pigeon Point was far more dampening to the spirits than my sea-bath of the day before. How cold the hills looked—though they were covered with grain; and where did the people live to whom these wide fields belonged? Only a dark-looking redwood shanty was to be seen here and there: never a home-like farmhouse, with vine-clad porch and full-bearing orchard, came into sight.

Pigeon Point is a "place" containing half a dozen desolate-looking tenements and a government building of some kind. A whale or two had by chance been caught here lately, and the remains were being lashed by the high-rolling waves, as they floated among the rocks near the shore, while the fat was bubbling up in immense cauldrons over the fire kept up by the Portuguese people, who had the "trying" job on hand. The steam-whistle erected to warn vessels away from this dangerous coast, sent out its discordant blasts every five minutes; the sea-fowls shrieked hoarsely as they flew lower and lower over the carcass in the water; and the wind, along with its own music, brought us clouds of smoke from the dull-burning fire, and clouds of fog that seemed to roll in

alike from the stormy sea and the bare-looking hills. It was a fit place for those thirteen sailors that were lost on the "Carrier Pigeon," to be buried in : I know they would n't have stayed here if they had been washed ashore alive. Then we passed some old timbers buried in the sand — the last remnant of the "Franklin," that went ashore here, leaving but one man to tell the tale. The Captain, with his faithful wife by his side, had been on deck but a moment before she struck, congratulating her merrily on their close proximity to the harbor of San Francisco, where she could soon gratify her propensity for spending money and buying up finery. Alas! his fatal error dug graves for them all on the dreary sand-beach, where they were buried one after another, as the waves washed their bodies to the shore.

At last we reached Point New Year ; and there on the beach, enwreathed by kelp and coarse moss, lay the dead body of a monstrous sea-lion. Poor fellow ! I did n't wonder that the cold water in the sea and the cold fogs on the land proved too much for him ! Had I been in his place, I should have committed suicide long before. Once safely past the Point, and the fog clears away, and the sun shines forth and lights up the sea and the wooded hills above us with a warm, pleasant light. Deep-blue is the water here, with golden sparks shooting over it where the wind kisses it with a trembling kiss ; and brightly green rise the hills, till they are crowned by fir and redwood at the top. The moss on the beach did not hold my attention as the pebbles did, though it is the most delicate and bright-colored I have ever seen. I cannot describe the tints — they glide imperceptibly from the gayest scarlet to the deadest dun, from the freshest green to the duldest brown. There are large leaves and flowers that you may transfer to card-board or paper, fix them there, and when dry pass your finger over them without detecting their presence — so exquisitely fine is

the texture. Pretty soon I came to something that looked like the half of a boiled pear, peeled ; and when I lifted it, my companions all screamed out and said it would sting me — it was poisonous ; next a jelly-fish attracted my attention, and they screamed again, and said it would be sure to bite me, or sting me, I've forgotten which ; and then I grew disgusted, and looked about for other amusement ; for I was determined not to handle the sea-moss — it did n't smell at all nice.

Pretty soon I discovered an old boiler, carried here by the waters, from one of the wrecks out at sea ; and now, as the tide came in and the waves washed into it one by one, it gave forth the most mournful music that ever was heard. Farther out was a pile of immense broken rocks ; and as the old boiler gradually sank out of sight, the birds deserted it and fled to these rocks. The next wave brought a bunch of long green threads to my feet — the mermaid's hair ; and then I knew she had been sitting just where I was seated, when the pale, treacherous moon was out last ; and she had torn her hair and wept, as she saw the merman, her lover, caress another maiden, born of the sea-foam like herself. She had left her green tresses floating on the water — a silent reproach to her faithless lover ; but she herself lay sleeping under that broken rock, and the sea-birds came there to sing a requiem every day.

Yonder, among the wooded hills, lie ranches ; and there are saw-mills among the redwoods, and sheep and cattle grazing in the valleys. It is a well-known fact that among herdsmen, shepherds, and ranche-hands generally, in this country, are to be met occasionally cultured men and sometimes the oddest "geniuses" in the world. Among the hands on one of the ranches up there, I am told was a former captain of a vessel navigating the Ganges in India ; and the beginning of his troubles and misadventures, which finally landed him on a

California dairy-ranche, had been a beautiful young girl of India, for whom he had felt so great a liking that he picked her up and carried her off on his vessels. Then there was the customary student from Heidelberg, and the son of a minister from New York. But the only one in whose history I took any interest was a young slender-built man, who came afoot there one day and asked for work. To be sure, he looked delicate and sickly; but that was his own lookout—was n't it? The people in this particular part of the country are very far from being sentimental—"not given to nonsense," in fact,—and no one knew or cared whether the boy was growing weaker or stronger; so long as he milked the allotted number of cows, and did his share of work, no one looked after him. One morning he was missing from his post; then they looked after him, and found him, dead, in the hay-loft where the men all slept. One of the men remembered in the previous

night, as he lay between sleeping and waking, how some one had called, "Mother! Mother! O Mother!" but thinking perhaps that it was a dream of his own early youth, he had turned on his side and slept again. In the little bundle the poor boy had brought with him, were a few trinkets and articles of wear that confirmed the impression he had always made—that of having been "delicately reared"—though wrecked, later, on God only knows what fault or misfortune. And his image came up before me as I sat there, watching the sun go down; and I fancied I could see him—for an hour they had perhaps spared him of a Sunday afternoon—lying on the deserted beach, his hands clasped, and his heart making moan—

"Hush ye billows and sea-mews!
All is long over,—hope and fortune,
Faith and true love! I lie on the strand
A weary, wreck - ruined man—
And I bury my burning face
Deep in the cold, wet sand."

Josephine Clifford.

THE CREGAN CURSE.

IT was eventide. Ballakillin's face was set, as sturdily as ever, toward the east, disdaining to look over its powerful shoulders to see that the sun was setting behind it. Leave Ballakillin alone for that! It is said that she once, a long, long time ago—indeed, it would appear, by traditional dates, almost as soon as the world began—allowed her highest mountain, Moddy-dhu, to glance back at retiring Phœbus, in doing which that unfortunate mountain's head and neck became permanently twisted into the position in which they now stand, gazing always westward.

Ballakillin was, and is, the name of a beautiful island, away east, among the British Isles. There were several towns and villages on the island, but

it was after the name of Ballakillin that the principal of these was named, in honor of the island itself. So the one was usually called "the Island," and the other, almost invariably, "Ballakillin." The "town," after all, was but a scattered and irregular series of houses and huts. A noble ruined castle and a lighthouse, which severally jutted forth into the sea, with bold prominence, on the tops of rocky promontories of appalling terror to the storm-struck mariner, and enclosed Ballakillin Bay, formed the most striking marks in a landscape which told in early dawn, daylight, dusk—aye, and on the darkest night—with resounding waves, where the Head of Ballakillin and the Murchan Point were. At ebb and flow of tide, both

these points were especially shunned by the wary; but at low water, pleasure-boats and fishing craft would venture around either, and men would discourse fearlessly as they pointed to the awful cavernous clefts and treacherous needle-rocks of the one adjoining Bay, or the towering flat-faced sea-board of the other — neither accessible as landing-places to anything but birds.

As was said before, it was eventide. There had been a sharp storm on the previous night, and now there was a heavy ground-swell on the sea. The Liverpool and Glasgow steam packet had at noon labored gallantly into the dangerous harbor of Ballakillin, with the "Eliza Jane" of Fleetwood — said "Eliza Jane" being without either sails or masts, save a stump of mainmast, obliquely across which was lashed a spar from whose short arm depended a Union Jack, upside down, as a signal of distress. The "Eliza Jane" was in sad plight, having "caught it in the Channel." Nevertheless, young George Clucas had gone out in his and his father's fishing-boat to ply his means of livelihood. His father, old Orry Clucas, had endeavored to dissuade him from going out alone, that day.

"Alone, dad!" exclaimed George, cheerily. "Why, you know the boy is sick, and besides, he's not much use, anyhow. And the boat's yours and mine; so that I'll have your share along with me if I can't have you — and your rheumatism," added he, laying his hands with firm grip on his father's shoulders, and looking into the old eyes with merry seriousness. "And what's more, you know, I'm twenty-one to-day; and, I'll tell you, dad, it's not to keep the pot boiling only, that I want to work in all weathers, but — I want to work."

The father knew for whom his son was fretting, and was afraid too that it was the old tale that happens — in its agony, God grant — but once in a lifetime. "George," said he, as he looked

fondly at his son's curly fair hair and clustering auburn beard, and meeting his blue eyes, "George, look away over in the nor'east! We've not really felt the storm yet!"

"See, dad, see! The tide's turned, and I must go!" was all the response. So George leaped into the boat, cast loose, and in a minute, with lugsail and foresail taut, was quietly passing down to the harbor bar between "the two points." Arrived there, instead of taking his usual short tacks, his father saw, with practiced eye, that the boy had seen the coming squall, for the boat headed due south and soon passed from view.

"The lad's not after much fish, to-day, I'm thinking," said the old man, sadly. "It's the Cregan Curse he has upon him — that one of each blood shall love and break their hearts once in every fifty years. He has it on him, and he's fighting with it. Our only boy!"

The word "our" seemed to remind him of his wife, Margaret, and he turned towards the cottage on the rock with the sea-weed garden deep below, where they lived; and as his rheumatic limbs ascended to his threshold, he sighed deeply. It was *then* but just past noon — though I said when I began, "it was eventide"; and he reached his home, and sat down upon the doorstep, and looked anxiously and eagerly at the clouds and the general aspect of the weather, and sat there, so doing, until it *was* eventide. As he looked for the boy's boat with a telescope, which hung within easy reach in the cottage, and saw George appear and reappear until he was scarcely recognizable in the offing, a heavy sigh of pleasure would now and then escape from his half-parted lips: each deft tack that the small lugger made among the "sea dogs" was noticed admiringly by old Orry.

The returning boat was just off the "Head," when Margaret came to the door. "Orry, where's George?" said she.

"Oh, he's out, Maggie! Out all right!" replied he, gently.

The old lady was near-sighted, and slightly deaf, and so only heard the word "out," for Orry's voice was a little tremulous.

"Is he anchored on the bar?"

"No. He's after mackerel to-day."

"Orry, your tone sounds to me like a good catch. Is he going to do well, to-day? Did you dress the boat well for him when he left? For," said she, in a somewhat apprehensive tone, "it seems to me the wind is rising, and," as she looked up at the clock, "the flow is on, and I would like to see the boy home. I would like to see the boy home. He can't surely be gone to leeward, to Mylchriest's Bay! Well!" exclaimed the old lady, arranging the reflector behind a bright parti-colored light which she placed in the window, "if he is, I'm sorry for the boy to-night. There's *our* light-house."

Then Orry came in out of the growing darkness, and prodigiously slapped his wife Margaret on the back, thereby causing her a violent fit of coughing. "Maggie," said he, "do you put some supper on the table, while I go into the town to get some tobacco."

"Tobacco! Why you've got plenty! the box is half full!" exclaimed his wife. But he appeared not to have heard her, for he was gone, and was proceeding to the business portion of the town with more celerity than his rheumatic limbs had promised. Arrived there, he did purchase some smoking tobacco. Then, turning his steps in another direction, but towards Ballakillin Bay, a walk of about a quarter of a mile brought him to the house of Richard Cregan, a well-to-do fisherman, and owner of two boats, a lugger and a smack, which he and his sons worked between them.

The forefathers of the Clucases and the Cregans had been born and lived and married and begot children in Ballakillin for a traditionally long period; but neither family had attained

any special degree of affluence—unless the wealth of indomitable pride possessed by the Cregans may in some sort be considered as such. The Clucases were unswerving in their ideas of right, but the insolence of passion never appeared in their feudal dislike of the Cregans. Long, long ago, a Cregan and a Clucas had sought the same girl to wife, and the one who had won her was slain by the other; who some time afterwards married this girl, and when both were old, and he on his death-bed, confessed to his wife that the lover of her youth did *not* accidentally fall from the bluffs of Ballakillin Head down on the needle-rocks of Mylchriest's Bay, while getting eggs from the seabirds' nests, as had been supposed, but was pushed down by *him*, treacherously; whereon his aged listener had cursed him with such a fearful and prophetic curse, that, while she yet spake, he had fled from her in terrible fear and haste into the presence of his Maker. Whatever might be the intrinsic value or weight of this prophetic curse which this aged female ancestor of the Cregans had uttered, one thing is certain: the two families had never intermarried—though, perhaps from their propinquity, more than one couple of the younger members of the families had been discovered to have come to love one another, and (on the Cregan side) been well cursed for their folly and weakness, and at once forbidden to think any more of each other.

Old Orry rapped at the door with the head of his stick, and presently the door was opened by a tall, haughty-looking young woman, who was remarkable for an abundance of massive tresses of dark brown hair, and large slumbrous eyes which were a shade darker. Seeing three men seated on the opposite side of the room, engaged in mending a net, with a civil but cold greeting to Ellen Cregan, Orry pushed past her, and at once began to state his errand. Strangely and quaint enough his words must have sounded

in the ears of his listeners, as he leaned on his stick and confronted them.

"By this time George will be on the rocks in Mylchriest's Bay," he said.

With a hasty oath, the youngest Cregan sprang to his feet, and the other two looked up suddenly, with some excitement visible on their countenances; but Ellen stood perfectly still, and nothing but the glow which was fast lighting up her eyes betrayed that she had heard the words of their unwonted visitor.

"Tell us all about it!" said the young man fiercely, and the other two echoed his words.

Then Orry told them how George had been out in all the squalls that afternoon; how he had watched him all the while with his telescope, whenever he was in sight; that he had last seen him as he was trying to make Ballakillin Bay, off the "Head"; that finding he could not make the Bay, George was going about again on the starboard tack, to stand off, when a squall had struck him and wrapped his lug-sail round the mast, and the sea had struck him on the beam just as he disappeared round the "Head" into Mylchriest's Bay, where, the old man added, as if with some faint hope, he would be sheltered from the wind, and might unstep his mast, if he could not free his sail.

The Cregans, who by this time were swiftly preparing to go and render what assistance they could, had, one and all, but one question to ask: "What had possessed George to go out in the lugger alone, and especially when he must have seen the threatening weather?" But old Orry only shook his head sadly, until, as they set forth on their mission, he clutched John (the youngest) by the arm, and with a backward glance at Ellen, who stood in the doorway looking after them, he whispered in the young man's ear, "It is the *Curse* that's on him!"

John Cregan flashed a sudden piercing glance at the old man, but Orry did not notice it; he was too much oc-

cupied in picking his way, as he hobbled painfully along in the track of Richard Cregan, and William, the elder son.

"Is that why George did not take the boy?" asked John.

"No. The boy is sick at home, and unable to work."

The two elder Cregans strode on ahead, and, notwithstanding a considerable amount of rope which they carried between them, in addition to a stout iron spike — which rope and spike were used in "bird's nesting" — were fast leaving their companions behind; when, just as they neared Clucas's cottage, they paused and waited for John and Orry to catch up with them, when Richard Cregan abruptly asked the latter if Margaret knew of George's danger.

"No!" exclaimed the old man. "That's what I wanted to speak about, only I forgot it in thinking of the boy. Twenty-one to-day! No. She thinks he's stood out into the Channel till the wind drops, or at least is all right somewhere. She thinks I'm gone into the town for some tobacco, and was getting supper ready when I came out."

"Just as well!" said the elder Cregan. And then he added, in a softer tone of voice, "You must go in and stay with her, Clucas; you are too lame to go along with us."

"I'm afraid I am," replied the old man. "I'll do as you say; only tell me what you are going to do."

"Of course he's on the rocks, dead or alive," said Richard, in his harsh, peremptory accents. Orry winced at the word "dead." "And being there, he must be got off, if we can find him." Orry winced again. "Now there's two good points, one in his favor, and one in ours as well: The tide could not have been on the flow over an hour when you missed him round the Head. It would not have covered the flat rocks *though* the wind was blowing off the water. And — it was not quite dark. Then, the other point is *that*." He pointed to the horizon, where, far away

over the harbor bar, far away over many miles of angry water, the moon's disk was seen, rising clear and bright — its light seeming to shed itself in a glimmering pathway over the foam-topped waves; and set forth, in bold relief, on the right hand the frowning Head of Ballakillin, and on the left the sharp Point of Murchan, on whose summit the stunted fir trees were nodding and jostling one another in the dying northeast breeze. Orry saw what Cregan meant, without further words.

"Go in and get us George's birding line and spike, Orry. We've no time to lose!" said Will Cregan.

Orry went to a small outhouse where George kept all his fishing tackle, tools, and such things, and returned with a rope and spike similar to that of the Cregans. "God speed you, boys!" he said, as he stood for a few moments, watching them go at a kind of slingtrot down the slope of the hollow which intervened between him and the foot of Ballakillin Head. "God speed you!" Two big tears started from his eyes and ran down his weather-beaten face, and he could see clearly no longer; so he turned and hobbled into the cottage, where his wife sat awaiting his return.

"Maggie!" exclaimed he, ostentatiously dropping the paper of tobacco on the table; "you don't know half the news! Who do you think is going to be married?" Then he mentioned the names of a young couple of the "town," who were contemplating matrimony.

"What a long time you've been! Why, I knew that a week ago. Where is George? Where *can* he be?"

"Oh, George?" said Orry, in a slow, matter-of-fact manner, which seemed to imply that any apprehensions as to his son's safety were far from his mind.

"Yes, George!" replied she, a little sharply.

"Why, of course he's out in the Channel. He'd have to wait until the moon rose before he'd try to come in,

with such a sea on. When I saw him last, just before dark, he could n't make the buoys for the wind, so he steered clear of the Head, and *went out to sea till the moon rose*. George is too good a seaman to risk his boat."

Margaret took her husband at his word; and having risen from her seat to trim the lamp in the window, so that her boy might see the bright signal-light when he came up the little bay, she sat down to supper with her husband, whereat Orry ate hugely, and talked incessantly — afterwards trollying a lively stave of a sea-ditty, in which the singer was set forth as having a wife in all the principal ports frequented by the merchant navy, and rejoicing in his polygamy. He then lighted his pipe and puffed forth volumes of smoke with much apparent satisfaction; and Margaret, after washing and putting away the supper things, laid down contentedly on a sort of pallet near the fireplace, and, while "waiting for George," slept.

* * * * *

Scarcely were the four men out of Ellen Cregan's sight, when the girl flung the door shut with a sudden burst of passion, and paced the room like a caged tigress for several minutes, with her hands tightly clenched, one in the other. Then she threw herself prone on the floor, and lay there moaning, with her face buried in her hands.

* * * * *

Surely the devil was in George Clucas that eventide, when he was so careless in going about on that starboard tack — so heedless in endeavoring, single-handed, to make the narrow passage between the buoys in that heavy sea and those dangerous, frequent gusts of wind. Orry had been wrong; there had only been a hitch in getting the lugsail 'round. Still it was almost a miracle that the boat was not swamped; she was driven upon her side, and all George could do was to steer her clear of the "Head," and head for the middle of Mylchriest's Bay while she still answered her helm,

which she would not do long, as the towering promontory of the "Head" now shut off the wind, and both sails were fluttering and flapping, empty, as if trying to shake out their reefs, while the boat drifted towards the fatal rocks on the heaving, angry, sulky tide. As the little lugger sped into the Bay, and slowly "righted" herself, half full of water, and her occupant, having made the helm fast, was stepping forward to clew up the lugsail, looking upwards he saw the light appear in the light-house, in the darkening twilight, and the thought struck him that his mishap had been seen, and that assistance might yet come to him in some shape. So thinking, he altered his helm, and with half frantic energy bailed out the water and flung out ballast. Then taking a short "sweep" in his hands, he headed the boat as well as he could for a certain part of the shore. "I'll see if I can make the Cregan rock. I can climb up out of reach of high water there," said he. More by good luck than seamanship, he was able to steer his boat towards the spot he wished to reach, and before many minutes had passed he was among the breakers on the flat rocks, just below the needles; and as the little lugger heeled over and filled when she struck, he had drawn a deep breath, clenched his teeth firmly, and, jumping clear of the boat, was fighting in the water, which, lifting him like a fragile toy, hurled him, bruised and bleeding, close to the foot of the needles; and then retreated, roaring, to gain strength for a fresh effort. Scarcely knowing what he did or how he did it, he gained his feet, and dashing forward over the slippery, sea-weed-covered rocks, he was conscious that he had gained the largest and most prominent of the needle rocks—the only one which had ever afforded a means of access to the bluffs from Mylchriest's Bay, without the aid of a birding-line. He knew that it was the fatal Cregan rock on which the Clucas of old had met his death at the hands of a Cregan. He

knew that he was clinging to a splinter at the base of the rock, with the energy and grip of desperation. He was conscious that one of his arms was quite useless, and that, feeling himself growing faint and sick, he made a great effort, and managed to scramble a part of the way up the precipitous path, but not to high-water mark by some distance. He felt his limbs refuse to support him, and instinctively reaching a jagged "needle," he clung to it with his sound arm, and resting against it, sank down half fainting. Then a sort of dreaminess came over him. He felt no desire to move, but heedless of the heavy wash of the swiftly rising tide, and the sullenly fierce breakers which threw up clouds of foamy spray just below him, he inertly watched the silvery pathway of the rays of the gradually rising moon. By the time the glittering disk was well above the horizon, he began to fancy that he could distinguish above the echoing roar of the breakers, the high pitched voices of sailors calling to one another; and he found himself wondering who they could be, and what they were doing there that night, and no boat in sight. An unusually ambitious wave just then outstripped its fellows, and drenched him with its spray. A piece of rock, about as large as he could have clasped his arms around, came bounding down the pathway from above, and narrowly missed striking his head; and he was pondering how it had been set going, when, with swift, cat-like, cautious step, the figure of a man appeared at his side, and instantly sent forth an eldritch screech, which was faintly answered from above. Raising his eyes, the moonlight showed him the form and features of John Cregan.

Helpless as George was, the task of getting him to the summit of the rocky bluffs was a slow and tedious operation; but the three Cregans accomplished it, and when, shortly afterwards, the big waves, driven by the tide and the heavy swell, broke over the Cregan

rock, it was to find that their prey had escaped from their grasp.

Leaving the tackle, which had done such good service, behind them for a while, they took their rescued waif home by slow degrees; and one of them then went to fetch the surgeon, while the other two returned to the bluffs for the lines and spikes.

Solemnly, and almost silently, Richard Cregan and his elder son delivered their charge into the quivering arms of his father; and having briefly answered Orry's few hasty questions, laying stress on the fact that it was owing to John having insisted on their going first to the place they did that George had been saved, they returned to the bluffs, as was said above, and brought home the lines and spikes.

Margaret's trouble when they had got George to bed in the next room was painful to witness. She had been quiet enough until then. An intense, reproachful gaze she fixed on her husband's tell-tale, guilty face, when she accused him and found that he had deceived her — had lied to her about George. "If I had known, I might have been saying my prayers for him; and you *did* know, and you never prayed at all! No! You enjoyed your supper more than ever, and sang, and smoked, and laughed."

"I was praying all the time, Maggie," said the old man humbly. But, somewhat after the manner of her of old, Margaret "refused to be comforted." "And you saw me put the signal-light in the window, and knew he was n't to see it, and said he was out in the Channel and safe!" she continued; and Orry bore all she said, and felt more guilty than ever, in that his love for her had led him to deceive his wife.

The surgeon found George badly

bruised, and with his right arm broken above the elbow. Fever set in, and for days he was delirious, and Richard Cregan more than once stood by his bed-side, with John, and heard the never-ended words of the Curse repeated over and over again by the lips of the unconscious sufferer, mingled and coupled with his daughter's name; and this set him to thinking, and he and John talked it over, when they were out in their lugger, fishing.

And one day, when George was convalescent, Richard Cregan came, and called Orry on one side, and, to his amazement, began to talk about the Curse. It seemed to him and John, he said, that a Cregan had saved the life of a Clucas; and that he and John thought that this put an end to the power of the Curse. "John," he said, "held that the Curse had never hurt anyone but the dying murderer; that it was bad feeling between the families that had broken what hearts had been broken. I can see it at home," continued Richard's harsh voice, warming; "my Ellen is fretting herself sick since George was hurt. The old tale is coming true with her and George! But John says truest; it is *our* faults for keeping up bad blood, and laying the blame on the wicked words of a passionate old woman mad with rage. And John, and me, — and Will," he added in a lower tone, for Will had but very reluctantly given his consent, "say that we would like you to tell George that if he wants Ellen, and she is willing to take him, we have nothing against it; and if you want any help about your new boat —"

* * * * *

And this was the last of the Cregan Curse.

W. H. Burdett.

SIR CHARLES DILKE AT HOME.

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE is twenty - nine years old. That his name has so suddenly blazed upon the republican world, is neither so surprising nor so significant as that the blaze was kindled by so small, and perhaps so accidental, a spark. Startling splashes of cold water checked the progress, and a whole great prudent nation almost solidly combined to shut off every breath of air, and the obscure and sooty-handed stokers stopped in idle curiosity to watch the fevered Prince of Wales, and the senseless pageant of a nation, through its servile press, bewailing the insignificant fate of nature's effigy of an effete royalty. Meanwhile the smouldering fire is burning deeper and wider, and more people grasping the two horns of the revolutionary dilemma, say to themselves, if England is not free, it ill comports with her assertions; if she is free, why not let her bear the emblems of freedom, rather than turn the chains of her old slavery into wrought and gilded ornaments? Why not place before her youth the symbols of individual endeavor?

In the Western States, when one wishes to give to a man the highest recommendation, he tells you he was born in Massachusetts, educated at Harvard College, and then came West. Were I to pay to a man the most unqualified compliment which my observation of these accidents of life would warrant, I should say he was born in the upper-middle-class intellectual ranks of English life, of Puritan parents who fought to establish freedom in their own country, that he was educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and afterward spent some time in the great Western Republic. This is Sir Charles Dilke's origin and outfit for life, only the latter is still more complete, for he has visited the Oriental nations and is familiar with modern Europe. None of these

conditions are trifling, or can afford to be left out of account in an attempt to give a comprehensive view of the young statesman, or to indicate the probable career that lies open before him.

I have no fear of contradiction in saying, the best type of upright and downright integrity is to be found in the old wealthy middle-class Britons. Their wealth has grown. Nature's processes have been neither forced nor subverted to bring them increase of goods. Justice has been so gracious and beneficent, they have never been tempted to step aside into the shorter paths to success. This habitual course, carried through successive generations, has begot in them a definite mental formula of mathematical rectitude. Experience has nowhere hinted to them that injustice is the better policy. This insures them a granite basis for the moral constitution, against which the winds and waves of life are almost powerless. Peculiarities in the intellectual aptitudes are of less certain descent,—or rather, so far in the world's history, each generation of men and women have subjected the capacities and appetites of their successors to the accidents of chance, or at best to the slow Darwinian principle of natural selection. In this hazard combination, if a youth has had the fortune to get large powers and keen mental appetites, a historic ancestry does a good deal for him. In old Roman houses were found the statues and busts of all the members of the family who had distinguished themselves—a privilege definitely granted by the State; and the claim of a family to honorable consideration depended upon the number of these. A more important purpose of this custom was to provide noble models which would serve to awaken the admiration and stimulate the ambition of each generation of youth. Coats of arms

carved and emblazoned on the walls and ceilings, served the same purpose in later times. Now these models are oftener more modestly wedged into our book-shelves; but an ambitious boy finds them, and from some unexplained reason, a brave deed, or an act of heroic self-sacrifice done by an ancestor, produces more effect upon his imagination than the greater doing and devotion of his contemporaries. A hint, with time for a misty perspective, and a giant hero springs up. The more these ancestral images are talked of, the more they become definite ideals moulding the character of the boy; and in no country, perhaps, would we find more positive traces of this than in England, where homes are so sacred and exclusive, and where class distinctions, based upon ancestry, are the determining principle in social life.

Sir Charles Dilke was born with large capacities, and into a family that held in reverence a Puritan ancestry who, through several generations, had been in the very van of the asserters and defenders of both civil and religious liberty. Elizabeth sent them three times to the Tower, and they sat in the Long Parliament that impeached and condemned Charles I., and they signed his death warrant. The family kept these ancestors in reverent memory, and the name Charles Wentworth Dilke has descended from father to oldest son through a long series of generations; not only this, but a part of the common family inheritance has been apportioned to the younger sons, who also bear the name of Wentworth. Paul and Peter Wentworth* were eminent men in the parliaments of Elizabeth. They gave Her Majesty much trouble because they interfered with what she was pleased to consider her private affairs. Hallam calls these men "the bold, plain-spoken, and honest, but not very judicious, Wentworths," and says, "they were the most undaunted asserters of civil liberty in

this reign." In the records of the Parliament of 1575 we find Sir Peter Wentworth's speech in behalf of the liberties of the House, given in full. He says: "I find within a little volume these words in effect: 'Sweet is the name of liberty, but the thing itself a value beyond all inestimable treasure.' So much the more it behooveth us to take great care lest we, contenting ourselves with the sweetness of the name, lose and forego the thing." "Two things do great hurt in this place. The one is a rumor which runneth about, saying, 'Take heed what you do, the Queen liketh not such a matter; whosoever preferreth it, she will be offended with him,' or the contrary, 'Her Majesty liketh such a matter, whosoever speaketh against it she will be much offended with him.' The other, a message is brought into the House, either commanding or inhibiting, very injurious to the freedom of speech and consultation. I would to God these Rumors and Messages were buried in hell, for wicked they are; the devil was the first author of them, from whom proceedeth nothing but wickedness. Greatly were these speeches to Her Majesty's dishonor. Solomon saith, 'The king's displeasure is a messenger of death;' this is terrible to a weak nature, for who is able to abide the fierce countenance of his prince?" "It is both traitorous and hellish through flattery to seek to devour our natural prince." "None is without fault, no, not our noble Queen, since she hath committed great fault. Love, ever perfect love, void of dissimulation, will not suffer me to bide them to Her Majesty's peril."

Sir Peter sets forth unflinchingly the Queen's errors, and pours out scathing rebukes upon the lying flatterers who make "traitorous sugared speeches," and "send to Her Majesty a melting heart that will not stand for reason." He scores the members for the policy of voting with their leaders, rather than "as the matter giveth cause." Hallam says "he taxed the Queen with ingrat-

* I believe our American Wentworths are a branch from the same family.

itude and unkindness to her subjects, in a strain perfectly free from disaffection, but of more rude censure than any king would put up with." The records say, "Mr. Wentworth was not allowed to finish his speech, and was given into the custody of the Sarjeant as prisoner, till he would be examined next day before a Committee of Parliament, who might see what he could say in extenuation of his fault." The Committee came no nearer to getting an apology from him than to hear, "I heartily repent me, that I have hitherto held my peace in these causes, and I do promise you all, if God forsake me not, that I will never during my life hold my tongue, if any message is sent in wherein the liberties of Parliament are impeached; and every one of you ought to repent you of these faults, and to amend them." He assures the Committee that twenty times and more when he was preparing this speech he saw the place whither it would lead him, but that his conscience, his duty as a faithful subject, would not allow him to turn aside from a straight course to avoid prison. When asked by the Committee why he had not uttered his accusations in better times, he replied: "Would you have me to have done as you of Her Majesty's Privy Council do, to utter a weighty matter in such terms as she should not have understood? To have made a fault then would have done Her Majesty no good, and my intent was to do her good." "I will never confess that to be a fault to love the Queen's Majesty while I live; neither will I be sorry for giving Her Majesty warning to avoid danger while the breath is in my body." Mr. Wentworth was committed to the Tower by the decision of Parliament, where he remained a little more than a month, when "Her Majesty was graciously pleased to remit her justly occasioned displeasances," and he returned to his seat in the House.

Both Sir Peter Wentworth and his brother Paul insisted upon keeping the control of the religious affairs in the

hands of Parliament. In a former session, Sir Peter had been sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury as a messenger, concerning the Articles of Religion that had passed the Houses. The Archbishop asked why certain articles had been set aside. He replied that they had no time to examine how they agreed with the Word of God. The Archbishop intimated that those matters were to be referred to his order; whereupon came the spirited reply, "No, by the faith I bear to God, we will pass nothing before we understand what it is; for that were but to make you popes. Make you popes who list, we will make you none." In his speech from which I have quoted, Sir Peter says: "I have heard of old Parliament men, that the banishment of the Pope and Popery and the Restoration of true Religion had their beginning from this House, and not from the Bishops; and I have heard that few laws for Religion had their foundation from them."

At the opening of the next Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Paul Wentworth, the Commons appointed a public fast, and daily preaching in the morning before the sitting of the House. The Queen sends a message censuring the House for attempting such an innovation without first knowing her pleasure, "nevertheless of her inestimable good disposition and most gracious clemency, Her Majesty construeth the offence and contempt to be rash, unadvised, and proceeding from zeal, and not of willful and malicious intent, imputing the cause thereof to her own lenity towards the brother of that man which now made this motion, who in the last session was by the House justly reprehended and committed, but by Her Majesty graciously pardoned and restored again." In the session of 1588, when a bill to adopt a new form of Common Prayer was suppressed, Sir Peter Wentworth introduced a series of questions respecting the liberties of the House, which he requested the Speaker to read. The

Speaker did not think proper to put the questions to the House, but passed them over to a committee, and Mr. Wentworth was again committed prisoner to the Tower. How or when he was released, the parliamentary journal omits to mention. Hallam says of Sir Peter's trial before the parliamentary committee, "He not only behaved with intrepidity, but according to his own statements reduced them to confess the truth of all he advanced." The difficulty Her Majesty experienced in suppressing Sir Peter may have been made more complicated by the fact that he had married the sister of the great Sir Francis Walsingham, her Secretary of State, whom the historians call the most refined politician and most penetrating statesman of his age, and of whom Elizabeth said, "in diligence and sagacity he exceeded her expectations." The public career of this Sir Peter Wentworth, compared with that of his descendant, Sir Charles Dilke, shows a strange reversal of progress in the liberty of free discussion between the sixteenth and nineteenth century.

The grandson of this Sir Peter Wentworth was the Sir Peter Wentworth whom we find in the Long Parliament, and who was one of the judges that condemned Charles I., though his name does not appear on the death-warrant. One of his sisters married the brother of Bradshaw, the Lord President of the High Court of Justice that tried Charles I., and who told the King, when he refused to recognize the Court on the ground that he was himself the fountain of all law, that "the people were the source of all rights"; and again, when Cromwell, backed by his soldiers, had dissolved Parliament, Bradshaw said to him: "We have heard what you did, and all England shall know it. Sir, you are mistaken in thinking Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves. Take you notice of that." A second sister of Sir Peter Wentworth married Fisher Dilke, an almost mad Puritan, one of the Fifth

Monarchy men — religious zealots who in Barebone's Parliament set apart eight men to seek the Lord in prayer, while the others deliberated and tried to make the law of Moses the law of the land; faithful fanatics, doomed to be surprised a little later by a message from Cromwell saying, "You may go elsewhere to seek the Lord; for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many years."

Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke is the direct descendant of this Puritan, Fisher Dilke, and Sybil Wentworth, who was the sister of the regicide Sir Peter Wentworth, and the granddaughter of Sir Peter of Elizabeth's Parliament, by his wife Elizabeth, the sister of Walsingham. On his mother's side, Sir Charles is descended from Cawley, another regicide, whose name appears on the death-warrant of Charles I.

Ten years ago there were three contemporary Charles Wentworth Dilkes. The grandfather was still holding his place in the admiring and reverent affection of London literary men. Away from the eye of the public, but well known from his essays in critical literature and his accomplished and successful journalism, he had enjoyed the rare fortune of being the intimate and trusted friend of more than two generations of gifted men. Both as editor and proprietor, he had made for the "Athenæum" its unrivalled position in critical journalism, and at the same time had secured both its popularity and its financial success by reducing the price from a shilling to fourpence. He was a master of the best English, acute in analysis, but with a degree of æsthetic feeling that made him an artist in composition. He was the literary executor of Keats, Hood, and Lamb. What need have we to say more of his qualities as a friend, of his intellectual tastes, or of his radical principles? His son, the late Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, devoted his life to the interests of various learned societies and schemes for promoting the union between Art and Indus-

try. He was prominent in the Society of Arts; and the Royal Horticultural Society was said to owe much of its prosperity to him. In this work he became acquainted with Prince Albert, whom he assisted in carrying forward many of the great schemes for public improvement associated with the Prince's name. He was one of the leading promoters of the great Exhibition of 1851. In return for his services in this, he was offered by the Queen the honor of a knighthood, and by the Royal Commission a large pecuniary reward. Both these he declined, wishing his services to be wholly gratuitous. Later he was engaged in the Exhibition of 1862; and after the death of Prince Albert, the Queen conferred upon him a baronetcy. In 1865 he was elected to the House of Commons. Three years later he died at St. Petersburg, whither he had gone to represent his county at the great Horticultural Exhibition. The present Charles Wentworth Dilke succeeded to his father's title; but his tastes were modelled rather after those of his grandfather, whose companion and *protege* he had been during his boyhood. Such were the ancestral images on which the young eyes of Charles Dilke looked, and such were the memories that gave a magic charm to his grandfather's home before he left it for Trinity College, Cambridge.

At the University he becomes the medal oarsman. He takes a scholarship in mathematics, and all the prizes for English composition. A notice of him just before his entrance into Parliament says: "At Cambridge Mr. Dilke came out first, in the first class of the law tripos of 1865; and while at the University he was twice Vice President and twice President of the Union Society — an unprecedented course of dignities." Full of power and energy, an early awakened ambition had already settled into a definite plan for a public career. No one who knew his antecedents need have asked either the direction or color of his political aspi-

rations. A fated hand had held the pencil and dipped the brush. He must get into Parliament. The British Constitution might be a clumsy old stage coach, but nothing could get on that was not crowded into it, or tossed on the top, or hung on the outside. His plan settled, his route determined, his equipments must be complete. When he leaves the University he takes with him the benefit of about all that England can do to fit a young man to lead his contemporaries to great achievements in virtue, intelligence, and social well-being. His aspirations have been quickened by contact with the best minds, his capacities have become available through careful training, and by an intimate acquaintance with the best methods by which human development, both in individuals and in masses, is effected; and he has acquired a manliness of character, that enables him to resist the warping influences of society. Still there is another need. There is a largeness of sympathy that is not born of this Puritan absoluteness of justice. There is a respect for individual rights, a high-bred unobtrusiveness not favorable to the indulgence of genial and friendly service. The broadest justice has its origin in a sense of the common brotherhood, rather than in the law of pre-occupation. The kindness, not of principle, but of fellow-feeling, gets little encouragement in a society where high walls shut in one class and shut out every other class. This is likely to be the great want of the best Englishman. He may have the broadest latitude and liberalism in idea, but if he *feels* that all men are his brothers — that is, if he chances to have broad and warm personal sympathies — it must be counted to him as a gift of grace; for, by nature, he has a stout aversion to rubbing against humanity as it masses itself up. He has been deprived of a varied and close contact with people — the only means by which we acquaint ourselves with the peculiar wants in the different phases

of life. He may know what people need, but he has to learn that their needs can be supplied only by indulging their wants; that morally as well as physically we must trust to the appetite to determine the digestible diet. This flintiness of character needs only to be tritured in the crowd to become pliable clay. I cannot say whether young Dilke, fresh from Cambridge life and honors, had been born of grace in these matters, or was still a child of English nature: but assuming him to have been the latter, his travel and observations in America would have given him the better faith founded upon works. The men who pick stones out of the New England soil and lay them in fences, he would have recognized as his peers in all the native essentials of manhood. In Western business men he would have found a clear-sighted efficiency and practical philanthropy that make them more than his peers as active agents in the development of human society. Among the miners of the Pacific Coast mountains, he would have seen simple humanity asserting its independence and right to dominion on the earth. Whatever reverence he might have had for the divine inheritance of culture and morality, would then have passed over into that larger religion which feels with all men, not kinship, but brotherhood — a religion that has waited two thousand years for a democracy to vitalize.

Study and association with leading minds had given Dilke the mastery of the principles of modern thought. Following in the utilitarian philosophy of Mill, he had no dainty fear of the boldest principles in science; he had even learned to derive the lines of social development from the more strongly-marked lines of physical development. Thoroughly inducted into the Baconian-English method of compounding principles out of facts, we find him in 1866, at the age of twenty-three, starting on a voyage around the world, with as complete

an equipment for foreign travel as a young man can have. The records of this journey are given to the public in two volumes, entitled "Greater Britain," published in 1868. The preface says: "In 1866-7 I followed England round the world. Everywhere I was in English-speaking or English-governed lands. If I remarked that climate, soil, manners of life, that mixture with other peoples, had modified the blood, I saw, too, that in essentials the race was always one. In America, the people of the world are being fused together, but they are run in an English mould. If two small islands are by courtesy styled 'Great,' America, Australia, India, must form a 'Greater Britain.'" The first volume is wholly given to America. It is meagre praise of this to say that it is sober good sense, with entire freedom from exaggeration; and yet no other expression will so well characterize it. In saying this, I mean far more than I am likely to be understood to mean; for I mean the largest compliment — not simply that the account evinces clear thinking; that may be narrow: it is comprehensive thinking. There is rare penetration in getting at the germs of things, in discriminating between the essential and the accidental, and in referring the latter to their determining conditions. The absence of exaggeration, the rapid summing up of details, and the steady march to the statement of general laws, leaves you unwilling to believe the book was produced by so young a man. Everywhere you are met by a breadth of intelligence and maturity of judgment wholly unexpected from a man of his years. Anyone who reads the book is bound to call it an unprejudiced, straightforward, statesmanlike series of observations upon very widely-diversified incidents in human society. Sir Charles Dilke ceases to be a sensationalist as soon as you have read his "Greater Britain." He seems like a man who, from some central and elevated position, has for a long time been watching

the conflicts of political life, rather than like one who is just writing a thesis to evince his eligibility for such a position—for such the book must be regarded. He has visited English-speaking countries to prepare him for English statesmanship, and he writes the book to give convincing proof of his fitness to enter upon the work. All subjects that agitate political thought, and which statesmen and socialists are manipulating, are there either directly or incidentally passed in a candid and open-handed review. You know his opinions both as to principles and lines of policy, and you feel that they are founded upon careful observation and independent study. You find him the broadest republican. You would not suspect that he needed to mention it in a Newcastle speech in order to have it understood, or, having mentioned it, that it would have created any surprise. He discusses the relations between England and her colonies with a boldness that evinces his belief in testing truth in the full light, and his distrust of that holiness that keeps itself in dark places. He believes governments to be instituted for the good of the governed; and when they cease to be of service, or to do the best service, no more reverence should attach to them than to any other worn-out machine. He is a true Britain in his reverence for the Anglo-Saxon race; but in sympathy he belongs to the universal Briton, not "Great Britain." He says, "Through America, England is speaking to the world." He hints at a probable future confederation of the whole English race; and more than intimates that he has no fears of communism, a relation that must come about in the ulterior development of society. His observations upon American society are the results of a quick-sighted comprehension that makes them far more than entertaining, even to an American. Everywhere the wonder must be that he sees America just as Americans do. He effects, as it were, a metempsychosis; and is at

once the companion of the man with whom he is speaking. His broad democracy appears in the following: "If it be true that New York drawing-rooms are the best guarded in the world, it is also true that entrance is denied as rigidly to intellect and eminence as to wealth. Mere cliqueism, disgusting everywhere, is ridiculous in a democratic town. Its rules of conduct are as much out of place as gold scabbards on a battle-field, or kid gloves in the bushes of Australia. Good meat and drink and air give strength to the men and beauty to the women of a moneyed class; but in America these things are the inheritance of every boy and girl, and give to no class advantage in the world. Without special merit of some kind, there can be no such thing as aristocracy. Many American men and women, who have too little nobility of soul to be patriots and too little understanding to see that theirs is already in many points the master-country of the globe, come to you and bewail the fate which has caused them to be born citizens of a republic and dwellers in a country where men call vices by their names. The least educated of their countrymen, the only grossly vulgar class that America brings forth, they fly to Europe 'to escape democracy,' and pass their lives at Paris and Nice, living libels on the country they are believed to represent."

Dilke's object in this journey was to acquaint himself with different social systems. He meant to investigate without prejudice all schemes that claimed to have human welfare as their object. He was eager to see and know, caring little what the sight might be, or whither the bearing of the knowledge. In his contact with people, there is everywhere manifested the kindest feeling. In the whole book there is not one sneer at the coarsest phase of life or expression, not one doubt about the possibilities of anything wrapped up in human garb, no vulgar pity even for a weighted hu-

manity, towards which he stretches out the strong arm of sympathy to relieve it of its burden. A straightforward earnestness has no room for egotism or self-congratulation.

In style, the book is the directest English. It is as free from superfluity in expression as from extravagance in thought. There are no aphorisms, no epigrams. His thought finds no occasion for this partial and one-sided expression. His sentences flow in a fuller, broader, and more philosophical form. One feels a little surprise at the absence of enthusiasm; but it must be remembered that enthusiasm is disproportionate appreciation, and the perfect balance that we find in Dilke's mind is so unusual that the normal strikes us at first as abnormal. One might almost say the loftiest aspiration seemed wanting. But again, this must be understood to be aspiration of the common type — a longing for something in the way of which stand impassable difficulties.

A marked thing with Dilke is, he sees no difficulties. Nature's aims are clearly defined, and her movements steadily progressive: nothing can stop them or change their direction. The most that can be done is to retard or hasten them a little. As far as his strength and insight can go, they shall not be retarded; and, God willing, they shall be hastened. He is too practical to wish to cut through a mountain when it is better to go round it. This is Dilke as he dashes through highway and by-way round the world, with a litheness and energy of muscle that not only defies, but almost courts, fatigue and hardship. This is Dilke as he records himself in 1866-7, and as at twenty-four he writes his certificate for admission to Parliament.

This very year a new Parliament is formed, and Charles Wentworth Dilke becomes one of the successful candidates for the representation of his own borough. This is London "West-End," and contains the lion's share of the intellect of England. Here live the

men of letters, the greatest lawyers and most successful merchants, the artists who have given fame to the English school of painting, and the flower of London artisans,—a constituency important for its numbers, wealth, intelligence, and liberalism. In one of Dilke's speeches preceding this election, we find the following characterization of Mr. Disraeli: "He is a politician with a consistent hatred of nothing except consistency, wanting in consistency as a statesman, nevertheless consistent as a mere politician. The principle that has guided him through his political career may be expressed in three propositions. The first of these is, that the Whigs shall not have a monopoly of reform; the second, that the Tory party is the national or popular party of England; the third, that Mr. Disraeli is the natural leader of the Tory party, and therefore of the English people. There is a well known way of meeting a sound argument—namely, by flatly contradicting it; but there is a less known way, and one that is far more effective, which is that invariably made use of by Mr. Disraeli. He takes the argument as it stands, and merely puts into it a 'not,' or leaves out one, and then states the whole as an argument on the other side." The next year Dilke is chosen by Parliament to second the address to the Queen. This honor is usually conferred upon a young member, in recognition of the importance of his constituency and the promise he gives of an influential Parliamentary career. The occasion is simply found, and the young Parliamentarian deported himself well, in that he was becomingly modest; and the event is only to be remembered from the circumstance that the choice was a marked compliment, and the young radical appeared in court dress, a costume prescribed for the occasion, and also requisite for admission to state dinners. So far in his Parliamentary career, youth and inexperience have made him for the most part

a listener and learner rather than a leader. He has always voted with the extreme Radicals. He was one of the Radical trinity who, led by Peter Taylor, opposed the dowry for the Princess Louise; and again of the same three, with eight more added, who opposed the grant to Prince Arthur. These men said, "We have no right to give away the people's money, except for past or prospective service to the state. Make your private gifts as you like; the public purse is not in your hands under so broad a trust."

Meanwhile, Dilke is planning for himself more important work; and at the close of the session in August, 1871, he has already mapped out a campaign in agitation of the claims for equality of representation. As the House of Commons consists of a definite number of members, on the occasion of the extension of the franchise in the Reform Bill of 1867, it became necessary to make a redistribution of seats. A long and difficult struggle ensued between the property monopolists and the advocates of individual representation. Some changes were made in the direction towards an equal representation of the voters, but the promoters of the bill claimed "to do only what was necessary, and what would satisfy." Great compromises were made, and powerful checks placed upon the democracy in the form of very great inequalities in the different constituencies, so that some seats in Parliament represent not only three or five times as many voters as others, but even reaching in the most extreme case the remarkable ratio of one to one hundred and thirty-two. At Manchester, November 3d, Dilke addressed a large meeting upon the subject, in which he shows not only that there is no security that the opinions of the voters are accurately represented in the House of Commons, but that on many occasions they are grossly misrepresented; and this not from failure on the part of members to do their duty to their constituents, but from the

conditions under which the House is elected. He shows that while on the preceding 14th of August, the Government carried their measure respecting the "Contagious Diseases Acts," by a majority of fifty-eight to forty-six, these forty-six members represented 741,000 voters, and the fifty-eight only 324,000; and not only this, but that twenty-five of the fifty-eight majority were paid Government officials. He says that it may be stated in general terms, but with great accuracy, that on all radical divisions against the Government these proportions hold good; and that Radical members are elected on the average by 10,000 voters, and the Government supporters, each of them, on the average, by 6,000. He shows that the clause of the "Ballot Bill," which provided for throwing the expenses of the elections upon the constituencies, thereby rendering it possible for poor men to come into Parliament, was lost by a vote of 160 against 256; and yet the minority in Parliament represented the majority of voters. He cites a long series of cases, showing that if the division lists are examined with care, multiplied instances show these startling results; and not only this, but that in innumerable cases where a minority is so small in Parliament as to seem insignificant, when referred back to the voters it becomes a very large and important minority. In this compromise of power between individuals and wealth, the densely populated, and hence the poorer and more radical districts, are least adequately represented; and the consequence is that radical measures are most likely to suffer from this inequality of representation. To avoid the possibility of having a measure supported by a majority of voters defeated by a majority of members, seemed the first step to be taken towards a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Three days later, Dilke addresses another large meeting at Newcastle, where he is announced to speak

upon "Representation and Royalty." As his Manchester speech had been very fully and widely reported, he assumes that his audience knows his views upon Representation, and passes at once to the discussion of Royalty, through two side-issues raised in his Manchester speech. He first considers the importance of the very small minorities in the divisions upon the "Dowry to the Princess Louise" and the "Annuity to Prince Arthur." This leads to the consideration of the cost of Royalty, in which he reviews the various expensive sinecure offices, and large collateral allowances made in view of the munificent pageantry of an old-time Court — a Court which in the present time would be neither in harmony with the tastes of the Royal family nor with the moral tone of English society; and yet the offices are filled (thirty-two doctors for the Royal family, a Lord High Almoner, whose duties consist in giving away, on certain mysterious days, silver two-penny pieces, coined especially for him at the mint, Sub-Almoner, Hereditary Grand Almoner, Master of the Buckhounds, and a Hereditary Grand Falconer, with a salary of £1,200); and the moneys continue to be appropriated — £172,000 for tradesmen's bills, a purpose adequately significant only for a Court that maintains a splendid and munificent hospitality.

As the incumbents of a large number of these offices hold seats in one or the other of the Houses of Parliament, and as their occupancy is wholly within the Royal patronage, Dilke shows that it provides an inviting basis for a large amount of political corruption, and gives to the ministry unwarrantable power in a representative body. After showing that the expenditure upon these offices brings no profit and much mischief, since they are notoriously made use of for political purposes, he maintains that there can be no doubt but that the Queen has the power to abolish these offices, and that it is the duty of the

ministers to advise her to do so. He further asserts that the savings thus secured should be passed over to the public treasury, and not to the Queen's purse; and also that the savings arising from the diminished expenses of the Court should find the same receptacle, in accordance with the spirit of the compact entered into with the Crown at the commencement of the present reign. He in no way implicates the integrity or morality of the Queen, but only asks "whether there has not been a diversion of public moneys, for which the advisers of the Crown are responsible, almost amounting to malversation?" He runs through a good many details of expenditure, given in a newly published pamphlet entitled "What does she do with it," and at the close says: "Institutions are not good or bad in themselves, so much as good or bad when judged by their working; and we are told that a limited monarchy works well. I set aside, in this speech, whether in this country a republic would work better; but I confess freely that I doubt whether, if the charges to which I have to-night alluded [referring to the pamphlet] are well founded, the monarchy should not set its house in order. There is a wide-spread belief that a republic here is only a matter of education and time. History and experience show that you cannot have a republic without you possess at the same time republican virtues; but you answer, Have we not public spirit? Have we not the practice of self-government? Are we not gaining general education? Well, if you can show me a fair chance that a republic here will be free from the political corruption that hangs about the monarchy, I say, for my part — and I believe the middle class in general will say — let it come."

I quote this in full, as it was the little fire-brand, to quench which all the great national fire-engines were put at high-pressure work, and to their aid all the boys, idlers, and rowdies contributed their usual service. The words

scarcely give ground for a conjecture whether the speaker thinks, in the existing conditions of the country, a republican form of government would be preferable. He simply mentions it as a question that is being widely considered, and one that deserves to be considered, if there is in it a promise of greater freedom from political corruption, intimating at the same time that there may be some doubt as to whether the requisite basis for a republic is well established. The reception of this speech by the people and the press of the country is already well known; the heated and scathing abuse that came in torrents upon him, while only a tiny sun-shade was raised to protect him; but this was held in hard brawny hands, by muscles inured to patient hardship. Doubtful of the wisdom of his course, even sympathetic old friends could scarcely breathe upon him a blessing. He stood alone among the nation's counsellors; not deaf to the Pandemonium curses, but undaunted, and renerved not only to repeat what he had said, but to make a clean-handed avowal of his personal convictions, above and beyond his political action. And at Leeds, seventeen days later (November 23d), he addresses an audience of five thousand, and reviews what he had said at Newcastle, in contrast with the garbled reports of his speech, giving fuller expression to his aims and motives in discussing equality of representation and reduction of state expenditure.

The "Standard" had charged him with having made "many reckless assertions, some of which were utterly at variance with truth, while others distorted facts to an extent entirely inconsistent with education and sincerity." Other papers had varied their form of abuse, introducing ridicule and personal invective; but the pith of the charge was in general not different from that which I have quoted from the "Standard." In reply to this he says: "I went into details upon these matters; I have received abuse for my pains, but

no kind of answer. I made use of a mass of figures, and none of these figures have been erased or even altered." "What have I said that was untrue? and what attack have I made upon the Queen? I have nothing to alter, but I have to complain that two-thirds of what I said on that occasion has been suppressed; and while I care nothing for the ridiculous cry of 'treason,' I do care a great deal for the charge of having used discourteous words towards the Queen. The papers have spoken of my having made use of the word 'malversation.' I accused no one of malversation. I quoted from a pamphlet in which the Commissioners of the Treasury are accused of malversation." "I showed an expenditure of a million pounds a year upon the Court. I showed that the expenditure was not so much a waste as a mischief, and that it would be worth two millions a year to get rid of the mischief which some portion of that one million wrought." "A large portion of the offices of the Household are made use of for political purposes, the holders of them having seats in the House of Commons or the House of Lords; and many of them are indirectly made use of for the same purpose, being given to relations of the great Whig or Tory nobles, as the case may be." "The Queen has not the power, if she has the will, to abolish these sinecure offices." "The Queen has no choice in the matter; she is, by the very spirit of our Constitution, unable on such matters to express her own opinion, and it would be the height of cruelty and unmanliness to attempt to make her responsible for the acts of successive ministers." "I wish, however, never to speak of these sinecures, and of the saving by their abolition, without making it distinctly understood that my objection to them was not on account of the money they cost, but on account of the miserable political and moral tone set by their retention." "The objection to the sinecures that hang about the Court, is no objection to

Royalty itself." "To do nothing but cry out Loyalty, and abuse those who demand reform, is a sorry way of defending constitutional monarchy." "I am not engaged in a republican agitation, though a sincere republican." "If revolution means anything, it means a minority of the people imposing their will upon the majority by force; and if it means that, no one could be a more determined opponent of revolution than a republican." "To hear what is said of those who dare to raise this question, one would think that republicanism meant robbery, murder, fire-raising; whereas it means nothing more nor less than choice by merit." "The papers began to write before they had so much as heard what I had to say. I speak not for others, but speaking for myself, I should be a republican if a republic were more costly than a monarchy. I think the training that you can give to the young under a republic is nobler in its absolute substitution of merit for birth than any training that is compatible with monarchy. I consider that the mere fact that every place in the government of a republic is accessible to every citizen, is of itself of enormous value as a moral lever. I believe we can love and worship the idea of the State of which we are the citizens less well in the form of a kingdom than in that of a republic. I am of opinion that a constitutional monarchy is a good government for children, and a republic a good government for grown men." "I am inclined to adopt the view of Bentham, who, in the preface to his 'Constitutional Code,' speaks of reform in England as 'an effecting of amelioration by gradual changes, which, in so far as they are conducive to the professed end, will be so many approaches toward Republicanism.'"

A few weeks after occurred the famous meeting at Bolton. Time enough had intervened since the Newcastle and Leeds speeches for concerted and well-planned action on the part of the Conservative "roughs." They were to

pack the hall, choke down radicalism, and muzzle its mouth. The promoters of the meeting, getting wind of this, arranged for admittance by ticket. Not to be outdone, the ruffian mob forged *fac similes*. Shrewd detectives guarded the door, and only a few of them got into the hall, leaving the mass to their infernal plots and beastly daring outside. The town authorities had been previously apprized of the danger, and warned to have a protective force on the spot; but they were not there. The meeting began. Inhumanly human hisses and yells drowned the voice of the speaker. Stones and brickbats came whizzing through the windows. Benches were torn up and hurled at men's heads, or sent flying in indefinite directions. Messages were sent for policemen; but they came tardily, or not at all. The Radicals, gaining the ascendant, quelled and dispersed the mob; but scarcely a pane of glass was left unshattered. William Scofield, a Radical, was carried out, to die a few days later, the victim of this fiendish fury; and many others were injured.

Dilke, who during this storm of missiles had without flinching, kept his place upon the platform, with only a small body-guard about him, now finished his speech. How far Conservatives above the mobocracy were implicated in this, it is impossible to say. Unquestionably many winked at it; and that they gave it more positive countenance we are bound to infer from the action of the town authorities. Legal investigations have been going on ever since, and a bill has been introduced into Parliament to make the inquiries more searching.

A few days later, George Odger, a leading workingman Radical, spoke at Reading. In a recent pamphlet, entitled "*Republicanism versus Monarchy*," he refers to the scenes that occurred in the following language: "At Reading I myself by an almost imperceptible margin escape death from the hands of an infuriated host of savages,

while Sir Charles Dilke has been subjected to no end of dangers."

These results counselled caution, even to the most valiant. A conflict was arising which was not only dangerous to life, but was, through its reaction, liable to impose checks upon progress.

In his annual speech before his constituents, February 19th, Dilke says: "I have been accused of having made false statements; I have been accused of bad taste; I have been accused of treason and of violation of my oath; and I have been accused of making personal attacks upon the Queen. In short, I know of no crime that can be committed by a public man, of which I have not been accused in certain of the papers." "I had intended to make only a portion of one speech upon the cost of the Court. I found my statements were attacked, and I availed myself of an opportunity of repeating and defending them, speaking only twice upon the subject. But, on the other hand, I declined invitations from no less than twenty-one great towns to address large meetings upon similar points." "A motion will shortly be made in the House of Commons which will enable me again to repeat the statements that I have made." Dilke opens this speech by reference to the "American Case," and broadly assumes the American ground, not only that the Treaty does not exclude the indirect claims, but that England ought to be willing to submit the whole matter to arbitration, suggesting that it is well for them to remember by whom the trouble was brought about. I find him taking the same ground in discussing the question in his "Greater Britain." "I know no other voice in England that spoke even courteously of the "American Case." This speech fully sustains any expectations his most ardent admirers could have entertained. The "Daily News" called it a manly speech. I should call it the manliest of speeches. He sets before them all the principles he has been contending

for in the several speeches of his autumn campaign. So far from retracting, he seems at every point to have gained momentum. The majestic earnestness is almost paternal in tone, and has the air rather of a good shepherd who is assuring and quieting his fold, than of a prodigal and inconsiderate youth who returns for the compassionate sympathy of friends. Had one's faith hitherto wavered respecting the young republican, that speech would have clinched the last nail. Plain words had evidently been neither an accident nor a vagary of youth. But that the public expression of a personal preference for republican principles — principles which every intelligent man in England holds, both in his conscience and in his anticipations, and against which he justifies the present state of thing only on the ground of immediate policy — would have awakened such frenzy, or have enkindled such a blaze of incense before the decaying idols, no man could have foreseen.

John Stuart Mill says of his countrymen: "The English are fond of boasting that they do not regard the theory, but only the practice of institutions; but their boast stops far short of the truth: they actually prefer that their theory should be at variance with their practice. If anyone proposed to them to convert their practice into a theory, he would be scouted. It appears to them unnatural and unsafe, either to do the thing which they profess, or to profess the thing which they do. A theory which purports to be the very thing intended to be acted upon, fills them with alarm; it seems to carry with it a boundless extent of unforeseeable consequences. This disagreeable feeling they are only free from when the principles laid down are obviously matters of convention, which it is agreed on all parts are not to be pressed home."

It was not so much Sir Charles Dilke who opened the discussion of Republicanism *versus* Monarchy, or rather reopened it from former years, as it

was the march of events, and the full tide of public feeling. The discussion of the "Army Bill," which disclosed the potency and mischief of Court patronage; of the "Dowry" and "Prince Arthur Annuity," which brought into forcible view the obligation to support useless members of Royalty as ostensible national ornaments; of the "Ballot Bill," with its two-sided dangers and the consequent pressure of moral bribery under which the workingmen voters live; of the Education Act, which revealed a knitted and selfish opposition to the interests of the working classes—all these subjects, which engrossed the last session of Parliament, and which, from their extreme difficulty, almost swamped the Liberal government, necessarily raised the question whether governments existed for the protection of men or property. It is to be hoped that there will be little occasion for martyrdom in the irresistible march of this movement in England; but I have little doubt that Sir Charles Dilke has the physical courage and moral fortitude to be a martyr if the occasion demands it, and at the same time the manly prudence that leads him to prefer to use his life, rather than offer it as a useless sacrifice to a destructive haste and foolhardy boldness.

Whether the recent agitation, with its excited results, has, on the whole, been advantageous to progress, seems quite questionable to the most radical English mind. I can but be more positive, and say that in bringing the question into the public mouth and before the public ear, it has passed it up from private suffrages to a recognized position, and in this has done great service, even at the price of increased vigilance on the part of the custodians of Conservatism.

Some suggest, at the mention of Sir Charles Dilke's name, that it is no unusual thing for young men to start as Radicals and turn out Conservatives, or at most only Liberals. This may be true, but as yet there has been no

slightest indication that were he placed back at the parting ways he would take a different course. The only possibility for retraction would be to confess error and plead minority in extenuation of his fault. Would it be possible for a young man with his antecedents to do this? But were it so, the outlook for the future would counsel against retreat. He may lose his seat as representative for his own borough, at the formation of a new Parliament, and in that case he may have to wait a few years for a vacancy in some of the Radical manufacturing constituencies, but this would at most only give him a little time, which could be well employed in organizing outside forces. It has been asked why Sir Charles, while endeavoring to supplant inherited influence by individual merit, has not resigned a title which was so recent a gift from the Queen to his father? I cannot answer for him, but we may conjecture that his answer would be, "While titles constitute so strong a leverage in English society, it would be treachery for a man who had a natural hold upon this lever to abandon it."

To see Sir Charles Dilke in ordinary life, no one would think him a hero, much less a martyr. He is too healthy to be observably either conscientious or serious, and there is a boyish overflow of spirits that is liable to be hastily taken for levity. He is full of force; all alive, physically and mentally, but no nerve or muscle is overstrained. Play is nearly as earnest as work; indeed it seems almost a part of work, a part of the legitimate business of life. One moment there is a wholeheartedness in sociability; another, and every nerve is tense with business. There is no half-wayness, neither is there a consciousness of heartiness. It is nature as free from trammels as one often finds it. The very absence of difficulties conceals from you the strength and force of the man. Physique powerful, tastes and appetites normal, brain acute and alert, courage is the necessary outcome; but with an unflinching common

sense, his heroism will always be directed to ends worthy of his steel. There is a delight in simple activity, but he would invariably demand results, and with a consciousness of power, only marked ends seem to him worthy of himself. He will come out ahead of his associates, not because he cares so much to be ahead, as that nothing short of that seems to him a creditable attainment. His large and varied capacity cannot be called genius, particularly if genius means immense and intense aspiration for things in the way of which stand insuperable difficulties. One would never expect to hear of him that in infantile days he cried for the stars. The impossible would be beyond the possibility of his wishing. What is not impossible, he works at with will and hope, as though nothing were really in the way. Difficulties are not obstacles, any more than work is idleness. We may hope

he is not over-sensitive; in this he has the advantage of a national trait, as well as of sound digestion. Dilke is not yet an orator, and one can scarcely see why he is so little of an orator, except from that absence of enthusiasm that yields to the influence of the moment. Whether he has a talent for organization and command, remains to be seen; that he came so prominently into official position in the University debating club, would give some indication of this. A leader is needed. Of the three men who stand in the boldest front, Professor Fawcett is exempted by his natural infirmity; Peter Taylor has passed the age when ambition drives a man to his highest possibilities; and of Dilke we can only say, he has capacity, courage, and ambition, and if his public career is not highly honorable and eminently successful, he will discount the best promises with the best underwriters a young man can give.

Mary E. Beedy.

ABOUT BOOKS.

In the good old times, a man who wrote a book, took his life in his hands. It was as necessary to make a will before embarking on the perilous sea of letters, as it was before undertaking a journey of a hundred miles by stage. Our simple-hearted ancestors had rather unpleasant ways of expressing disapproval of a book. Among others, the story of one individual, unfortunate enough to be an author, has come down to us. It was after the invention of printing, and he was an English lawyer. He wrote a book against theatres and other places of amusement. One unlucky sentence in it could be tortured to appear a little disrespectful to the Queen. Of course the British Lion was at once aroused, and the wise and astute Dogberrys of the press set themselves to

discover other abominations. After due study and deliberation, the book was decided to be a sarcasm on the government—a fearful crime!—and its author was sentenced thus: First, his book to be burned by the common hangman; second, the author to be expelled from Oxford, and from the bar; third, to pay a fine of five thousand pounds; fourth, to stand for two days in the pillory, and have each day an ear cut off; fifth, to be imprisoned for life.

One of the gentle judges, in his loyal indignation, wanted to have the fine doubled, though it already exceeded the poor victim's fortune; and still more—his nose slit and his forehead branded!

Accustomed as we are to seeing multitudes of books, and regarding them,

not as a luxury, but a necessity, we can scarcely realize the state of things before the age of printing, when five books constituted a splendid private library, and ten a truly regal collection. The great multiplication of books naturally followed the invention of printing; but it is curious to trace the history of these dear comforts of our daily life in the dark days preceding that era. The first books were written, letter by letter, by a graver, a pen, or a sharp needle. The ancient Egyptians made use of smooth flat stones, on which the letters were engraved. After these solid records came the use of dressed and prepared skins of animals, and later still, certain plants. The Chinese wrote on dried leaves of plants, and to this day they have a sacred tree, the leaves of which are used only for religious subjects. The Hindoos used the dried leaves of the palm tree, and pricked the letters in with a sharp needle. Papyrus—from which is derived the name paper—was extensively used. It is a water plant, and was prepared in this way: The stem being soaked in water, was unrolled in thin layers, and dried. Several of these thin sheets were pasted over each other, with the fibre running different ways, to add to its strength, and the whole smoothed with a polishing stone. The paper thus prepared was written on with a pen made of a reed, and ink made of lampblack.

The material of ancient books was not more curious than the form. The Hindoos cut their leaves into strips a little more than an inch wide, and perhaps a foot long, with a hole punched in the middle. To bind the book they had only to gather up the leaves, string them on to a string, add a cover made of thin boards, the same shape, and tie the whole together. There is a serious disadvantage in this method of binding: every time the book is read it must be unbound and unstrung. The books of papyrus were not much more convenient. They were made into rolls and tied up, each

roll with a tag containing its title. Sometimes several sheets were pasted together in one long leaf, a yard wide and fifty yards long. Looking over a book in those days must have been a serious business. Another curious thing about these ancient books was the absence of spaces between the words. Dividing into words was the first improvement; then followed punctuation marks, and finally paragraphs and chapters.

Book-making, and especially book-binding, was in its glory in the Middle Ages. At that time nearly every man was a knight, prowling over the world for adventures, or a monk, dreaming his life away in a monastery. It was the favorite occupation and the only delight of these learned recluses, to print and ornament books; and it was no uncommon thing for one to devote his whole life to the illumining of one volume. To their years of loving faithful labor we owe our rarest treasures of books. Book-making was not then the mechanical business it is now. Every word was carefully written, and every initial letter at the beginning of chapter and paragraph was painted in some fantastic or grotesque design; the whole text was richly and profusely illustrated with sketches of the scenes described; graceful vines ran through the margins, twining round the words, adorned with delicate flowers, birds, and angels, and quaint figures of men and animals, all most exquisitely executed in colors and gilt.

Every large monastery had a room called the *Scriptorium* devoted to the use of the book-makers; and the monks carried ink-pot and pen-case suspended to their girdles. The ink-pot was made of horn, and the pen-case of leather, ornamented, and baked very hard.

The covers were fully as costly and elegant as the books themselves. It was almost as much work to bind a book as it is now to build a house. They had heavy hinges, guards, and clasps; gold and precious stones were

freely used, and in everything but size they were suitable to be church-doors. A book of prayer, in a Paris collection, is a beautiful specimen. Each cover resembles a picture in a frame. The picture—representing the crucifixion—is of pure gold, with the figures pressed up from the inside, and delicately chased on the outside. The frame is thick set with jewels in different designs, and in each corner is a small picture in colored enamel. Running over the whole is an exquisitely delicate vine of gold wire.

For the use of students, and for church service, bindings were less costly, though ivory carvings were often inserted in the corners. Sometimes they were of odd shape, such as a book of devotion in the shape of a heart. A more substantial binding in use for law-books and books of record, was of heavy boards, with a hole in one corner to hang it up by—shelves being unnecessary where books were so scarce that those intended for the public to read were chained to their places. Some of these wooden covers were so heavy, that to let one fall was to endanger the breaking of a limb. Petrarch was so injured by the fall of one of them that it was feared his leg would have to be amputated. This famous book is now in a library in Italy.

One of the most beautiful of ancient books is—or was before the war—in Paris. It is called *The Book of Hours*, and is written in letters of gold, on purple parchment, and bound in red velvet. It was given to a French city by one of the Emperors, and was—in those days—a royal gift.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, book-covers were embroidered on velvet and silk, with gold and silver thread; and the royal fingers themselves did not disdain the graceful occupation. For, as every man was a warrior or a monk, so every woman was a needle-worker or a nun. Books were so valuable in those days that they were disposed of by will, and bought and sold in the presence of witnesses, to

ensure a title. One volume was considered sufficient reading for a year. In English monasteries, the librarian once a year opened his collection, and gave to each monk one book, with which he must content himself for a year.*

A greater contrast can hardly be presented, than between the ancient and modern ways of book-making: on the one hand the dreamy monk, spending the spare hours of years, often a whole life, in carefully and lovingly forming every letter and adornment, while the worker in gold and precious stones slowly and skilfully fashions a worthy dress for the treasure; on the other, the unlettered ink-fingered type-setter, with paper hat on, whistling a street ditty as he sets up the copy, amid the noise and confusion of the press-room and bindery. Then, everything was done quietly and leisurely, by the hands of man, and every book was a special work; now, iron fingers and nerves of steel do most of the labor, and one book is merely a small item of the thousands that are finished in a day.

Perhaps it will be interesting to follow the various processes that make loose sheets of printed paper into snugly bound books—in our day. They come from the printer in the shape of large sheets of paper, with oblong blocks of printing at regular intervals, and broad white stripes between. They go first to the folders, usually girls, armed with wood or ivory paper-folders, whose business it is to fold the sheet so that each page of printing will come in its proper place, with the margins all the same width. The book is called "folio," "quarto," etc., according as each sheet is folded once, twice, or more. The next process is the arrangement of the sheets for the future book, so that the pages will come right. Mistakes in this process, such as misplacing or leaving out a sheet, are exceedingly annoying, as every reader knows. The third operator is a girl at a sewing-machine.

The machine does n't sew, however; it merely holds the bands while the girl sews. These bands, which are the real back-bone of the book, are held tight, up and down, while each sheet is sewed on by passing a needle through. If the bands are intended to lay up on the back, these sheets are simply sewed on; if intended for a flat back, notches are sewed in the back of the pile of sheets, and each band lies in a notch. When all are sewed on, the girl takes it out of the machine, leaving the ends of the bands to hold on the covers. Next are put on the end-papers, white or fancy-colored leaves, to line the covers, and precede the white leaves. The back of the book—for it now begins to look like a book—is then covered with glue, rounded up by pounding, and put between boards to press. The back is pounded again while in the press, to spread it, and make it as wide as the rest of the book will be when the covers are on. Cutting is the next operation, and is done at one blow, by the descent of a sharp knife. Then it is ready for the mill-board covers, which are glued to the ends of the bands. Next the edges of the leaves are gilded, colored, or marbled, and the head-band put on. The head-band, uninitiated reader, is the little strip of silk,

or cardboard worked over with silk, put across the back, to hide where the leather of the cover turns over. These are glued to the back, and now the book is ready for its outside dress. If it is to be of leather, it is first cut to the proper shape, wet, and the inside covered with glue. Then it is carefully pressed on to the mill-board covers, and the edges turned over. The end-papers are glued over the raw edges, and the book bound up between boards to dry. Nothing now remains but the finishing, which consists of the lettering on the back, and the ornamental designs on the back and sides. A great deal of artistic labor has been expended on this branch, and many of the results are exquisite. Patterns which are merely pressed into the leather are stamped in by a stamping-machine, with hot brass stamps. The gilt patterns are first covered with the white of eggs and olive oil, the gold leaf laid on, and stamped as before. The surplus gold leaf is brushed off, and the book is ready for the shelf.

Perhaps there is no more difference between ancient and modern book-making than there is between ancient and modern books. The books of the ancients have come down to us, their lustre undimmed by time; how many of ours will live so long?

Olive Thorne.

THE SCIENCE OF LYING.

THE scientific tendency of our age is very marked. It is witnessed in the general demand for enlarged scientific and more circumscribed classical courses in our colleges. It is seen in the character of our libraries, public and private. Aristotle and Pliny are supplanted by Spencer and Darwin and Huxley. Our ordinary newspaper literature wears a scientific lustre in place of the old classic gild-

ing so common to the political writings of the earlier part of the century. Everything in mind or nature assumes the forms of science, even when principles are absent.

In deference to this general tendency to scientific distribution, we have investigated philosophically that most practiced and least understood of all the sciences—the science of lying. The subject is treated from a scientific,

not from an ethical standpoint. Nor is it discussed with regard to its relative utility, though, as a question of mere expediency, all will agree that "honesty is the best policy."

Most people tell lies as they eat or sleep — not reflecting how they came to it, and forgetting it as soon as done. But if one will falsify, it may be doubted whether this is the wise or safer course. It certainly is not the philosophical method. It is better for the progress of human development that men should bring a scientific spirit to all their thought and labor. The knowledge of truth is the end of human thought — the goal of human activity; and if a lie is ever profitable, there is a true and a false method of constructing it. Certainly, we should understand the general characteristics of an ingenious falsehood in order that we may provide for our own protection. Besides, we have inherent a love of rhythmical proportions, flowing lines, symmetry and harmony of contour; and if a falsehood is to be constructed, why should not the edifice illustrate the taste, the science, and the genius of the architect?

As rhetoric is defined to be the science and art of persuasive speaking, so may lying be defined to be both the science and art of deception. It is better known, however, as an art than as a science; for it is more practiced than understood, and has not yet been reduced to systematic and well-digested relations. The reason is obvious. Most falsehoods are told without premeditation — that is, when the authors are caught in ambush and by surprise. Hence, their precipitancy and their ignorance of the science lead them into perplexing dilemmas, in order to escape which it becomes necessary to fabricate anew, to patch up the old myth and give it the roundness and symmetry of truth. This is why "one lie begets another."

With many, lying is simply a careless, thoughtless habit; with a few, it is a love; with some it is an accident

— almost. The lie is uttered almost before they are conscious of it. The second class is an apparent anomaly in human nature — a study for an Emerson, a Darwin, or Diogenes. In its ordinary interpretations of human nature, the ethical spectroscope does not reveal any other autographic lines similar to theirs. They have no clear idea to utility; and, to borrow the idiom of philosophy, there seems to be no sufficient reason why they should lie rather than otherwise. They will tell a lie when there is not the least apparent demand for it, when there is no motive, no design, no aspiration or disgrace which need to be concealed. It is equally curious and instructive to observe the repose of their countenances, the shadows of thought flitting across their features, their interior illumination, as they utter a falsehood with the happy grace and easy serenity of meek-eyed truth.

The object of a lie is to conceal something done or to be done, its ultimate cause being the fear of shame or disappointment which would result from the discovery of the truth. If every man's mind were as an open book, to be read by whoever might please, there would be little cause for lying; and if people knew how much better the truth would almost always subserve them, there would be little lying even now,—for a comprehensive survey of all the circumstances will almost invariably demonstrate that the truth is far less hazardous than a lie, with the danger of detection, and all its contingent perils.

Anything by which one wilfully misleads or deceives, is a lie. It may be an act, or word, or inaction, or silence. It must be wilful and it must be intended to deceive. The most skilful lie is the most perfect similitude of truth. The farther it is from the semblance of truth, the less likely is it to deceive. Every lie has truth for its background, near or remote; and it is in putting it forward, in its dazzle and pomp, to form the picture, that the

falsehood consists. The most unblushing lies are generally also the most unscientific. It is by the brilliancy of their effrontery and their total lack of science that we are often imposed upon, because we imagine that so palpable a falsehood would never have been palmed off by a man of sense. In our busy whirl of thought and activity, we give no time for the contemplation and reflection, a moment of which would have easily discovered the deception that had been practiced. But such falsehoods generally escape detection by accident, if at all; and they rarely go long unrevealed. It is not such blunderbusses of falsehood that we are most to fear. The scientific architect of falsehood requires our sharpest vigilance. Unctious and unostentatious, his fictions contain elements of truth in order to ensure credence and deception. They are compounded of truths and probables, or at least of possibles; and they so put forward the ingredient of verity as that it shall attract observation and reflect about the whole an air of credibility. They never contain anything in its nature impossible, unless the intended victims of deception have been prepared by previous instruction to regard it as in the order of natural or divine things. This is the method of the religious imposter — the historic liar, the Mahomet. Thus men have a genius for lying, as well as for poetry or painting. This sublime genius of Mahomet constitutes his title to immortality. Magnificent lying has, in a large measure, contributed to the glory of France in arms. While French literature predominated over civilization, French heroes were the most splendid, French genius the most exuberant and versatile, French ideas the purest and loftiest. France was ruled twenty years by a fiction too immense and dazzling to be detected by the world at large. Thus has magnificent lying, as well as eloquence and martial genius, given to deeds and men and nations a temporary glory.

Our commonplace, every-day liar

displays his nescience chiefly in this: that his story is not a judicious compound of the true and the false. The lie he tells is often a mixture of improbables. He weaves the whole tapestry out of fictitious warp and woof. He does not blend the golden threads of truth with the texture. It is all dark and enigmatical and incredible. The scientific lie contains the false only so far as is indispensable, with the greatest possible intermingling of truth. But our tyro at falsifying reverses the rule by interblending the least possible truth with the most possible of the false. In the ingenious falsehood, all the details consist, as far as may be, of the truth with its distinctive forms and colorings; for though, at best, the falsehood cannot display the finish, the rounded beauty, and the chaste features of truth, yet its defects will either be obscured or unseen amid the general harmony and purity of the outline. Thus the observer, beholding the general atmosphere of fidelity clothing the invention, would probably accept the whole and quiet his suspicions, if any remained, with the consolatory maxim that "truth is stranger than fiction."

But people do not devote as much study, as much science and philosophy, to deception as to the truth. Most people profess the search after truth, and they are mostly sincere. The greatest liar that ever lived, somebody has said, every day tells more truths than falsehoods. All admire the truth — even those who think it more to be admired than followed. All worship truth. Philosophy is replete with maxims full of wisdom and poetry, all extolling in sleek phrase the serene beauty and dignity of truth. Thus it is that truth gets all the incense and the adoration, even though she has not all the followers. It is happy for our kind that it is so. If man gave to lying and deception a fraction of the study, the genius and enthusiasm which truth obtains, we should be scarcely able to distinguish the true

from the false. As it is, our liars are generally unphilosophical and unstudied. They daub a falsehood over with cheap ephemeral colors, trick her out with immodest charms, and thus, by the very brilliancy of her false beauty, attract criticism and detection. She does not shine with the soft, pure effulgence of truth, with her inimitable freshness and bloom. Her brilliancy is artificial and laid in fading colors.

She is made to order and, almost invariably on short notice, and so does not display the grace, the perfection, the naturalness of truth. The inevitable result is that what with his nescience and his haste, the liar is almost universally recognized as such; and his lies deceive nobody but himself, by inducing him to suppose his deception is generally successful, when it is generally a failure.

W. L. Penfield.

A GLIMPSE.

AT an open casement,
Underneath the eaves,
Where the interlacement
Of the jasmine leaves
Parts, there sits a maiden,
Singing as she weaves.

Into the dim distance
Of the misty skies,
With her whole existence,
Long she turns her eyes;
Time is but a shadow
In her paradise.

"Earth is full of pleasance;"
Even as she sings
Comes an unseen presence,
Thought, on folded wings;
And her wheel is silent,
Hushed her murmurings.

What does she discover
In the boundless space?
Is it a true lover,
Come to win her grace?
Look! the crimson flushes
On her royal face!

O my happy maiden!
Do not gaze too deep
Into what is hidden;
For the skies may weep,
And the blue of morning
May not always keep.

G. E. Wright.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AND THE PLAY OF "MACBETH."

THERE was a time, not long gone by, when there was a standing reproach against America that she had produced no grand artists, whether the material of representation was marble, canvas, or, more plastic than either, burning passionate words. The crudities that come of laborious unrest and ferment, had not commenced to be clarified. Our civilization suffered the charge under protest, yet with a sullen acknowledgment of its justice. The same unconquerable energy, however, that fused and moulded the social clans, the isolated aptitudes, and the untrained aspirations of a congeries of colonies, as the United States practically remained till within the last quarter of a century, into a vast national organism, teeming with the finer products of culture, has also silently and healthily ripened into genuine æsthetic power. It is not until a people commences to subside into the clear serenity of accomplished results—the triumph of violent strength at rest because it has attained its purpose—that it can see reflected in its bosom the bright images of nature. Time and taste for introspection must precede a national love and demand for art in its various forms. Our seed-time in this regard has not long since past, yet the harvest has commenced to ripen already with a tropical fervor. The jubilee of feelings with which the American contemplates his nation's greatness, yields no sweeter fruit than the thought that in the domain of the "fine arts" she proudly contests the palm with the older nations of Europe. In that family of pursuits which aim to give bodily form to the combined energies of intellect and imagination, to project the harmonies of thought in the harmonies of sensible representation, the histrionic art in many respects stands foremost. It is true that its triumphs are as evanescent as the gilded glories of sunset, the mere blazonry of a brief hour; they can be perpetuated only in tradition. Yet

the dramatic artist, to approach the ideal possibilities that shine on the heights of his profession, must possess the painter's eye for color and grouping; the sculptor's plastic power in each successive *pose* of the figure; the poet's imagination to conceive and realize each dramatic creation; even more than the orator's ardent sympathy and self-forgetfulness; and, underlying all these, must exist a profound and searching analytic faculty to lay bare the secret of power in each character-conception. The rarity of very great actors illustrates how exceptional it is to find these diverse forces crystallized in one superb genius. When it is found, the world bows down before the high priest of one of God's mysteries.

We have many fine actors in the United States, but there are only three who can be justly credited with that consummate force to which we give the name of genius: Edwin Forrest, Joseph Jefferson, and Charlotte Cushman,—the first of these now in his decadence. Of the latter it is no flattery to say, that she is the greatest of living *tragediennes*, the legitimate successor of Mrs. Siddons in the sublimer walks of the drama. To Miss Cushman must be conceded a higher pedestal in her own peculiar art, than has been attained by any other American in his or her sphere of the related arts. For this lady has wrought out results absolutely unique and peculiar of their kind. That our Chicago public have only been able to witness Miss Cushman's interpretations on the reader's platform, has both its advantages and disadvantages. The imagination misses the scaffolding, by which it is helped, through sensuous agents, to build up a perfect illusion for itself. But it has also been spared the possible shocks that grate on the refined taste by the friction of an incompetent support. A still more potent consideration is, that in case of the "reading interpreter" the conception is absolutely

harmonious throughout. A great drama is necessarily complicated in its mutual effects of character. The various personages modify each other's actions and thoughts in the creations of the mimic stage, no less than on the stage of society. Thus it is easy to conceive how there may be a palpable discord, even where the principal rôles are rendered by actors of genius. In the Shakespearian drama the danger is greater than elsewhere. The vast play and the intensity of the action, whether in the individual personage of the play or the interdependence of the separate movements; the Protean suggestiveness of the phenomena of thought latent in the soliloquies—those painted windows through which Shakespeare gives us startling glimpses of the souls of his people,—allow such varied scope for the theories of each student, that the desire for individuality in acting does not fail to rule. An acted drama, under its best conditions, is sometimes to be compared to a noble orchestra without the *baton* of a conductor to unify the individual interpretations of the performers. The "reader" is enable to steer clear of this shoal, and to present to the audience a translation of character, symmetrical in all its parts, where each figure of the drama is rigidly subordinated to a sense of harmony. To enjoy this supreme advantage, all else may be dispensed with. We believe that judicious and thoughtful students of the mighty dramatist were entitled to feel that the illumination of Shakespeare's thoughts by the flame of Miss Cushman's genius was fully as satisfying to critical demands when burning on the reading platform as on the crowded and gorgeous stage.

The climax of her power, as lately exhibited among us, was in her "Macbeth" reading. Her genius here winged its dizziest flights; yet here, above all her other readings, she has laid herself open to criticism. Before specifically analyzing her conception of the Shakespearian meaning, a clearer light may be shed on the path by some consideration of the general conditions of the drama.

Critics, with an almost unanimous voice, agree on "Macbeth" as the consummate fruit of the author's genius. The *ensemble* of the play is one of the most terrible of

all the pageants ever conjured up from the infinite possibilities of life by the glamour of imagination. From the opening scene, where the great magician wields his wand and summons from the "vasty deep" those wonderful shapes of mystery, in the spell of whose presence we feel transfixed and awe-stricken, to the close of the crowded tragedy, where the conscience-smitten murderer yields his life and crown in the hurly-burly of conflict, the action knows no pause or break in the logic of its intensity. Each scene is foreshadowed in its predecessor; and though Shakespeare shows his customary contempt for the nominal unities of time and place, the internal coherence is perfect in truth and symmetry. The appeal made to the love of sensation, the mere gross capture of the imagination by an unbroken series of horrors, linked together with the inexorable sternness of an ancient Greek drama, where the sufferers are chained in the bonds of destiny, is something appalling. But this is the least powerful feature of the tragedy. Underneath the rigid dictates of a crime-loving and avenging Nemesis, the play of free will, the surge and storm of passion, love, devotion, and remorse, sweep with a wild yet logical fury that almost baffles analysis yet instantly commands the sympathy of the intellectual conscience. The inner harmony of the complex movement is simply without a match in dramatic literature. The character of Macbeth, which has been the subject of much needless controversy, seems to be one of the most unmistakably depicted of any of the Shakespearian conceptions. With the same art of detail so characteristic of the author, he puts the earliest revelation of her husband's nature in the mouth of Lady Macbeth, who would naturally know her partner best. When she receives the letter announcing Macbeth's encounter with the witches and the terrible ambition by it, she says:

"Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk o' human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What wouldst thou
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
Yet wouldst wrongly win.
—— Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round."

Here we have the picture of the ambitious yet weak man, guiltily looking toward a criminal end, yet hampered by the ties of affection, loyalty, and gratitude, from its attainment. Lady Macbeth's comment on the letter, too, indicates that her husband had already broached his ambition to be Duncan's successor. The wife's rapid feminine intellect sprang from cause to effect in an instant, like an arrow from the bow, and clearly recognized the means that must be taken. That was an age of crime, rapine, violence. Bloodshed was the normal means by which results were to be reached. The moral sensibilities were blunted, and the conscience had been educated to think with cool indifference of deliberate and revolting cruelties. The historic features of the age, in which Shakespeare frames the play, must be regarded in making a critical estimate of his meaning. A century and a half later, when Froissart held up such a perfect mirror to the life of his generation, we find the gallant chronicler recording in terms of *native* admiration deeds done by his heroines in cold blood, that fill the modern soul with horror. If such was the case in the chivalric age of Edward the Third, when the refining influences had commenced to soften manners, what must it have been prior to the Norman Conquest? In Lady Macbeth's case, then, it is natural to assume that the intense love of the wife for her husband, her woman's ambition for his supreme greatness, (the dramatist does not put a word in her mouth indicating any selfish motive,) should crowd out every other thought. Nothing is developed in the conception throughout but the loving woman. All her words and actions bear this imprint of feminine devotion and unselfishness. It is indeed a resolute, powerful nature, yet never aught but womanly. Indeed, further on, as if conscious of natural weakness, she cries in an agony of self distrust:

"Come, come, you spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here."

The evident assumption is that there is need of supernatural aid to effect this change.

Her stern purpose in keeping up Macbeth to the high pitch of his fell design is clearly the outgrowth of a woman's love—a resolve that no weakness of his shall mar the perfect result which is to be for his benefit. Another glimpse of this consciousness of feminine weakness is given in the fact that she herself, to stimulate her faltering heart, partakes of the "posset" with which she had drugged the wits of Duncan's guards:

"That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;

That which hath quenched them, hath given me fire."

Shakespeare reveals the same truth in many subtle ways; in none more so than in the fact that after the murder is done, the end obtained, all that seems fierce and harsh in Lady Macbeth's character is melted like frost before the sun. The tender comforter and nurse, the self-denying consoler (who covers up the ravages of remorse in herself, that ultimately end in death by a broken heart,)—what is she but a woman in her truest attributes? Dramatic art would recoil from the idea of making Lady Macbeth a repulsive being. Her crime is therefore dignified by its utter unselfishness of purpose. We recognize her, not as a criminal but as a heroine. After Macbeth has murdered Duncan, his grosser, and harder nature wades deep in blood without compunction. Lady Macbeth henceforth retires from the council of crime. As an accomplice in the murder, she had wound up her strength to its highest criminal capacity, under the impulse of a passion superior to all others. She then droops and fades like a flower in an unwholesome atmosphere. The reaction has relaxed her nature, and what strength remains is consecrated to the purest womanly function. In such strongly marked distinctions, drawn with a myriad of subtle loving touches, do we see the marvellous insight of the great master of the human heart. His purpose is so clearly evidenced that it seems astonishing how it could be mistaken. How carefully he guards against the possibility of the genesis of disgust and repugnance to the heroic, suffering, but guilty woman, by making her part one of the shortest in all his plays, and shrouding her end in the deepest pathos and melan-

choly! The student of "Macbeth," recognizing these facts, has the key-note of its power, to which the whole action of the play is perfectly tuned. Mrs. Siddons — in her day the greatest of Lady Macbeths — was one of the first to conceive this general idea of the drama. Her idea of Lady Macbeth was that of a fair-haired, gentle woman, of blonde complexion, exceedingly soft and feminine in manner. She dressed and acted the character accordingly. The intensity of her rendition was in the all-absorbing affection for Macbeth, that subordinated every sentiment of feminine pity to the one forceful emotion of the heart. Even when she bullied and taunted her vacillating husband for infirmity, the paramount fact was still raised above all the conditions of the drama, as if cut in *bas relief*.

Miss Cushman's conception of both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth is essentially original in many points, yet, like all symmetrical growths, is rooted in the past. That past seems to be, in the present case, the tradition of Mrs. Siddons's acting. The two characters of Macbeth and his queen are strictly correlative. This supplementary union is vividly suggested in Miss Cushman's reading. We cease to marvel how a woman, even of great genius, can differentiate herself in two widely different conceptions, so as to meet all the rapid changes in voice, accent, inflection, and facial movement. Physical gifts and training will account for much; the perception of the correlative truth of the characters subtends what is left. No one can clearly understand the one conception as given in Shakespeare's marvellous synthesis, without an equally lucid recognition of the other. It is plain, then, how one conception covers both, as the perfectly fitting halves of the whole. When Macbeth is weak, vacillating, and scrupulous, logically working out the crime and its consequences that through the darkness of the future like a troop of direful phantoms, his wife leaps to the result with a woman's directness, and buries all future thought in the mere idea of attainment. Her aspiration for Macbeth's greatness blinds her intellect and drugs her conscience. So on through the whole of the tragic story, we find the per-

fect complement of motives in the characters respectively. Miss Cushman agrees with her great prototype in assuming the Shakespearian idea of Lady Macbeth to have been a perfectly feminine one. What, then, is the central law which formulates her conception as an original thought?

Let the reader take up his copy of Shakespeare, and turn to the murder scene in "Macbeth." After the ambitious Thane staggers from the scene of his crime, wringing his blood-stained fingers in wild frenzy of feeling, Lady Macbeth joins him in the court. The criminal gives vent to his horror-stricken thoughts in rambling, broken fragments of talk, like a man in a dream. His imagination is absolutely *bloodshot* with the nightmare horrors of the murder-chamber. The memories of even slight noises creep and thrill in his fancy with phantasmal terrors. The ejaculations of innocent men, babbling in their sleep, deepen into the knell of doom, instinct with weird supernatural significance. Each simple trifle has become the boisterous protest of universal nature in her sleepless vigil, and reverberates through the murderer's brain like the clash of a ponderous bell. So far we all can recognize the *motif* of the dialogue. *But Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth goes a step further. She instantly concludes that Macbeth has gone mad under the complicated strain of working himself up to the crime and then executing it, and her manner reveals that she knows it.*

The horrors of that revolting crime have toppled his reason from its seat, and all his faculties are suspended in an awful stupor. She seeks to sting him into self-possession, urging him to return and complete his work, to carry back the daggers and smear the faces of the drunken grooms with blood. Macbeth says:

"I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not."

Lady Macbeth, *log.*:

"Infirm of purpose,
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt."

Miss Cushman's reading of the dialogue is

a magnificent revelation of her conception. When Macbeth commences to rave with the air-drawn horrors of his fancy, the start of agony and the stricken face reveal the fearful suspicion that has taken possession of her mind. His punishment has already commenced, and with it her's — the thought that her husband has become a madman. She reads the lines last quoted, knowing that her husband was dazed. Feeling that at that critical emergency he must be brought back to his normal state, at least temporarily, she appeals to his manly shame, threatening to go herself. Yet another feeling is displayed in Miss Cushman's rendition. The conventional mode of giving the passage is in a bold, fearless, audacious tone. The conception we are considering emphasizes the presence of womanly weakness. Lady Macbeth feels that something must be done. She herself fears to go to the blood-desecrated chamber. She seeks by a natural and common intellectual artifice to reassure her own trembling heart. If worst comes to worst, and she must go to that hideous scene, she will at all events strengthen herself by repeating the words aloud, in the hope to convince herself that "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures," etc. Miss Cushman's voice and look reveal her mental terrors eloquently. Her heart can be heard to beat in her quivering questioning tones. When she has plucked up the daring to accomplish the important mission, the awful knocking at the gate occurs — the knocking which brings before their minds the objective entirety of the crime and its long train of consequences. It has commenced to pass from their private knowledge. The thousand ears and eyes of the world are about to claim that crime as a common possession, and society will soon ring with the deed of midnight darkness. As she urges her palsied husband to retire, her manner is infinitely caressing and tender. In the strength of her love, she has partly recovered from her own fears, and the sole thought is to soothe and guard the shivering criminal. Subsequent to this, the *rôle* of Lady Macbeth is "pure womanly," to protect the insanity of her husband. This is particularly noticeable in the banquet scene, where Macbeth raves in such a par-

oxysm at the apparition of Banquo. Lady Macbeth's excuse to the guests — one in which she evidently believes, too, for she sees no ghost — is that he is insane. She speaks of the fit as "a thing of custom." So long as Macbeth is with her, and she is exercised in her wifely duties of watching and soothing, she does not sink under her own complicated sufferings. But when the King goes to the field, her occupation is indeed gone, and she yields slowly but fatally under the malady of a breaking heart. Miss Cushman's reading of the lines, as also every detail of her action, illustrate the foregoing as her peculiar analysis of the drama. The theory is an intensely dramatic one, and affords a field for effects of an almost unparalleled force. But we cannot concede that there is any *prima facie* evidence in the play that such was Shakespeare's purpose in writing it. It is not necessary to assume this, to account for every word and action in the play. In a theory of art, as well as in scientific investigation, nothing should be assumed but what is absolutely necessary to fill some hiatus. Remorse and fear, the natural illusions of the imagination filled with frightful images of the past, are enough to account for Macbeth's words and deeds without the assumption of insanity. Medical jurisprudence in Shakespeare's day had not made the subtle, hair-splitting distinctions which our modern jury trials so often bring out. As Polonius puts it in "Hamlet":

— "For to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?"

To suppose that the dramatist had such a conception, is not warranted. This, however, is in justice to be said: A cold literary criticism of a play, and the conception of it as *seen* by the imagination of the actor in the searching and terrible light of complete absorption in a *rôle*, start from widely different points, and reach their conclusions by different processes. The sum total and harmony of the effects wrought must furnish the *rationale* of the histrionic problem. Both the musical composer and the dramatic author must take the individual interpreters into confidence and say: We have given you the outlines and the groundwork: you must work out

sensible effects that will thrill the soul of humanity with great thoughts, deep emotions, love of the true and beautiful, hatred of the false and ignoble. The interpreter who flings such a spell of sympathy over the minds of the audience, is great; and no other, however rigid and logical his

analysis. Miss Cushman creates a grand and vivid realization in the dramatic embodiment of her theory; and whether or not it be in a formal sense the true revelation of the Shakespearian mind, the incarnation of the idea is superb.

George T. Ferris.

PARKS AND BOULEVARDS IN CITIES.

THE history of the New York Central Park affords many useful lessons to other cities contemplating ornamental improvements of a similar character, which are not obvious to a casual observer, and some of which possess a special value and interest for the new and growing cities of the West. That park has proved such a marked success—not only in all that its advocates hoped from it as a magnificent work of art, but as an investment which has yielded a direct revenue in the form of increased valuation of taxable property in its vicinity—that other cities are very apt to overlook some of the circumstances which were peculiar to the case, and at the same time to attach undue weight to results which are not likely to be repeated elsewhere. On the other hand, the opportunity is yet open to many cities of less mature growth to secure advantages which the Central Park fails to supply, and which New York must, in all probability, be forever content to forego.

The objects which are held up by the advocates of such improvements in order to secure public approval and sympathy, are chiefly such as relate to the health and happiness of the citizens. It is justly argued that, in the light of modern science, to permit such risk of pestilence and disease as is incurred by want of ventilation in the densely populated districts of many old cities, is a criminal negligence for which the excuse of ignorance can no longer be offered; and that the presence of broad areas of lawn, forest, and water, in the midst of a city, exert a constant and powerful influence in preserving the purity and consequent salubrity of the atmosphere. In addition to this is the moral effect upon the community, arising from the opportu-

nity of relief from the depressing influence of incessant toil amid the din and turmoil of the streets, and of the squalor and filth which pervade the regions where multitudes find their only substitute for home.

It is hardly possible to place too high an estimate upon the value of parks and gardens for both these purposes; but a little reflection will show that they are but partially and imperfectly attained by the creation of such a work as Central Park. As a ventilator and purifier of the atmosphere, it is obviously of no service to the old portions of the city, from which it is four or five miles distant; and as a place of resort for the inhabitants of those districts, it can only be available on an occasional holiday. Experience has proved that even this privilege is highly prized and very generally improved by the laboring classes, who show their appreciation of its attractions by resorting to it on Sundays and holidays, with their families, and give the strongest possible evidence of the delight they experience in escaping from the gloomy streets to revel in the pure air and beautiful scenes of the Park. Doubtless at no very distant time the Park will be literally *central* to the most magnificent portion of the city, which will surround and enclose it, and of which it will constitute the chief ornament and the receptacle of continued contributions of beautiful and wonderful creations of nature and art. But then, as now, it will be seen that it fails to fulfil the object of its creation, to the portion of the city which is most in need of it, and that the benefits to be derived from ornamental grounds of any description within the thickly peopled districts of a city, can only be secured by the exercise of the same species of forethought at an early stage of the city's

existence. If left till the want becomes pressing, relief is hopeless.

In order to secure to every class of citizens the full measure of benefit which is possible and desirable from the existence of public ornamental grounds, it is essential that areas of sufficient extent to form pleasant and attractive resorts for pedestrians, should be located here and there throughout the city, within easy access of the most densely peopled districts, so that they may be within reach for pleasant evening refreshment and rest, when the toils of the day are at an end. It is not necessary that these areas should be of great extent; neither is it desirable that they should be disfigured with absurd imitations of mountains and lakes, or other tasteless decorations, adapted only to a childish fancy. Trees and grass and shrubs and flowers should form the only ornaments; but they should be so arranged as to develop their most attractive features, and should at all times display the health and beauty which can only result from careful keeping. All over the country there are cities which are destined to attain a size compared to which their present proportions are insignificant. The oft repeated experience of older cities should serve to warn them of the risk of postponing the opportunity to secure advantages which in time would be of inestimable value, but which are lost forever if left till the want begins to be felt.

In order to place the matter in an easily comprehensible form, it may be well to consider an ideal case, and try to ascertain what relation the ornamental public grounds of a city should bear to the whole area, and how they should be situated in order to render most efficient service in a sanitary, economic, and æsthetic point of view. One of the most obvious and important functions of boulevards and small parks within the city, is the safety they afford against the spreading of conflagrations. If, as is usually the case, there is peculiar danger in any quarter, owing to the prevalence of high winds at certain seasons, especial provision should be made to guard the most valuable districts, by separating them from the portion of the city lying on that side, by a connected series of broad open gardens or boulevards, planted with

trees. But perhaps the best policy would be, if practicable, to surround the principal business or manufacturing centres with a series of such open spaces, from different points of which boulevards should radiate on the most desirable lines of communication to the outlying suburbs, or to the more spacious parks, which of course must always lie at considerable distance from the business quarters. Such an arrangement would divide the city into sections which would be almost entirely safe from mutual danger in case of fire; the whole city would be provided with a thorough system of ventilation, and the inhabitants of every section would have within easy access a pleasant place of resort for their leisure hours of day or evening. It is hardly necessary to allude to the beauty and attractive interest which the city would derive from the presence, at frequent intervals, of pretty gardens and fine boulevards, or to the superior advantages afforded to the citizens by the opportunity to traverse these fine avenues in their daily transit to and from their business, instead of being obliged to make an excursion to the country in search of a pleasure-drive. If the site of the city comprised topographical features of a decided character—such as hills or bluffs, with corresponding valleys and ravines, or the vicinity of a lake or river, or a distant mountain view,—a skilful landscape architect would not fail to avail himself of the opportunity by adapting the arrangement of the streets to the natural shape of the ground, so as to secure every natural advantage to facilitate drainage, to economize cost of grading, to reserve the best building sites in the most favorable aspect towards the street, and to secure whatever intrinsic or external effect of beauty or picturesqueness the place or its surroundings might offer. Of course the same general principles in regard to the division of the city into sections by means of small parks and boulevards should be observed as in the case of a level site; but the variety and interest arising from the development of the natural characteristics of the situation would be incalculably increased, and the saving of direct and incidental expense and loss, which might thus be secured, is beyond estimate. Those who are familiar

with many of the Western river towns, will recall repeated instances illustrating these principles, where the rectangular system has been adhered to in spite of natural obstacles, and streets have forced a passage up the face of bluffs and across ravines at an enormous cost, while large tracts are rendered almost valueless by being left at the top or the bottom of a precipice. And when it is considered, in addition, that the naturally picturesque features of the situation are necessarily destroyed by such a process, and that tracts which with a little ingenuity of design might have been preserved and converted into exceedingly ornamental features of the town, have been utterly destroyed for such purpose, and converted into unsightly and useless areas, it must be acknowledged that Landscape Architecture, in its application to the arrangement of towns, is not even recognized among us as an existing art. Yet the mere statement which has been given of the possible benefits to be secured or penalties to be incurred by the observance or neglect of certain obvious principles, is enough to prove that it *is* an art, demanding the exercise of skill, judgment, and taste, at least equal to that required for the designing of a building, and often involving problems of a far more varied and intricate character.

We of the West have opportunities and responsibilities in connection with this subject, such as never before were offered to any people. We are opening to the advancing waves of civilization a region larger than the present settled portion of the United States, abounding in mineral, vegetable, and animal wealth, and comprising within its area such a variety of beautiful, picturesque, and sublime natural scenery, as probably no other portion of the earth's surface can show. On us devolves the task of preparing this region for the habitations of a civilized people. It is no longer necessary, as of old, to wait the almost imperceptible growth of the country by the gradual process of individual immigration, before we can decide upon the points which are to be its central depots of reception and distribution. Modern science enables us to enter upon and conduct the work systematically, and, by the exer-

cise of a wise forethought, to secure advantages whose future value may be inestimable. The best sites may be selected; and, being controlled by great corporations, the designs for their arrangement may be prepared before a lot is offered for sale. The modern facilities of transportation and construction have given to the wild and remote sections all the advantages of civilization. Mills, shops, factories, and dwellings, with the population to occupy and run them, may be delivered "to order" at any given point — and, indeed, are ready and waiting to deliver themselves at any point which offers sufficient attractions. The fact that the present and future welfare of the inhabitants had been cared for in the provision of a tasteful and judicious arrangement of the town they were to build up, would surely be a strong attraction to immigration; and it is a method well worth trying, if only as an experiment, as a contrast to the stereotyped rectangular mile-square, with a block left vacant here and there, and labelled "Public Park" — as if human wisdom had exhausted itself in the production of that style of arrangement, and left no chance of further improvement under any possible character of topography or necessity of circumstances.

It is not our present purpose to enter upon a discussion of the obvious difficulties to be encountered in attempting to inaugurate a different system — our object being rather to call attention to the evils which result from working without any design having reference to topographical peculiarities, or in fact to any requirement whatever except that of getting the greatest number of lots out of a given area at the smallest cost for surveying and staking out. If public sentiment can once be fairly aroused to anything approaching a just appreciation of the opportunity which is afforded us, of creating a system of landscape architecture in its application to the arrangement of cities and towns such as no nation ever before enjoyed, and the responsibility devolving upon us in consequence of the momentous issues which for all future time may be dependent upon the use of those opportunities, the means and the ways will be found for securing the desired end.

H. W. S. Cleveland.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

LIVES OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, With notices of its chief Augmentators and other Benefactors. 1570 to 1870. By Edward Edwards. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

There exists probably no institution upon the whole surface of the earth which is so much the centre of attraction to the learned of all lands as the British Museum. From the remotest regions of the globe, the students in the domains of Art and Nature flock to the gigantic structure in Great Russell Street, and those who desire literary information feel under the grand dome of the reading-room the consoling assurance that they will rarely consult the folios of the catalogue in vain, and that their labors will be facilitated no less by the liberality of the institution than the courtesy of its officials. To give the reader some idea of the statistics involved, we will simply state that on a single day (December 26th, 1858), 49,000 visitors crossed the threshold of the Museum; that its expenses for 1866-67 reached the sum of £102,744 sterling; and that the printed volumes on the shelves numbered in January, 1870, over one million and six thousand.

The history of these united collections is a topic that cannot fail to interest a large circle of readers, and for such a one the work of Mr. Edwards has evidently been intended. The author himself possesses many valuable qualifications for his task. He has taken great pains to draw for his material upon entirely original sources, which, in addition to the manuscripts of the Museum itself, consist mainly of Parliamentary Reports. With Messrs. Panizzi, Thomas Watts, John Winter Jones, and J. H. Parry, he was one of the committee which prepared, in the spring of 1839, the plan for a catalogue of the printed works. He has long been acquainted with the most prominent officials of the institution, and especially with those in the Library department. But instead of making the collections themselves the subject of his description, of tracing their origin and growth, he places the personal history of their collect-

ors in the foreground—seduced, no doubt, by the idea that such a stress on the personal element would tend to enliven his labor. But the unity of the plan is thus marred and its whole harmony destroyed. The author, and the reader with him, feel themselves constantly distracted between the biographical interest which attaches to the men to whom we owe this accumulation of manuscripts, books, statues, coins, minerals, etc., and the interest which the objects of their collective industry inspire. The result of this want of method is that both interests, to a certain extent, suffer. When the Sloane Museum is mentioned, we are asked to hear the history of the Courten family, which has very little connection with it. On page 466 we imagine that a treatise on the Third and Fourth Georges is before us. The notice of Sir Joseph Banks, who "was a good neighbor, but no very keen sportsman," may have been of interest to his friends, but is a matter of complete indifference to the reader. In spite of this fundamental error in the design, which is not at all improved by frequent theological digressions, the book of Mr. Edwards deserves the warmest praise.

As an organic institution, the British Museum is little more than a century old, though the history of its component parts extends back over three. Sir Robert Cotton, who in Queen Elizabeth's reign petitioned for the establishment of a national library, must be regarded as the founder of the institution. His costly library was presented to the people in 1700 by John Cotton, and this became the seed of the Museum. In 1731, the Cotton collection narrowly escaped destruction by fire, and nothing saved it but the timely discovery of the danger by Richard Bentley, then its custodian. Of its 958 manuscript volumes, the fire completely consumed 114, while 89 were so seriously damaged that the most careful retouching had not restored many of them as late as 1824. In explaining the political fortunes of Robert Cotton, the author aims at a two-fold vindication of the man. It is well known that nearly

one - third of the Cotton manuscripts consist of State papers, and it is susceptible of proof that most of them were in the possession of the State before they reached Cotton's hands. Cotton had therefore not come honestly by them, and Mr. Brewster has substantiated this charge in his preface to the "Calendar of the State Papers of Henry VIII." The accusation cannot be refuted, and Mr. Edwards evidently feels it himself when he says on page 150 that we should remember that a patriotic statesman, familiar with the secrets of the Court and State archives — and especially under kings like James I. and Charles I. — may have had valid reasons to consider certain important documents safer and more surely the property of the nation by being kept in the house of the Cottons than at Whitehall. The fact that the Cotton collection was seized by the Government proves how strongly their owner was suspected; and if the Royal Commission returned the manuscripts subsequently to the heirs, it is only evidence of the looseness with which the investigation was conducted.

The second vindication concerns Cotton the politician. Later the friend of Pym, Eliot, and other Parliamentary and Puritanical notabilities, he is said to have assured, in 1615, Gondamar, the Spanish ambassador — who exerted an undue influence over the feeble James — of his Catholic loyalty and devotion, and to have played the part of a diplomatic go-between. The proofs on which this charge is based have been discovered by Rawson Gardiner, the historian, among the Gondamar dispatches at Simanca. As Gondamar could have had no reason to tell a falsehood, his words cannot be doubted. Only on a minor point has Mr. Edwards successfully defended Cotton against Gardiner: he proves that the accused never was in Italy.

After Cotton, we are introduced to a far more attractive personage — to that Prince Henry who united a love of science with every knightly virtue, and whose death in the first bloom of his promising youth opened the fatal way to the throne for his brother Charles. Henry's library, mainly made up of Lord Lumley's, is said to have been the nucleus of the old royal collection, which contained already, at the close of

Charles II.'s life, more than 10,000 volumes. This old royal library was not presented to the nation until 1757, the year when George II. performed this gracious act. Five years later a second collection was added, which in a certain sense also owes its origin to the royal encouragement. George Thomason, a famous bookseller of London, was in the habit of collecting almost daily all the pamphlets and fly-sheets to which the stormy period that kindled the war between Charles I. and Parliament gave birth. This collection, known by the name of the "King's Pamphlets," is unique of its kind, and has never yet been fully exhausted. To elucidate its history, we possess a brief notice, supposed to emanate from the pen of Thomason, which is attached to one of the old catalogues, but which Mr. Edwards strangely neglects to mention. For the historian, it is of the highest importance that Thomason should so frequently have marked on the title page of the sheets the exact date of their publication, and thus to have afforded us a chronological direction which the sheets of the Stationers' Company mostly lack. Had Charles I. triumphed, he would undoubtedly have purchased this collection, for it not only included many manuscripts, but covered the whole period between 1641 and 1663. As it was, the collection passed through many vicissitudes and perils during the confusion incident to the civil war. Its owner removed it repeatedly from London; once it was secreted in a warehouse of the city, after which the University of Oxford acquired it by a sham sale. Charles II. had no money to invest in such speculations. At last, after the 33,000 fly-sheets had passed from hand to hand, the heirs of Thomason considered themselves fortunate to dispose of their treasure in 1762, to George III., who paid them £300, and presented the collection to the British Museum. It would be well if we had a better catalogue for it.

The biographies of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Robert, Earl of Oxford, once more plunge us deeply into the political history of the 17th and the 18th centuries, though the chief interest in the collections of these noble noblemen is not a personal one. It may, however, be

mentioned here that Arundel, while on a diplomatic mission in Germany, purchased the Prickheimer library, which contained many valuable manuscripts, whereupon the whole collection came, in 1681, into the possession of the Royal Society; thence it passed, partly by purchase, partly by barter, to the British Museum in 1831. Harley's library, whose manuscripts were bought in 1753 by Parliament for £10,000, includes the legacies of John Stowe, the historian, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Sir Symonds d' Ewes, the well-known member, to whom we are indebted for so much important information about the civil war. When the natural historical Museum of Sir Hans Sloane, Newton's successor in the Presidency of the Royal Society, was added to these treasures in print and manuscript, a store of scientific material had already been laid up which was at that time without a peer anywhere.

The beginning of the British Museum may thus be said to date from the Act of Parliament passed in 1753 "for the purchase of the Museum or Collection of Sir Hans Sloane and of the Harleian Collection of MSS.; and for providing one General Repository * * for the said Collections and for the Cottonian Library and additions thereto." With the removal of these collections to Montague House, in Bloomsbury, the British Museum was an accomplished fact. On the 15th of January, 1759, the institution was dedicated to the public. At first the hours during which the doors were open were few, and the visitors had some difficulty in obtaining tickets. The public was admitted only in small parties, and then taken, in accordance with a certain fixed routine, through the rooms and halls. Those who desired the privilege of study, were restricted by the statutes to a separate apartment, where they could read and write during the hours when the Museum was open.

From such modest dimensions grew up an institution whose unparalleled advantages have been enjoyed by hundreds and thousands since. A rapid extension of the several divisions followed, and new ones were constantly projected. While the different exploring expeditions, such as the journeys of Captain Cook, enriched the

Natural History branch, and the Library received new treasures by the gifts of Thomas Birch, David Garrick, and others, the institution gained a previously undreamed-of importance from the collections of Sir William Hamilton, and especially from his magnificent vases. As might have been foreseen from what we have already stated about the author's manner of treating his subject, Mr. Edwards cannot resist the temptation to inflict upon us here a great deal of biographical literature about Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, etc. Of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition we are told no more than is necessary to understand the earlier history of the Egyptian department and the acquisitions which fell to the share of England by the Alexandria Convention. It was then that the stone of Rosetta was received at French headquarters — then that the celebrated sarcophagi and the other Egyptian antiquities which have revealed to us a new world, came into the hands of the victors. Not long afterward the collections of the Townley family wandered into the halls of the British Museum; but it was not until Lord Elgin had, under strange adventures and difficulties, succeeded in rescuing the marble treasures of Athens from barbarism and the sea, that England could really boast of possessing the most precious remains of antiquity. Least of all could he have foreseen the Quixotic opposition in store for him at home. With infinite trouble he had saved the pride of the Akropolis from the hands of the Turks and the fury of the waves. After his release from a French prison, the folly of his own people branded him as a robber, and even the poet of "Childe Harold" prophesied that Elgin's memory would descend to posterity with that of Erostratus. To cap the climax, the so-called art critics pretended that the sculptures dated only from the days of Adrian, and that Phidias had never worked in marble. But the opinion of Canova, when he saw the "Elgin marbles" at London in 1815, was different. "I can never look enough at them. Though my visit must be necessarily very brief, I devote every spare moment to their contemplation. I admire in them the truth of nature and the beauty of form. Had I come to London solely

to see them, I should be perfectly content-ed." Parliament purchased these marbles for £15,000.

In the mean time the Library had been increased in 1807 by the acquisition of the Landsdowne manuscripts, while the collection of Dr. Burney, added in 1818, not only shone in classic literature, but contained 700 files of English newspapers. When afterwards the library of George III. which excelled in old editions (for instance 36 Caxtons), was given by his successor to the Museum, the necessity of a building worthy of the gift became apparent. With his usual superfluous biographical details, Mr. Edwards speaks of the collections of Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist and traveller, on which occasion he indulges in an attack no less uncalled for than unprovoked, on the mathematicians as a class; of the Egerton manuscripts, noted for their numerous and highly important letters; of the excavation of the Assyrian and Phœnician antiquities; of the *antiques* of Xanthus, Helicarnassus, and Knides; of Grenville's priceless library; of the Eastern writings procured at mortal peril from Syrian convents; and of all these other costly and rare additions which increase year after year the value and size of the different divisions, and especially the Natural Historical. Even the Abyssinian campaign contributed many trophies (or spoils) to this colossal storehouse of Art and Science. It is therefore not surprising that already for some time a want of space has been felt, and the only question is whether it will be advisable to leave so many collections under one roof.

In bringing the whole executive and administrative machinery of the British Museum before the reader, Mr. Edwards very properly emphasizes those officials whose names are associated with its most important improvements and useful labors. In the front rank stand Joseph Planta, Henry Ellis, Thomas Watts, and especially the present Principal Librarian's predecessor, Mr. Panizzi, whose untiring zeal have made the collection what it now is, and whose proudest monument should be the new reading room. A ground plan of this room, with a view of its interior, as well as plans of the different sections of the

structure, constitute a valuable addition to this, in every respect, magnificent work.

THE LAND OF DESOLATION; Being a Personal Narrative of Observations and Adventures in Greenland. By Isaac I. Hayes, M.D., Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the *Société de Géographie*, Paris; author of "The Open Polar Sea," "An Arctic Boat Journey," "Cast Away in the Cold," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book is the result of an expedition undertaken in the interest of his art by Bradford, the well-known marine painter, with a party of friends, to that dismal region which an old navigator once aptly christened the "Land of Desolation." To this party belonged our historian, Dr. Hayes of Arctic fame; and the circumstances under which the vessel reached this bleak and inhospitable coast so vividly reminded him of the ominous name bestowed on it three centuries before, that he concluded to retain it. The most interesting part of the work is perhaps that which treats of the settlements made along the shore, in the ninth and tenth centuries, by the Icelanders. The rise, progress, and decline of these early colonies have always been a puzzle to the learned, and they still form one of the strangest episodes in human history. A whole people dropped, as it were, out of the cognizance of the world, and nothing but a few ruins now indicate that they have ever existed. The most authoritative accounts of this lost nation are those for which we are indebted to Professor Rafu, under the auspices of the Society of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, as well as the labors of the expedition under Graal, made by directions of the Danish Government. Drawings and plans of the ruined churches and other edifices, which were published then, receive further confirmation in the similar representations contained in the book of Dr. Hayes, who not only also recounts the strange story of the extinction of the settlements, but those adventurous voyages recorded in the Sagas, which give to the whole question a specific American interest. Whether the Vinland and Markland of the old colonists were really our New England coast, and whether the pre-

Columbian discovery theory be true or not, this is not the place to discuss. At the same time, we must admit that the affirmative view on both points is steadily gaining adherents among the archæologists, and more especially since Agassiz has shown that the outline of the Cape Cod peninsula once presented a configuration similar to that described in the Sagas.

As a contribution to geographical science the present book has no absolute value, but this is not the author's fault. The last three years have made such rapid progress in Arctic discovery, and especially in relation to our knowledge of Greenland, that Dr. Hayes's information now possesses little interest. Since Bradford's trim steam-yacht ventured into these high northern latitudes, the German North Pole expedition has brought us news of the rich vegetable and animal life found under the 75th degree on the east coast of Greenland, which is all the more surprising when we remember that the southern portion of the coast, opposite to Iceland, is nearly always enclosed by the ice. It was in this ice that the "Hansa," one of the vessels of the expedition, went down. Still more astonishing are the discoveries made in the interior, which strongly indicate that Greenland is an Alpine country, traversed by very lofty mountain ranges, and not the almost uniformly level region it was hitherto believed to be. Deep fiords were met, and these could be followed so far inland as to render it doubtful whether they are not channels of the sea extending to the west coast, in which case Greenland would in reality be a group of islands. Connected with this variously-shaped formation of the soil and development of coast-line, is the rich vegetable and animal life observed from the seaboard far up to the foot of the mountains. Herds of reindeer and of the bison — the latter of which has been supposed confined to the far American north — and a number of smaller animals, were discovered and hunted. Indeed, if all the latest reports which reach us from that part of the world should be confirmed, our maps will have to undergo an entire alteration. An immense region now set down as solid and perpetual ice may have to be obliterated.

In a literary point of view, Dr. Hayes's last performance is not quite equal to some of his earlier writings, especially that perilous boat-journey, when he was a member of Dr. Kane's party. There is a certain straining for effect, and at times a forced humor, that strike the reader as out of place, and detract greatly from the pleasure which the descriptive passages would otherwise confer. The strange and solitary life in those frigid regions, the forbidding aspect of nature, and the dangers which beset those who penetrate the Arctic circle, render the author's occasional levity exceedingly distasteful and irrelevant.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman, author of "The Life and Times of the Rev. S. Wesley, M.A., Father of Revs. J. and C. Wesley." In 3 vols. Vols. I., II. New York: Harper & Bros. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Since Southey wrote his life of Wesley, which was so sharply criticised by Macaulay for lacking philosophic penetration, a good deal of new matter has been discovered, and especially in relation to that narrow escape from an ill-assorted marriage. But though many writers have tried to give us a new and popular account of one of the greatest moulders of men's lives and opinions, none appear to have been quite equal to a task which presents, as we shall presently explain, peculiar difficulties. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the work should finally have been taken in hand by the biographer of the reformer's father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, of Epworth; for the one theme unavoidably suggested the other. In the life of the elder Wesley, Mr. Tyerman — the author of the book before us — had recommended himself to public favor by the comparative newness of the detail and his treatment of the subject matter. If the record of the son's life should not meet with equal success, it will be mainly owing to obstacles and difficulties which we can expect few writers entirely to overcome. A subject so much written about requires, of course, the highest literary skill in the treatment; and this is what Mr. Tyerman unfortunately lacks. The disclosure of great novelty

might have been some compensation; and he seems to feel sometimes under the necessity of adding to the present sufficiency of knowledge more than the interest will bear. Another fault is that Mr Tyerman is deficient in the faculty of condensation. The two volumes in octavo, which are already published, are to be followed by one more; and the letters of such an earnest man as Wesley are rarely of any material assistance to a biographer who wishes to relieve the monotony of the same tale over and over again with the pictures of a diversified mind.

The charm of Wesley's mind was quite distinct from anything that can divert. The power by which he attracted others to him and compelled their allegiance, was something very unlike what is commonly called fascinating. It was rather some subtle expression of a great administrative power. He made himself the lord of a great hierarchy, if indeed he was not the entire embodiment of it. One of his biographers implies a regret that Wesley had not been born in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, so fitted seemed he to found a great order and take rank with Francis and Dominic.

RELIEF: A Humorous Drama. By a Chicago Lady. Chicago: The University Publishing Company.

Since the "Great Fire," life in Chicago has had many unique and peculiar phases; and the author of "Relief" has seized upon some of the most salient of these as the groundwork of her little play. The obvious satire of the work is not so much upon the administration of "Relief" the past winter, as upon a certain portion of the recipients thereof;—although the former comes in for a few light touches. It abounds in effective and laughable "hits," which will be appreciated by all who have felt an interest (and who has not?) in the collecting and distribution of the "world's charity." Some of the best of these are the scene in Teddy O'Brien's cottage, where a festive group are having a glorious time over their "beggin's," and drinking copious draughts of whiskey to the "howly Relafe"; also the scene in Widow O'Bri-

en's kitchen, where the "widow" and her friend, Mrs. Flannigan, are interviewed by a visiting committee of the Ladies' Relief Society, who depart perfectly satisfied that the occupants of the house are "entitled to Relief," and recommend them to the Society accordingly. If any burlesque is recognized in the "Ladies' Relief Society" scene—where the members, with very feminine verbosity, spend a deal of time in noisy discussion upon wholly irrelevant matters, while the destitute candidates for their good offices wait in vague expectancy for the settlement of the question of "order" which will enable them to receive their supplies—it is atoned for in the eloquent vindication which the Relief work receives in the parlor dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Warmheart.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOTES, Explanatory and Practical, on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and the Epistle to the Galatians. By Albert Barnes, author of "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity." Revised Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

MUSIC AND MORALS. In Four Books. First Book—Philosophical; Second Book—Biographical; Third Book—Instrumental; Fourth Book—Critical. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, author of a School History of England, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. A Narrative of 1757. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New Edition. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

CECIL'S TRYST. A Novel. By the author of "Woe—not Wooded," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

MABEL LEE. A Novel. By the author of "Vale-rie Aylmer." Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

RIGHTED AT LAST. A Novel. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

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TWENTY YEARS AGO;

A STORY OF REAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEECH GROVE FARMER.

ABOUT ten miles to the southward from Buntingville, there lies a wood, covering several square miles, and called Beech Grove. The name originated in the mistake of an early traveller, who supposed that it abounded in beech trees because he had encamped beneath one on its southern border. Though no subsequent traveller found even the one beech tree, the name clung to the wood; probably because it was novel, and served the purpose of identification just as well as if the grove had abounded in beeches.

On the southern border of this wood a farmer had early selected his home, and bought a large tract of both prairie and woodland. He had constructed first a log cabin, later a small one-story house containing two rooms, and still later had added a lean-to in the rear, one half of which became the kitchen, while the other served for a dormitory—the only one in the house. There was an attic, reached by a ladder, from the outside, by crawling in at a window which was barely large enough to admit an ordinary-sized

mortal. This window afforded the only light and air admitted into a long, low room, in no part of which was it possible for a full-grown person of any stature to stand up.

In front of the house, on the other side of a public road, the farmer had planned and partly built a barn of vast size, adapted indeed to the breadth of his fruitful acres. The framework went up, half of the top was covered with linn boards and oak shingles, the north side was shut in also with linn boards set upright, and two grand doors were hung in the centre of the same. At this point, the farmer discovered that he was poor. His acres smiled as sweetly as when he wooed them, and they fulfilled all their promises of fruitfulness in fabulous measures of wheat and corn. But this did not satisfy our farmer. His numerous stacks and his vast cribs, the golden ears and the round plump kernels, which he had seen in vision when he pitched his tent in the shadow of the stately oaks and in view of the swelling bosom of the virgin soil, did not charm him now that anticipation had given place to reality. Was it a proof that all our pleasure lies in the chase, and ends in

the capture of the quarry? Was it that the cup was too full, and the over-draught had stupefied the power of enjoyment?

No. We think not. The truth is, he had not wanted the corn and the wheat because they were beautiful, but because they were valuable. When the value disappeared from behind them, he lost relish for that which had seemed gold and was only grain. If a gold eagle (which is supposed still to exist, though no longer visible in the commercial sky) were to lose the value that lies *perdu* under his golden wings, we venture the belief that whoever possessed the bird would share the disgust of our pioneer.

Under the influence of sun and rain, the farmer's vast barn rapidly grew old. The oak shingles and the elm boards refused to adhere to each other, and both seceded in many places from the rafters. The linn boards on the side rotted and warped and fell off. At the end of two years the edifice was a picture of desolation. Through the rents and wide yawning spaces the traveller saw heaps of corn and straw - thatched cribs of wheat, which anywhere else in the world would have proclaimed a slovenly and indolent farmer. Here, however, they only attested that a man might abound in lands and grain, and yet be exceedingly poor.

The farmer had begun to produce just at the epoch when the demand for feeding emigrants fell below the supply, and the surplus had to be carted a hundred miles to a cheap market.

After two years of bountiful crops which only made him poorer, our farmer's disgust grew to a confirmed melancholy. His third crop ripened in July, 185-. On the morning of one of its warm sultry days, he was devouring his bountiful meal with a glum visage, when his eldest boy presented himself with a rueful countenance, and in great alarm and fear of paternal anger broke out —

"Oh, Dad! Swinton's cattle have broke into the wheat field! There's

fifty on 'em, an' I do n't know how to get 'em out."

The farmer leaned back in his chair, but did not seem to be half as angry as the boy had expected; rather, a light of satisfaction seemed to be dawning on his face. He drummed the table with his knife, and looked thoughtful. After a moment of musing, which seemed an age to the boy, who had expected a tempest of rage and perhaps a fight with Swinton, whose unruly cattle had already created a rupture of amicable relations, Farmer Woods looked up, brightening.

"I say, Bill, where's our cattle?"

"They's in the barnyard yet. I 'as afraid to let 'em out, for fear they 'd get into the wheat 'long o' Swinton's critters."

"Well, Bill, you open the bars behind the yard, and let our critters into the wheat."

The boy looked aghast. The wife, who was under excellent discipline and seldom spoke when she was not spoken to, turned pale with terror. Her husband must be insane.

"Why, Jake, what *do* you mean?" she exclaimed. "Turn the cattle into the wheat! You're not, I hope you're not —"

"Not what? May be you think I'm crazy?"

"No, Jake; I did n't mean just that, but —"

The farmer put a stop to her further progress in self-exculpation by bringing the horn handle of his knife down on the table with an emphasis that made everything ring again, and set the nursing baby to crying lustily. But spite of the baby, taking its squalls for accompaniment, the farmer went on.

"I have been crazy these two years — crazy as a loon. I've got over it, though. This is the first streak of good luck I've ever had on this — prairie."

"Good luck!" screamed the wife. "Good luck, with Swinton's cattle in the grain and all the summer's work in danger of being wasted! Oh, me! I

never expected to come to this when I married Jake Woods!" and she broke into a cry that swelled the already deafening accompaniment of baby.

Woods was not to be put down. He was as sure of his great idea as ever was the Third Napoleon.

"Now, wife, do n't be a fool. The devil! Do put a ham in that brat's mouth! You see, wife, I've been studying, and could n't sleep well at night for the trouble of this cursed harvest. I'd got to hire men at two dollars a day to get in the grain, and I've known devilish well for a month that the whole ——— crop would n't pay the hands, and what's more, there's no hands to be had. Smith and Wilkins, that worked for me last year, have got wheat of their own this year, and want to hire hands themselves. Fact is, I feel better 'n I've felt for a month this morning. I've got a hundred acres of wheat off my mind. Hurrah for Swinton's cattle! Bill! Go turn the cattle in, I tell you, or I'll switch you raw! Wife, hand me my pipe and tobacco, and you, Bill, saddle the gray mare. I'll have one free day again. Nance, send Johnny over to Swinton's with the tenderloin of the calf we killed yesterday. We must be neighborly. Swinton's critters have done me a good turn!"

And Farmer Woods went out of the house and stood under the identical oak tree where he had camped three years before, and smoked his pipe and watched the sixty or seventy cattle tearing down his hundred acres of golden grain with philosophic content. The horse was brought to the door by the trembling Bill.

"Now, Bill, gear up the team to the light wagon, and take your mother and the young uns over to Buntingville. Here, Nance, here's my last shinplaster, a ten-dollar red-dog. Go up to Buntingville, and spend it before the bank breaks. What a ——— fool I've been to raise wheat to sell, after carting it a hundred miles, at thirty cents a bushel, paid in shinplasters that won't

go only when you carry 'em! It's hard getting money here, but it's a ——— sight harder to get rid of it."

The wife had all this time been more and more convinced that her husband was insane. His eyes flashed as she had not seen them for many a year. The resolution about the grain was incomprehensible. She could not see very far into a problem of cash and come-to of any sort; but she could only stand aghast at the idea of destroying a hundred acres of grain. She threw herself at his feet.

"Oh, Jake! Do go to bed and let me nurse you! You've got a fever, and you do n't know what you say! Do! do! Jake!" And she burst into a very prosaic boohoo.

"Now, Nance, none of your coming the high life in that style. Poor folks can't afford them doin's. Get up, I tell you, or I'll keel you over! Get up, I say, and I'll show you I'm as sound as a brick. Here's the figgers. Made 'em last night when you were all asleep. Come, you've got some learning. Went to school in Ohio. Come! come! Stop this crying. Here's the paper."

He put into her hands a half sheet of paper scrawled over with figures and explanations, which reduced to the ordinary methods of book-keeping, stood as follows:

One Hundred Acres of Wheat.

<i>To Jake Woods.</i>		<i>Dr.</i>
To harvesting and stacking,	-	\$250
" threshing, - - - -	-	200
" carting one hundred miles, -	-	400
		<u>\$850</u>

Contra.

Crop at 20 bushels the acre will yield	
2000 bushels, at 40 cts. per bushel,	\$800

Balance against the crop,	-	\$50
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"But, Jake, you'll do a good deal of the work yourself. You'll cart it to market yourself. And how are we to buy groceries, and clothes for the children? Oh, Jake, let Bill drive the cattle out! It's not right to waste what God gives you. Come, Jake; you were good once. Do stop swearing, and join church! I'll help you. I know I'm not as good as I ought to be. But so

many children, so much cooking and sewing and patching, ten in the family and nobody to help me but little Liz, who's not ten yet. I get so tired, Jake, I know I fret and scold sometimes. But you know I've had seven children, and am only a poor little woman, not a big stout man like you, Jake. But I'll be good; only do n't swear, and do n't drink, and do n't be——crazy or mad or out of your head. Cut your grain like other folks, and trust the good God. I'm sure he used to be good, and I s'pect it's our own fault that he do n't seem good any more."

As the poor woman ran on in this strain of simple pleading, she took unconsciously an attitude of natural grace. She stood with her hands clasped, her face upturned, the light of a true woman's soul transfigured into the sunken eyes and pale cheeks. The farmer was moved. The great lips quivered, and each eye contributed a big tear, and each had a whole river ready to burst forth like a spring freshet. Consciousness supervened in time to prevent the overflow.

"Why, Nance, you're eloquent this morning. Your face looks as it did twelve years ago when we married. And just because you do n't look that way any more, I hate this infernal life we've been dragging out here. I won't swear, if I do n't have to break prairie any more. I never knew anybody that *could* break prairie without swearin'. They say that Parson Spinner says the 'dumb cattle' and the 'confounded plough.' Seems to me it's better to say 'damned' and be done with it, when that's what you mean. Well, I got into the habit of it that way, and when I'm vexed it seems to do me good to let off strong. But, Nance, put on your new calico dress, and Bill 'll drive you over to Buntingville. I'm going up to Sugar Grove to sell the parson the gray mare. May be I'll join church. The parson spins a good yarn, and drives a smart trade; and if he does swear, that only proves up his sermons."

"But Bill may drive out the cattle?"

"D——n the cattle and the grain! You've got no sense, Nance. Do what you please. I'm off!" And he mounted the gray mare, plunged into a wood path, and was soon out of sight.

The poor wife, unconvinced by the figures or logic of her husband, stood a moment, hesitating between her two apparent duties—to look to her husband's sanity, and to look to the preservation of the grain. The first she decided to refer to the new doctor in Buntingville, who claimed to know everything. The second she looked after herself, at once.

Billy, who was about eleven, was mounted on one horse; Johnny, who was scarcely eight, bestrode the other; Lizzy and herself summoned a couple of indolent dogs, and the army set out to expel the invading force.

The task was not easy. The cows and oxen preferred wheat to grass. They knew they had made a good addition to their domain, and seemed resolved to maintain possession. But after two hours hallooing and barking, the last ox was expelled, and the energetic wife mended the breach in the fence with her own hands.

Let us finish the history of the wheat crop. The cattle had learned the way in. They had tasted of the forbidden fruit, and found it as sweet as men usually find "stolen waters." Before night they were in again. The fence soon gave way in a hundred places, and in a week the fair harvest was ruined.

The farmer rode on his way in no pleasant mood. His wife's distress about the wheat moved him the more that his own conscience was not at rest about it. Once out on the prairie, he struck into a well-travelled road leading away from Buntingville to the south. He threw the reins loosely over the gray mare's neck, and fell to soliloquizing:

"What if Nance is right about the grain! May be it ain't right to ruin a crop that way. The Lord give me the crop; that's so. But he give me

common sense too, and I have made no use of that article. If I'd used the common sense, should n't 'a' sowed the hundred acres of wheat. The question is, whether the Lord's bound to make good prices just because I did n't use the sense. I was just as big a fool last year, and he did n't raise the prices. It's —ly mixed."

"What's —ly mixed, my friend?"

The question startled the farmer, who felt the blood rush back on his heart in sudden fear, as if it were a divine voice come to reinforce his conscience, which was making a desperate fight for supremacy. He looked up affrighted, and saw another horseman reined up close by his side. The man seemed about thirty-five, stoutly-built, and rather handsome. But an evil leer on his countenance soon satisfied Woods that the man belonged to the opposition party in the moral world. Still he did not feel quite free to commit himself, and did not at once reply. The horseman continued:

"You are a careless fellow, my hearty, to be riding on the prairie in that style! I thought you pioneers always rode with a tight rein, and an eye on the course you are steering? That nag might have veered round and carried you home again while you were wool-gathering at the helm. Faith! she's a pearl of a nag! Suppose we trade, neighbor?"

"Which of my neighbors may you be? I do n't remember you."

"I might be Swinton, but I'm not. I might tell you that, having been over the universal planet, I call every man neighbor. I might put on a nasal twang and tell you what the Scripture saith. But I do n't think any of these answers would suit you. That last would n't, certain, I know from the lusty way you were damning just now. No. My friend, I am your neighbor at present, because we are just about as near together as two men can get on horseback. You see I know something about you. Well, to be fair, I'll tell you that I am Fred Stevens, a citi-

zen of the world, just landed on this little neck of land, which is so cursed narrow that I'm afraid I'll fall off some night. What did you make your prairies so small for, my friend? You see that you and I can hardly squeeze by each other here."

"You joke, stranger. There's forty miles on that side, and five on this side, to a stick of timber, and a thousand miles each way beside. But I think you'll do to squeeze through the world, if it is narrow."

"Yes. I can manage most places and most folks. Never was beaten but once, and a — Yankee girl did that; but that game's not played out yet. Let's ride back to old Blood's Tavern, and take a drink, and trade nags. I'm bound to have that gallant gray." And he sang —

"Wo worth the chase, wo worth the day,
That lost old Woods his gallant gray."

"You see I improve on Walter Scott. It's a great pity he could n't have had me to help him! His poetry and stories would have been a long sight more entertaining."

They turned about and rode off toward Buntingville. In twenty minutes they reined up in front of Blood's Tavern.

We reserve a description of it to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

BLOOD'S TAVERN.

Blood's Tavern once had some notoriety on our prairie as a favorite resort of suspicious characters. No good citizen stopped there after nightfall when he could avoid it. Still, for the want of any police system, or rather for want of any detective feature in rural justice, the house had an ill name without any real proof of desert.

It was a frame house, about twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide. There was a basement, half below and half above ground, devoted to cooking

and eating. The house above was entered by a rickety wooden stair or ladder of five steps, and consisted of two rooms of equal size. One of these was bar-room and parlor all in one. The other furnished sleeping room for the family and the guests. In case of a crowd of customers, the bar-room served for an extemporized dormitory. The guests at this house usually consisted of two very different classes. The first of these were the adventurers who were turning the country upside down with their horse-thieving exploits. The other class was made up of a peculiar people, who can be seen only on or near the frontier. They are generally to be found "squatted" on government lands in the outmost settlements, and are the original and only genuine "squatter sovereigns"; for they hold property by right of possession, and govern themselves by their own unanimous consent. Each is a sovereign squatter, for he can say,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

These men are constantly retreating before the advancing tide of immigration. It would be a gross impropriety to call them pioneers. The pioneer carries with him the emblems of civilization; he sets up a home, establishes a school, builds a church, and petitions for a post-road, a mail-service, and a post-office. You will find the newspaper in his log-cabin, and his children have "spellers" and "readers" printed in New York, though his own library may count only two books—the Bible and a collection of hymns. While he is building his house, breaking his prairie, fencing his lands, and making the money to pay for all, he finds time to lay the foundations of civil society. He gets the county defined, organizes it, and runs up a log court-house where in Justice and Equity find homes as sacred as in the most enlightened of realms. The pioneer is a genuine, partly because he is an unconscious, hero. There is nobody to applaud,

and he is not diverted from his work by the love of praise.

The squatter is not a pioneer. The latter may, from temporary necessity, be in fact the occupant of government lands, because the district has not yet been put into market, and the squatter sometimes lingers behind his brothers, and imperfectly transforms himself into a pioneer. It is also true that the preëemptor of the public domain is often called a squatter. But the true squatter is a totally distinct species of the human race. No full picture of him is possible; for he is never sufficiently at rest to be painted, nor can the most enterprising artist with pen or brush overtake him in his westward march. He rears his family beyond the reach of society; his children cannot read; his house contains neither newspaper nor books; he has no use for post-offices, believes education to be a luxury for the rich, and has the most indefinite notions about religion and politics as being both matters of another world. There are families in Washington Territory to-day who have "squatted" in every State and Territory between Ohio and the Pacific. We contemplate their arrival on the shores of the Pacific with a certain sympathetic sadness. Society, always pursuing, will overtake and bring them to bay. No. They will ship for the Pacific islands, or move southward across the Isthmus of Panama, to find the realm of solitude in the valley of the Oronoco or the gulches of the Andes. The class is not numerous, and constitutes no part of society or the nation. They neither pay taxes nor vote, nor hold office; and it is doubtful whether they are counted in the census reports.

In the region about Buntingville, a few of these families, attracted by the beauty and fertility of the country, had lingered after the arrival of civilization, and had endeavored to transform themselves into pioneers. The effort had been only a partial success. They had succeeded in paying for their lands and had reconciled themselves to taxes;

but school-houses and churches found no favor in their eyes. The bonds of public opinion and law irritated them. Mrs. Grundy wondered if they were heathens, that she never saw them at meeting, the surveyor laid out highways through their corn-fields, and required them to build bridges and work the roads.

One result of this irritation was that these people fell more readily than any other class into the hands of those gangs of robbers who, at one time, infested the whole region of the border. The squatter's house was often a rendezvous for the gang, a hiding-place for booty, and a station for halting by day with the stolen horses, which were driven off to distant markets by night. The Bloods were squatters imperfectly transformed into pioneers.

On the day on which Stevens and Woods visited the tavern, a funeral took place in the house. A son of the proprietor had paid the great debt of nature, and, moved by public opinion, the father had sent for a minister, and some of his religious neighbors, to hold a service in the house and conduct the body to its last resting-place.

The occasion called together such a collection of sinners as only border preachers ever see, and such as they meet only at these strange funerals. There were men and women who had never heard the Gospel except at burials, some of whom had vague notions that Jesus had been an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency, and others could not clearly make out from the three or four sermons they had heard whether he was alive or dead. The service had been orderly and solemn: the preacher, kneeling in the midst of these gaping heathens, had addressed an earnest petition to the Omnipotent Giver alike of life and death; he had pleaded with them face to face against their sin and their forgetfulness of the brevity of human existence; and then, assisted by the respectable portion of the audience, he had sung that solemn hymn which

touches the heights of sublimity in the stanza:

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

The burial was over. The religious part of the company had dispersed to their homes; but the preacher held it a sacred duty to return with the family to the house of mourning. The intimate friends of the Bloods—that is, the squatters collected from a region twenty miles square—also returned for a dinner and a carouse.

As Stevens and Woods entered the door, the former, noticing the unusual sobriety of the place, said:

"Must have been putting somebody under the sod. Regular funeral smell. Ugh! I must have some brandy to wash it down, and you, neighbor, better take a little to settle that conscience of yours. It's —— had baggage to travel through the world with."

By the fire-place sat an old man of perhaps eighty years. A full white beard flowed down on his breast, giving him at first view a patriarchal appearance. The minister, who was a Methodist local preacher, and was evidently a good deal disconcerted by the strange society to which the funeral had introduced him, had taken a seat beside the old man, hoping to find some grace under the flowing beard of the patriarch. He was destined to a shocking disappointment. He was just beginning to speak as our travellers entered.

"Father Blood, you are getting old, I see. I should have visited you before, but I did not know Mr. Blood's father was alive. You must pardon my neglect."

He paused for a reply, but the old man said nothing. He went on:

"I hope, Father Blood, you are ready to pass over Jordan into the better land?"

The old man moved half round in his chair, and said fretfully:

"My boy Jack says the land's bet-

ter this side o' the run nor the other. Do n't know."

The clergyman was shocked a little, but presently reflecting that the old man must be deaf, he raised his voice well up to his preaching pitch—which was pretty well up—and changed the subject:

"How many children have you had Father Blood?"

The old man moved uneasily in his chair, and was silent; but after a moment said:

"I've had twelve on 'em."

"Twelve!" exclaimed the delighted preacher. "Why, that's just the number that the Patriarch Jacob had!"

"You mean Jake Swinton, over to Beech Grove?"

"No, no, Father Blood!" said the preacher, stretching his voice to its full capacity, and pronouncing each syllable very distinctly; "I mean the Patriarch Ja-cob that we read about in the Bible."

The old man settled back in his chair, muttering, "Did n't know 'um. Did n't know 'um."

"Rather stony ground that, Parson," said Stevens. "I guess this family have never dealt much in your wares. Come, Parson, join us in a dram. I do n't like the funeral smell here; Woods has a species of stomach complaint, and you've been awfully taken down. Let's drink to forgetfulness of bad smells, troublesome consciences, and patriarchal old sinners who never heard of Jacob."

"No, my friend, you mock me and my office on this day of death and mourning. Remember that you, too, must take the solemn journey on which our young friend set out yesterday."

"Not much mourning here, Parson; and if you do n't mean to drink, you had better travel the journey home, or follow your 'young friend,' just as you please. We'll all be as drunk as the devil here before sundown."

"God pity and pardon you," said the preacher, and turned sorrowfully away. In a few moments he had

found his horse and was riding homeward with a light heart. He had lost a day's work in the busiest season of the year, but he would have regarded the offer of a reward as an insult. His heart was light with the consciousness that he had done his duty, and the hope that his plain words to these hardened, ignorant men, might, in God's time, fructify in their souls.

We shall not describe the drunken carouse. It lasted till late in the evening, and Farmer Woods spent the night at the tavern in a miserable debauch.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Farmer Swinton, the nearest neighbor of Woods, lived also on the southern side of Beech Grove. From the cottage of the latter the border of the grove curved gracefully northward, described a semicircle, and then ran in an almost direct line towards the east. Within this bay, with forest mountains protecting it from westerly and northerly winds, Swinton had cast anchor, and taken possession by right of earliest discovery, before the United States' surveyor had reached it with compass and chain.

When the Government set up the first ensigns of civilization—that is to say, section stakes and stones—our farmer purchased his lands, and betook himself with a wonderful sagacity, mingled with a sort of enthusiasm, to the growing of cattle and swine. His corn and wheat crops for the previous three years had been sold at enormous prices to the immigrants who followed him. These men, stimulated by his success, and following old habits, devoted all their energies to producing large crops of wheat. The immigration fell off, the supply of grain became a hundred times greater than the demand, and, finally, Swinton was the only home purchaser. Then the excess of wheat was carted to a distant market, to be sold at prices which scarcely

paid for the transportation, or it rotted in stacks or in rail pens loosely covered with straw. The failures of that class of farmers, in this period, have been described in that of Farmer Woods. The immigrant train had passed onward to the ever-retreating West, and the railway train had not yet arrived from the manufacturing and trading East.

Swinton scandalized his neighbors by buying his own bread while he raised meat for invisible consumers. He, on the other hand, boasted that since he had purchased his lands he had never "sown a bushel of wheat, sold a pound of butter, or fed a calf on skimmed milk."

He had another advantage over his neighbors. They were obliged to accept such paper money as was current in the nearest town on the Mississippi. For a period of almost ten years, this was always some species of unsecured or depreciated bank note, running through all the varieties from "shin-plaster" to "stumptail." It is not our province to tell the story of this financial system. The curious reader will find in the Chicago journalism of that time the only perfect definitions of such money - terms as "red-dog," "crop-eared," "stumptail," and other more highly figurative expressions than are ordinarily to be found in prices-current and exchange quotations.

Now, the wheat grower was obliged to accept such money as was offered on the bank of the river. He could not transport his grain to a more distant market. On the other hand, Swinton was able to negotiate for better money, since his cattle could travel to the next market without an expense disproportionate to the increase of value which met the drover at each more eastern city. The Western cattle-drover has always been paid in a currency more secure—if not in gold eagles—than his grain-producing neighbor. It is fitting to add that treasury notes have been welcomed on the prairies, because they displace all local currency

and put the hard-handed Illinois farmer on a level with his brother agriculturist in Vermont.

It is one of the afternoons of the October following Farmer Woods's destruction of his standing grain. Swinton is sitting alone in his house. The building is a square wooden edifice, divided into four rooms on the ground floor and four in the half story above.

There is little artistic skill in the form, and less in the dazzling white paint which covers the sides. The blunt right angles are out of harmony with the graceful undulations of the prairie, and the waving lines of the forest; the white clapboards refuse all fellowship with the foliage, the clouds, the sky, or the sunlight. A compensation for this artistic blunder is found in the neatness and thrifful economy which even these offences to good taste reveal. The paint, though white, is a preservative from the rotting rains; and the form is probably the most economical one, considering the conditions under which it was constructed.

The house is fronted by a lawn descending to the highway, along which runs a plain board fence, having as plain a gate exactly facing the principal door. Along the pathway between the gate and the door there stand a few locust trees; but there are no attempts at flower culture. The lawn is clean, closely shaven, and square, like the house. A little to the right, and a short distance in the rear of the house, stands a small barn which is also a model of neatness. A brook runs past the barn on the further side, and morning, noon, and night, of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, babbles its soft low music. There is a charming quiet, a soothing calm in the whole atmosphere, which the place seems rather to create than to enjoy.

Still the farmer, sitting in his open front door, does not seem to be at peace. The world's Edens always have at least one serpent. Swinton has found his source of unrest and pain, even here in this lovely image of

the haven of eternal repose. Johnson and 'Squire Fence rode up to the gate, dismounted, and tied their horses to two posts set firmly in the ground for that special purpose.

"Why," said Johnson, "this is a Down East concern altogether. Hitching posts, a pine board fence, painted to boot, a good house, a small barn, and everything clean as a Yankee milkmaid. Swinton is a Vermonter, I'll warrant."

"No, you are wrong, Mr. Johnson. Swinton is a South Illinoisan."

"Oh, I see! it is the wife. The man had a streak of extraordinary luck, and drew a Vermont girl in the lottery of Hymen."

"Wrong again; she is from Southern Indiana."

"Well, how comes it, then, that the whole thing here looks as bright as a new tin pan?"

"Too much for me now, Sir. It's a mystery in all this region how Swinton prospers so. The man has a hundred cattle and an immense drove of hogs. Drives the fat ones off to market every year. But he never cuts a cradle - full of grain."

"Ah, I see! Swinton is prosperous because he has the good sense to raise stock that can carry itself off on its own legs. I suppose the wife is neat and tidy because she is a woman, and has only two or three children. How is it?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. Never looked at the subject in that light."

"How many children?"

"Three."

"How old are they?"

"About four, seven, and nine."

"They keep a hired girl, of course."

"John Jacob Astor could n't *keep* a hired girl here. I suppose the Swintons sometimes have one; but if they get one in the Spring, the hired man will marry her the fourth of July. When I first came to this country we had four different girls within twelve months, and were without help nine months of the time. Fact, Sir; I have

done more travelling in search of chambermaids than Swinton ever did with his fat stock."

"And what do you do now?"

"I quit it, Sir. My wife is an extraordinary woman, Sir, a very extraordinary woman; and when she saw me getting thin with gadding after girls that would n't stay till I got rested, she said to me, 'Cornelius, 't won't answer for you to run after the girls; it'll injure your political prospects. I'll get along somehow.' With Dandy Jim to help, she does get along, though I'm sure I do n't know how, Sir."

"Why did you go yourself for the girls? You might have sent a hired man."

"There are two reasons for that, Sir. In the first place, the girl would n't come unless the fellow was good-looking. In the second place, if he was good-looking they'd strike up a match before they got to the hotel."

During this conversation, Johnson and Fence had tied their horses, entered the gate, and walked leisurely up to the front door of the house. Farmer Swinton came out and greeted them cordially.

"No need of an introduction, Mr. Johnson. I have heard of you, and you must know who I am, or you would not be here. Out West here, when two men know each other's names, they do n't wait for a third man to *present* them. Come in, gentlemen. My wife has gone over to Woods's, and I can't offer you a cup of tea; I do n't keep whiskey in the pantry — nor down cellar, 'Squire; but if you like a drink of milk, or some bread and milk, or a cold cut, say the word, and I think I can find them."

"No, thank you," said Johnson, laughing; "we are neither thirsty nor hungry. Let me state my business with you: I am beginning on a new farm, and want to buy cattle and hogs to stock it. I have been told that you keep a large number of both, and I hoped to be able to find better animals than elsewhere, in your barnyard."

"Well, suppose you did?"

"I should wish to buy, say five hundred dollars' worth."

"I'm not your customer for that; I sell only fat cattle and hogs. You will have to take your money to another market; if you want to buy breeding stock, go to these wheat-raisers. There is Woods, for instance, has forty raw-boned oxen and only three cows. I venture he'll sell one of the cows. Perhaps he won't. The only sensible thing I've known him do was to let his last harvest be destroyed by my cattle."

"By your cattle!" said Johnson. "Did he not sue you, or ask you to pay damages?"

"No; he sent us over a piece of meat the same day, and told me two days after that he was much obliged to my cattle. I had found it hard work to live with him before, and when I heard that the cattle were in his wheat I expected a regular fight; but he has been as meek as Moses ever since."

"He was a bad neighbor, then?"

"No, and yes. You see he means well; is obliging, willing to lend often than he wants to borrow, and good-natured when he is not drunk. But when a wheat-raiser keeps poor fences we stockmen must move out of their reach or fight for it. I told Woods in the Spring that his fences were poor; he owned it, but promised to fix them up after corn-planting. After corn-planting, I reminded him of this promise, and he replied that he guessed the cattle would n't get in; he'd drive them out if they did."

"I suppose he has gone to stock-raising. Why do you think he will sell one of his cows?"

"No, he has not gone to stock-raising. I think his failure in wheat discouraged him; he lies about the village, drinks a good deal, and his poor wife has to manage the farm. She joined our church lately, and my wife is sent for nearly every day to talk with the poor creature. Woods is breaking her

up, but he's too coarse to see it; I do n't often cry, gentlemen, but my wife knocks the sap out of me when she comes back from there and talks about that little woman's trouble. Come out and look at my stock."

While they were walking round among the pens and yards in which the farmer kept his choice animals, Swinton said aside to Johnson:

"The 'Squire's tongue is too long. I can't trust him with a secret; but I must tell somebody about this Woods business; it's mighty bad.—'Squire, walk round to the other side of the pen and drive that lazy pig out here. He's my favorite breed, small bone, gets his growth in twelve months, and is always fat.—You see, Mr. Johnson, Woods is mixed up with suspicious characters—horse thieves at the very least.—Do n't strike the pig, 'Squire. I'd as soon you'd strike me.—I can't expose Woods, Mr. Johnson; it would break his wife's heart if she knew as much as I know.—Here, 'Squire, [tossing the portly landlord an ear of corn,] shell off the corn and see how tame that pig is; he'll eat out of your hand.—Mr. Johnson, what can I do? I do n't want to hurt Woods; I'd rather cut off my hand than hurt his wife; but he is breaking the law, and I ought to expose him. What would you do?"

"Cases of conscience cannot be settled by one's neighbors, Mr. Swinton. I cannot tell what I would do in any such matter until I get into the dilemma. I honor your feelings. Do what you think right."

"Yes, but both ways are right; it's right to expose Woods, and it's right to spare the poor little woman. Both ways are wrong, too; it's wrong to hurt her—to kill her, in fact,—and it's wrong to let the laws be broken without opening your lips."

"You are wrong in the principle, Mr. Swinton, but I won't undertake to say that you are in the application. A sound healthy man like you, who can digest a good dinner and select the best pig in a drove of a thousand, is

not in much danger of making a mistake in practical morals, if he follows his own good sense, and really wants to go straight."

"That's all very comfortable talk when you are out of the poke and I am in—'Squire, your horse is uneasy down there by the road; better look after him;—but suppose good sense says one thing and a soft place under your jacket says another thing? Now I value that pig at—I won't say at what price, for I might lie—only I had rather part with the whole lot besides than lose him; but I'd give that pig in a minute to be out of this scrape."

"Let us go back to the house, Mr. Swinton; I must hurry home; besides the 'Squire is waiting for me. I cannot give you advice; you would not follow it if I did. A case of conscience is like that brook when your cattle go to drink; it gets muddier with every new foot that's put into it."

Refusing an urgent invitation to remain for tea, the two visitors rode off, leaving Swinton to his meditations. These were interrupted by the return of his wife with an unusually gloomy report of Mrs. Woods's state of mind.

"Well, wife, the thing is settled. I shall hold my tongue until I am spoken to. The Lord forgive me if it's encouraging wickedness."

Thus it came about that Woods's nearest neighbor and the nearest witness of his irregular life, kept silence over his complicity with evil men, and the seeds of sin which had been sown ripened into a harvest of sorrow.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVIL OMEN.

The Johnsons were comfortably established in their prairie cottage. The very novelty of this new home partly compensated for the want of old associations, and each had some special reason for contentment. The father had reached that period when, though old habits are inveterate, no excitement

is pleasing, and no clatter of society gives satisfaction to an uncorrupted mind. He lived in his child and in the little domesticities that an American home always affords, whether it be in a hut or a brown stone front. Besides, at his age all men return—many unconsciously—to that love of nature which mingles with the vivacious passions of youth. The prairie had a thousand charms to beguile the hours, and give wings to the thick coming days. The mother found health in the bracing air. The promise of a long and happy evening is a sufficient attraction to one who has marched painfully through the day, to compensate for the loss of the sunshine and the absence of familiar sounds. The convalescent alone knows the full meaning of health, the entire richness of bodily existence. Mary was contented because it was not in her nature to be otherwise. She had the rare endowment of natural and spiritual repose in such activity as God gave her. She had left behind in the East cherished friends; but letters open to us new mines of wealth in the souls that we love, and the discovery of these unexpected treasures make them dearer and atone for their distance. Then, there was new work for her hands, and delightful occupation for her mind; to embellish her prairie home, to plant and dress new flowers, to feel that she was in some sort creating—co-working with God—the sward before the door, and the plants along the path from the gate, gave a higher pleasure than her old habits had afforded her. This peaceful and beautiful life of contentful girlhood! The gaudy existence of princes and queens is purgatory in comparison.

The neatness and taste that reigned about this home of yesterday were pervaded by her presence. Whoever entered the wicket gate, and walked up the sodded path to the door, festooned with wild grape vines, knew that a woman's hand and a woman's heart had invested everything with grace

and sweetness. Let us visit the cottage in the full noon of an Indian Summer day. By the calendar it is November, and the frosts have given a yellow tinge to the prairies. A mantle of dreamy haze hangs over the landscape; this haze is of varying density, for ever and anon long shadows gallop across the waving swells of rolling land and disappear in the forests that stand sentinel around the plain. The hum of domestic life greets us at the gate. The hired girl, busy in the pantry, is singing snatches from religious hymns; Johnson is reading his New York newspaper—two weeks old—in a little porch at the front; Mrs. Johnson sits near, and is knitting stockings for Mary. No less loving hand has ever been permitted to prepare these coverings for the darling's feet. Mary is not visible, but that she is near is evident enough to any one who has the inward sense of outward things. In fact, Johnson looks up from his paper and enquires:

"Is not Mary a long time over her letters this morning?"

"Yes, I think so," replies the mother. "I think she worries herself to answer all the questions that the girls at home ask her."

"And I have no doubt she has a good many questions to ask, too. I sometimes fear she may get homesick away here. It is so different from her old home."

There is a rustle, a light step, and the graceful presence is between them, laying her hand on her mother's lap and her head on her father's knee.

"No, father; I am not homesick; how can I be, when you are both with me? Ma is getting well, and you, who were never sick, look ten years younger. I'll tell you, Pa, what I was just thinking. May I?"

"Why not, my child?"

"Because it may be naughty. I was thinking that if you were not my father, I should fall in love with you. Is that bad? Whenever I find a man just like you, I shall do as Desdemona

did with that black Othello, when she 'wished that heaven had made her such a man.' Now, am I wicked?"

"No, child; but when you marry it shall be to one nearer your equal in years."

"I do n't want to marry a boy; I want a man—a strong, mature man—one to whom I can look up for wisdom, for guidance. I can't see why two simpletons should be yoked together; I am a little goose, and want somebody to teach me, to lead me, to develop me into womanhood. Imagine such a husband as that young banker, Simpson; would you like me to marry such a stripling?"

"Simpson is old enough, but he has not come to years of discretion; and I should not choose him on many accounts."

"I do n't believe any of you come to years of discretion till you are thirty-five; we women haven't half a chance, being obliged to take you when you are so green and immature."

"This is strange talk for you, Mary! What has put these singular ideas into your little head?"

"It was the wedding I attended last night. There was Lizzie Smith marrying Johnny Baker; she is sixteen and he is twenty-two. You know I stood up for bridesmaid. I felt ashamed of the whole thing, and could not help thinking that it was a mock wedding of two pretty babies. What does little Johnny know that little Lizzie do n't know? Then there was Minnie Colby—these girls all spell their names with *ie*—her husband and their children; Minnie is twenty-five, and her husband is about twenty-six, and you know they have four little girls. I could n't help asking myself what business that stripling had with four little girls to call him father. Such a father!"

And she stroked the gray beard with an affectionate pride that showed all her meaning better than any words could have done.

"Are you in haste to find a husband, and leave me and your mother alone,

Mary, that you are thinking about all this just now?"

"Oh, I am in no hurry; but I shall marry somebody, some time or other. I have no patience with those girls who are always protesting they will never, never marry; such little simpletons always take the first offer, you know. When I find my ideal man, or when he finds me, look out for a wedding. Not that I shall leave *you*; *my* Johnny must marry the family. But you are crying, Pa! and ma has gone away, to cry too, I suppose. How naughty I am to talk so!"

She wiped the old man's eyes and stroked his hair with filial and womanly gentleness.

"It is not sorrow, my child, that makes me shed tears; I am so happy in you that I know my happiness cannot last. Look out on this beautiful day! Could anything be more calm and peaceful?"

"It is a sweet day, father. But why do you speak of it in connection with your happiness in me?"

"Look yonder in the southwest; do you see that thickening haze? Watch it for a little; it grows more dense from moment to moment."

Standing with her hand on his gray head, Mary looked attentively towards the forming cloud. A few minutes of silence passed, and then the deep stillness of the wide prairie was broken by a low, long, swelling rumble of distant thunder.

"Father!"

"Mary!"

She laid her head lovingly on his shoulder, and sobbed.

"It cannot be an evil omen, my father. God, who has been so good to us, will not destroy the happiness that he himself gave us."

"Go, my child, and find your mother; you know she is to go next week to visit our friends at Patriot City. We must keep her in good spirits for the journey. I hope it will complete her cure."

The distant cloud expanded rapidly

till it filled the whole sky; a chilling wind blew up from the southwest, and drops of cold rain began to fall. A man rode up to the gate, dismounted, tied his horse, and walked up to the porch where Johnson still stood gazing at the coming storm. He was so absorbed in the contemplation of this grand muster of cloud armies, that he did not notice the stranger, who, after a moment's hesitation, spoke:

"Excuse me, Mr. Johnson, for interrupting your contemplation of the magnificence of nature; I fear that if I do not hasten I shall get a very commonplace wetting and an ugly cold."

"Will you not put your horse in the barn, Sir, and wait till the storm is over?"

"I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Johnson, for the hospitable offer, but I really cannot wait. You have a daughter, I believe; at least I have been told so."

"Yes, I have a daughter; but excuse me for wondering that a stranger should address me on that subject."

"Pardon my boldness, Sir; I speak of her because I am interested in you. I knew your house very well in the East; am in fact chief clerk in the firm of your correspondents at Lowell. My employers have sent me out here on business."

"Your name, Sir?"

"Is Stevens. My business may seem an intrusion, but I am a father as well as in the money line. I hope that will account for my presumption."

"Well!"

"There is a blacksmith in this vicinity named Brackett, is there not?"

"Yes. I knew the man at M— and owe him some kindnesses here. What of him?"

"I met him last night in a queer place. Being a stranger, I stopped at 'Blood's Tavern.' You have heard of the place? It is a disreputable hole, very—ought to be advertised as a place to be shunned. Well, to come to the point, this Brackett made some careless and unjustifiable remarks about

your daughter. I collected from it that she had refused his hand—a very proper thing, certainly, for your daughter to do; and I thought he was seeking some sort of revenge—the little annoyance of scandal, you know. Now, I took occasion to lecture him, but it did not mend his talk or improve his manners; so I thought it my duty, as a gentleman and a father, to inform you. Have I been too bold?"

"I cannot say that you have; though I don't see how I can mend the matter, if it be as you say. People's tongues are rather loose on such matters everywhere, and I think the freedom of the prairies enters a little into gossip here. I thank you, Sir, but you must excuse me for caring very little about the matter."

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Johnson; you put the matter so clearly that I see it in a new light. At all events, I have discharged my conscience. Good day, Sir."

Johnson controlled himself in the presence of this stranger, but when he was gone he walked out into thick falling rain and pulled his gray hairs with desperate grief. A vague suspicion that Brackett loved Mary had crossed his mind more than once. He would have consented to the marriage if his daughter had chosen the blacksmith; but the possibility of such a choice had never entered his mind. It was not improbable that Brackett had asked his daughter's hand. In our country daughters are usually affianced before the parents are consulted, and Mary might have refused twenty lovers without speaking of it to her father or mother. It was certain to Johnson that if Brackett had sought Mary, she had refused him. The story of the stranger had, therefore, an air of probability—what inducement to invent it could a stranger have? Its probabili-

ty was strengthened by the circumstance that Brackett had constantly shunned them since their settlement on the prairie. The scene which had just transpired between himself and Mary threw a dark shadow over Stevens's declarations, and magnified all the little sinister incidents that came thronging into his mind. He did ask himself, at last, why Brackett should be found in "Blood's Tavern." With his mind already biased against the blacksmith, it was not strange that the stain on Brackett's birth and the character of his parents should seem a sufficient explanation. "Blood will out. He came of ill-doing and an evil race."

The rain increased, but the old man walked up and down, so agitated by his emotions that he was unconscious of the storm. The door on the porch opened, and Mary came out. Seeing him walking about uncovered, she rushed out and pulled him gently towards the house.

"Why, father, what is the matter! what has happened?"

"Nothing, my child. I have grown silly with my sixty years. It is a beautiful storm."

"It is an ugly, chilly, disagreeable storm, with nothing pretty about it. Come in, and get on dry clothes. I shall blindfold you when the next rain comes, you naughty pa!"

The father could not bring himself to ask Mary any questions about Brackett; much less could he disturb the serenity of her life by telling her the story he had just heard. The ill-health of Mrs. Johnson forbade his speaking with her on the subject.

Stevens, who had invented the story, had calculated with entire accuracy its effects on this doting father. It annoyed him, and prepared the way for a terrible delusion.

D. H. Wheeler.

THE LAND OF ONE IDEA.

KE-SUN, a Chinese sage, said: "Of old time, the market-dealers exchanged the articles which they had for others which they had not, and simply had certain officers to keep order among them. It happened that there was a mean fellow, who made it a point to look out for a conspicuous mound, and get up upon it. Thence he looked right and left, to catch in his net the whole gain of the market. The people all thought his conduct mean, and therefore they proceeded to lay a tax upon his wares. The taxing of traders took its rise from this mean fellow."

Such was the view the Chinese took of commercial enterprise, of what they called an attempt to "monopolize the conspicuous mound." It was fortunate for that man that he did not get bastinadoed for trying to sell more than his neighbors. At any rate, he was denounced as a "mean fellow," and as such he will live in their history forever, as a warning to would-be monopolists. It is quite otherwise in California. Here, if there were a conspicuous mound in a market, it would not be an hour before it would fall into the clutches of some speculator. It would be "jumped," and that very quick.

The peculiar circumstances attending the genesis of California have made it emphatically the Land of One Idea. The tremendous inrushing of the first great gold excitement was like a prodigious tidal wave, which heaved all its forces, all its energies, all its ideas, in one direction; then came the rebound in another direction, and the rebound was only less violent than the original impulse. As when a stone is heaved into a pond of water, there is a first great disturbance, a wave or series of waves rolling all in one direction; but presently the confining shore breaks up the dashers, and hurls them back in two or three ways, four or five, grad-

ually multiplying the impulses and diminishing their violence, until the whole surface of the water is agitated and rippled with a myriad of criss-cross wavelets—so is California slowly settling down, through these violent and pernicious single activities which mark a primitive era, into the infinite diversity and complexity of ideas and of systems which distinguish a stable, healthy society. But as yet it has not emancipated itself from this harmful Rule of One Idea, this monocracy of infatuation which so often became the monocracy of humbug.

With our American character as it is, and the condition of California as it was, these things could not well have been otherwise. The land was empty, the law was loose, and in that red-letter year when wave after wave of splendid and adventurous humanity was surging rapidly upon these shores, it was not in Anglo-Saxon nature not to make the most immense grabs. In that ever-memorable year, and the few that immediately followed it, the State had saddled upon it something almost like the English system of primogeniture. It did not grow with a slow and healthy growth through toilsome decades, like the Atlantic and Interior States; but many great institutions and franchises, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, sprang, full-armed, into robust existence. Most of the great natural advantages and corporate privileges were grabbed, and built up, and pushed into mightiest strength and fullest expansion, with a fierce energy of rapacity that the continent has seldom seen equalled. As Mrs. Means said to her husband, in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," so every man said to himself, "Jack, do you git a plenty while you 're a gittin'." Thus those few who were here first got the banks, the express and stage companies, the telegraphs, the ranches, the

steamboats, and the railroads. "Opposition," in California, means very nearly what "the second son" does in England.

For many a year it seemed as if California never could have but one thing of a kind. There was only one express company worth the mention, one great and overshadowing bank, one steamship company, one steamboat company, one telegraph, one Associated Press. There were sporadic railroad companies in various places, but the California Pacific, holding the all-important route between San Francisco and Sacramento on the north side of the River, was alone strong. There were also two great stage companies, but they partitioned off the State between them, as the *Triumvirs* did Rome, so that they were as good as a monopoly. The California and Oregon Company run their stages from Sacramento over lines 1200 miles long; the Coast Stage Line run theirs from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and by branches held all that was of notable importance in Southern California. Now and then an opposition stage or two would be put on some minor route, and for a few weeks there would be a prodigious to-do. Two, three, four stages would start out before daylight from some little village of shanties, swarming and black with reckless, excited men, more numerous perhaps than the inhabitants of the village itself, with Chinamen in the boot and all over the roof, and "unfortunates" inside, and then there would ensue such a racing and snapping of the drivers's silk down the dusty roads, station after station, as only California ever witnessed. Of course, the opposition would presently be bought off, or die a natural, or rather a violent, death, and the "regular company" would proceed to reimburse themselves by extortionate charges on the travelling public. For casual travellers, tramps, Chinamen, and others, these occasional opposition coaches were a windfall, and they lay in wait for them for days but for the regular

patrons of the road they were a grievous eyesore, because they were well aware that if they secured a ride to-day for nearly nothing, to-morrow they would be obliged to pay as though they rode on three coaches at once. So it was on the Bay and its estuaries, and the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, as between the California Steam Navigation Company and the occasional "people's lines," which were generally very ephemeral. In such seasons of competition, the hour of departure for the Sacramento boat would witness an enormous concourse of people on the jetties, surging, vociferating, huzzaing when the boats shoved off. It seemed as if the "blanket-men" rode up to Sacramento and came back again soon after, quite a superfluous number of times, simply in order to solace themselves for the many weary journeys they had made across the dusty plains; just as the *Pirates* over in Nevada to-day ride backward and forward, over and over again, in the cattle-cars, with a serene and solemn satisfaction which is very pleasant to witness. In those times of competition, all the decks above and below, every square foot of available space, would be covered with slumbering and snoring voyagers.

In the department of newspapers, three powerful and wealthy journals — two in the metropolis, and one in Sacramento — constituted the Associated Press of California; and though this State always has had, and still has, more newspapers in proportion to its population than any other, not excepting Massachusetts, all the others were reduced to a condition of the most hopeless servility, and compelled abjectly to copy the telegrams from their neighbors when they were stale. Hence the number of evening papers in California. They could have banded together and procured original telegrams from the East, costly as they were; but there was only one telegraph company, and that was in league with their potent rivals. There was nothing for it

but to submit, though it was a case of the greatest hardship.

Wells, Fargo & Company's Express held the whole coast in its meshes, and relentlessly crushed out all opposition, even in far Idaho. A writer narrating a bit of his experience in that remote Territory, ruefully says, among other things: "I had run a fierce opposition to Wells, Fargo & Co.; and as a result sat alone in my office, trying to think, calmly as I could, how many of the best years of my life it would take to settle the costs." But probably this monopoly has been more beneficial in its workings than any other, for in early days it was the only safe and certain mail-carrier on exposed routes, where it often transmitted more letters than the United States mail, at a trifling advance over Government rates. To this day it carries probably a third of all the business letters forwarded on the coast, and a characteristic spectacle of California still, is the eager throng collected in the express office in the evening to listen to the reading-off of the addresses of letters just received, after which the assemblage repair to the post-office. There is not another private concern on the coast which is so intimately associated with the everyday life of thousands of the people. But latterly a rebellion has been organized even against this in San Francisco, many of whose merchants now dispatch thousands of dollars in coin to the East in the Government mail-bags, not only with a very material saving in expense, but so far without a single loss reported.

Thus it was that, in early times and for years, there prevailed everywhere this rigorous, iron despotism, this Rule of One. Railroads are a thing of slower growth than the institutions above mentioned; hence, while the latter early emerged into solidarity or unicity, it is less than two years since the railroads have passed under one dominion. Indeed, so much slower has been their growth, that they are only just now arrived into this condi-

tion of oneness, while nearly all the other institutions have advanced to a state of dualism, or better.

If you will tolerate the formidable phrases, I will designate the first epoch of California history as the Monocratic Period; the second, reaching to present times, the Dual Period. This double or parallel system began to prevail some ten years ago—say about the time when it was discovered that California was not only arable, but of a magnificent fertility, and when, therefore, agriculture stepped in as a twin and balancing industry to mining, hitherto alone—and it was a notable step in advance of the old pioneer despotisms. It was a great triumph for California to have two things of a kind, far greater than Eastern people can readily imagine. For instance, the despotic Pacific Mail was finally counterchecked by the North Pacific Transportation Company, which, though it offered no opposition on the China and Panama routes, brought relief to the Mexican and Southern California wayports. Nothing has ever been able to resist Wells, Fargo & Co., and they stand substantially alone and unshaken to-day. In the journalistic department the day of better things came at last. When the Central Pacific was joined to the Union Pacific, those two companies constructed a telegraph line across for their own uses; and thereupon, the former company having quarrelled with the Sacramento "Union," they gave the limited use of their overland wires for a moderate consideration to a new association, the American Press Association, which to this day has been able to maintain a rivalry with the old Associated Press. This was a benefit to the people, for it cheapened newspapers materially, of which there had been great necessity. The rapidity with which the "Record" of Sacramento, and the "Chronicle" of San Francisco, among others, shot up into a notable prosperity, and brought the prices of the old journals tumbling down, was no less remarkable than it

was useful. The original three first-born have since increased to four, but there is a whole brood of the younger brothers, all of them hearty youngsters, sufficiently sound in the exchequer, and coming on in good fashion. They sometimes do very naughty and unhandsome tricks, as younger brothers will, lacking the gravity of their elders; but let us hope that they will soon outgrow these things.

Partly also through this assistance from the railroad (it is said) the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company exists, and California is to-day perhaps the only State where there is a real and effective opposition in telegraphy.

At one time it seemed as if the State would be blessed also with the wholesome rivalry of a double system of railroads. The California Pacific—with the route above described—was owned mostly in San Francisco, and the Central Pacific in Sacramento; and, all their respective branch roads and appanages taken together, they were not very unequally matched, except that the latter had received a great impetus from the Government which was destined to make it swallow up the other. To begin with, each company had a line between the two main cities, though the California Pacific had the advantage by fifty-five miles. Then, by buying out the California Steam Navigation Company, the California Pacific was enabled, either by boat or by rail, to maintain an effective opposition between San Francisco and all the important points of the interior, to-wit: Oakland, San José, Stockton, Sacramento, and Marysville. So strenuous and so minutely ramified was this rivalry pushed, that the California Pacific (it was believed) either owned or backed the opposition on the Oakland ferries.

The people contemplated this state of affairs with eminent satisfaction. With a dual system of newspapers, of telegraphs, of steamships, and now of railroads, they believed the industrial future of the State secure. They had

two of a kind almost throughout. California was happy in the belief that it was about to be emancipated entirely from the thralldom of the old pioneer monopolies. Some even contended that the State needed two kinds of money, and argued for the introduction of greenbacks; but the mass of the people were satisfied with one kind of money—the kind that would chink, to-wit. That was a sort of monopoly of which there could not be too much.

The Californians claim to be fond of fair play—though a great many of them contradict themselves by the persistency with which they stand by the wealthy “regular company”—and here was a very good instance of it. One group of roads owned in San Francisco, the other in Sacramento, the latter backed by the Government, the former by the vast wealth of the metropolis. Now, to an impartial lay observer, it seems as though, unless they had become in a manner cowed, or at least tamed and wonted to the long tyranny of monopoly in so many departments, the San Franciscans, if they had been as fond of fair play as is asserted, would have displayed a little more grit in backing up their side of the struggle, and not allowed it to be squelched out so ignominiously as it was. There was still lacking one element of completeness in the parallelism: the California Pacific had no overland line; and this was the rock on which the weaker ship went down altogether.

At one time this lacking element seemed about to be supplied. It was rumored early in 1870—and the rumors grew to positive statements which were not contradicted—that the Union Pacific was to be prolonged to the northeastern corner of California, there to meet a corresponding extension of the California Pacific. Matters assumed such a definite shape that a body of engineers made a preliminary reconnaissance for a route from Salt Lake to Madeline Pass. More than that, the California Pacific had given a contract

to one Haswell to grade a long extent of track through the upper Sacramento Valley; and he at least was in sufficient earnest to be on the point of bringing suit against the company subsequently for their failure to fulfil the contract. They were reinforced by a large accession of capital from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and one or more bankers of that city were elected Directors.

Then suddenly came the grand collapse. The California Pacific, with all its appanages, steamboats, good-will, etc., passed into the ownership of the Central Pacific. On a certain day, three or four detached railroads, all the rolling-stock, and a whole fleet of bay and river steamboats, were formally transferred to the purchaser. The best friends of California beheld the transaction with earnest regret. It was a step in retrogression, contrary to the general movement. In his "History of Civilization," Guizot says the one conspicuous feature which marks the inferiority of antiquity was the simplicity, the unalism of its institutions, its thought, its life, compared with the infinite complexity and ramifications of the modern. Here was a step backward toward that dominion of one idea which characterized the earliest civilization of California, and caused it to resemble in some respects that of antiquity.

By this event the people were at last thoroughly aroused. After the child had fallen into the cistern, they ran and clapped on the cover. From Siskiyou to San Diego ascended the vigorous cry of "anti-railroad" or "anti-subsidy." With true Californian devotion to one idea, both political parties put that plank into their platforms, and put it in strong. They went into the Gubernatorial canvass of 1871. San Francisco and Sacramento had each a favorite and able candidate before the Republican nominating convention; in fact, those were the only two of any considerable importance whose names were presented. Now,

since it was the San Franciscan system of railroads which had been overrun and swallowed up by the Sacramento system, it would have been only natural for the people of the State to select the San Francisco candidate, *ceteris paribus*, to marshal the hosts of Anti-subsidy. But no; San Francisco had been ridden over so long by various monopolies, and had displayed so much apathy, if not downright imbecility, in championing its own roads while they were yet in independent existence, that the people of the interior were distrustful, and took a man from Sacramento itself to make head against the great monopoly. Newton Booth was elected Governor. It seemed to be considered that, since that city had taken the initiative in building up the gigantic corporation, and had pushed it to an overwhelming triumph over the Bay companies, it would furnish also a leader most active to fight it.

One of the first results of this swallowing up of all other roads in this Government-fatted monopoly was the discovery on the part of the humiliated and beaten San Franciscans, that, with the exception of the ocean steamers and a few ramshackle steamboats on the Bay, they could not leave their city in any public conveyance without paying tribute to the Central Pacific; that is, to a fourth-rate city of the interior. They could go to China or the South Sea Islands in their own vessels—or partly theirs; but to visit any part of our common country, they must meekly bow their necks and enter a Sacramento coach or stateroom! This gigantic company has eaten down subsidies and lands and bonds and franchises and railroads and County Supervisors and whole Legislatures, with a throat more insatiable than that of St. George's dragon—\$89,400,000 all told, not counting in the souls and bodies of men; yet a schoolgirl cannot cross over to the suburb of Oakland to visit a friend without paying twenty-five cents into this cormorant treasury, and the same to return.

The great company now had free swing in all the State. After the smoke cleared away from the field of battle, there came up from it no sound of any living enemy. Away down in Los Angeles there still existed an independent railroad, but not of any consequence; and over in Marin County some while ago we heard a timid little squeak from a narrow-gauge company just picking the shell, who had managed somehow to get a subsidy of a few thousands, though it was reported at one time—maliciously, I doubt not—that the Central Pacific had bought that subsidy!

Thus we have the humiliating spectacle of San Francisco fallen into a premature decrepitude, become debauched and fever-wasted by the frantic pursuit of the one idea of mining speculations and the miserable money-juggles of stock-gambling; and now throttled by this monster corporation, and almost daily taunted by it with imbecility. Industrially and commercially, her arm trembles and her cheek is pallid and haggard. Burdened with extortionate harbor charges (though only partially to blame for this, as the Legislature is equally or more responsible for their perpetuation) which have scared away commerce, and given the port a reputation, ocean-wide, as one of the most illiberal of civilization: thrust out by Chicago and St. Louis from a large proportion of the trade of Arizona, Utah, Montana, and even regions still further west; just emerged from a year acknowledged by her own journals to have been the most torpid and discouraging of her experience, so far as building was concerned; at the expiration of two years of drought, which, from the most unwise devotion of the interior to the one pioneer idea of wheat-growing, were conspicuously more disastrous than they would have been with a diversified agriculture; with a gold product yearly diminishing; with the ores of the interior, rightly her tributaries, driven eastward for reduction by extor-

tionate railroad charges; every single overland route of any importance in the gripe of a potent corporation, intent on humiliating the metropolis for past offences—San Francisco arouses at last to find herself hardly bested and threatened. She has chased that one wretched phantom of mining speculation until even that is slipping away, and meantime an enemy has slowly encompassed the city as in a net, and is now beginning to tighten the clutch, until it makes her commercial breath come short and quick.

But, thank heaven, San Francisco is no corpse. It must not be forgotten that this metropolis is barely a year or two emerged from its legal nonage, and is only just now awakening from a youthful debauch. When matters are at their worst they must mend. The great company have sledged down the spike one or two strokes too deep. In binding hand and foot the young debauchee, they should not have drawn the cords quite so tight; then he might have slumbered on. It is unfortunate for the great company that they awakened at last the bitter resentment of San Francisco and of a great portion of California. The state of war is a healthy human state sometimes. The remark of Renan concerning nations holds good of communities: "War is one of the conditions of progress, the lash that prevents a country from falling asleep, by means of forcing self-satisfied mediocrity to awake from its apathy." The continent is broad enough for more railroad tracks than one. The purse of San Francisco is a long purse yet, and as in all noble charities and works of munificent benevolence it is opened without parsimony and without reckoning, so in an embittered struggle for supremacy will it be emptied out to the uttermost dollar. Men of one idea, especially when that idea is one of self-preservation, strongly tinctured with honest indignation, are the men most to be dreaded. Let San Francisco at last only put itself manfully in the front of this good

fight against a restless and insatiable greed, and the State of California will stand by it as it has never before. The people are at length greatly in earnest. Last winter they sent into the Legislature the first installment of men distinctively pitted against this overshadowing corporation; but the reaction had been too great, and, as in the first French Revolution, they commenced too near the ground. It was a Legislature of excellent integrity, the honestest ever elected in California, but they were rustic men, not crafty in the conduct of caucuses and previous questions; and though they returned to their constituents no richer than they came, they allowed the great company to lead them by the noses. But the indications are wholesome; beginning from the foundation up, the State will educate *de novo* a race of legislators who will know how to restrain these wealthy gentlemen. Between San Francisco and the State there has existed hitherto an unfortunate estrangement in policy; but the metropolis is

putting on a resoluteness of resistance never before exhibited, which will procure for it the leadership in this movement of robust revolt. In the obscure corner of a city newspaper, not many weeks ago, appeared a very unobtrusive little notice, in modest nonpareil type—the more hopeful because of its quietness—which began as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO'S RAILROAD INTERESTS.—Twenty citizens of San Francisco, gentlemen standing high in business and social circles, held a meeting in the Chamber of Commerce, Saturday, for the purpose of taking preliminary steps toward the formation of a Committee of 100 citizens to look after San Francisco's railroad interests.

Very quiet and subdued is the language! But that meeting was better than some acres of proclamations. The names of those men were good for at least an equal number of millions. It was the initial step towards the construction of a railroad, "*asking no subsidies*," to connect San Francisco by a new and independent line with the East. May it greatly prosper! California is rather too large a State to have only *one* railroad.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.—A CHAPTER FROM CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY.

THE testimony of the French generals, especially that of Marshal MacMahon, has now conclusively established the fact that the ex-Emperor Napoleon is not to blame for the strategic and tactical blunders committed in the late war, and the impartial historian must therefore absolve him of having been the cause of the military reverses of the campaign of 1870-71. The moral responsibility for provoking a conflict which was to cost France countless lives, immense treasure, and two of her fairest provinces, is, however, still attributed to him. The purpose of this paper is to show that Louis Napoleon is as guiltless of the one charge

as the other. Nay, even more than this: we are prepared to prove that it was not the ex-Emperor, but his opponents, the men who have most bitterly assailed him since, that forced on the fatal declaration of hostilities with Prussia.

To fully understand the causes and influences which drifted the Second Empire slowly but inevitably into a collision with Prussia, we must go back as far as the session of the Corps Legislatif in 1866-67. Consulting the official record of the debates, the first thing which attracts our attention is, that every time the foreign policy of the Government came up, two names

— those of Thiers and Favre, the great leaders of the Opposition — meet our eyes. Though belonging to entirely different political camps, both hold the same creed, a creed whose cardinal dogma is that the unity of Germany must be a calamity, not merely for France, but for the whole civilized world. It appears not even to have been thought material to qualify this view by adding that such a unity under the auspices of Prussia would be a special aggravation. In the opinion of Thiers and Favre, this unity, entirely apart from the dangers arising from the aggrandizement of an ambitious military State, was objectionable *per se*. For this reason they praised the beauties of federation. The small States, it was said, were the happiest, and had ever been a blessing to Europe. Jules Favre triumphantly cited the fact that even Cavaignac's Republic of 1848 had declined to know aught of united Germany, and would not recognize the Frankfort Government of those revolutionary days. The same views obtained in relation to Italian unity. It was deemed quite as right for the Romans to remain the subjects of the Pope, as it was for the Germans to remain Hessians, Nassauers, Württembergers, etc.

After the Prusso-Austrian war, and attendant political changes of '66, the Emperor postponed the convocation of the French Chamber as long as possible. When that body at last met, in 1867, the opposition at once began a fierce onslaught on the Emperor's foreign policy. Thiers, the terror of the Ministerial benches and the delight of the Parisians, led off the charge. He spun out one of those two days' orations which no audience but a French one would tolerate. Each speech of this kind is a complete volume, with a long preface, regular chapters and sub-chapters. Thiers usually prepares himself weeks in advance. He opens with a diffuse philosophical and historical dissertation. Those who have had occasion to consult the legislative an-

nals of France will probably have learned to their sorrow how long it takes to discover from the proceedings the gist of the question under consideration. More than half a column must generally be carefully read before the real point at issue can be got at, so completely is the leading idea lost in academic contemplations and side issues. Thiers often speaks for five and six hours without as many minutes rest, and repeats the same thing on the next day.

Such a speech, which always furnishes France with talk for a whole week, was the one delivered by Thiers on the 14th day of March, 1867, against Prussian aggression, German unity, and Napoleon's complicity. He began, if not further back, at any rate with the history of Charles V., from whose reign he arrived by a circuitous route at the Peace of Westphalia. *Ah, la belle chose!* Honor to this great work! Until 1866 it constituted the foundation of European peace. "It," said M. Thiers, "secured the freedom of Europe, the independence of the smaller States, and the glory of France. Thanks to this peace, Europe has been liberated, liberated through France, while she herself has been covered with distinction." The Peace of Utrecht — to which the speaker came next — also benefitted the minor German States, guaranteed as their existence was by France. But with the Consulate commence the whole series of political blunders which culminated in the Peace of Prague: for then France began to suppress a number of the minor German States. What a pity that the paternal rule of about three hundred princes and princelings should not have been preserved in Germany down to the present day! "Matters," proceeds Thiers, "should at least have been left as they were; but mistake followed mistake. In 1815 France permitted the other States to enlarge their territories, while she gained nothing. In 1864 she suffered Denmark to be despoiled of Schleswig-Holstein

—and then in 1866! That was the period when the Imperial Government should have prevented the territorial aggrandisement of Prussia and the North Germanic Confederacy. France should have peremptorily forbidden both. She had the right to do it as one of the parties to the Vienna Treaty. Nor should Prussia have, in the first instance, been permitted to attack Austria." "Had money then been asked of the Chamber," exclaims M. Thiers, significantly, "it would have been granted with enthusiasm (*avec élan*)."

"No doubt," responded M. Buffet, the moderate Orleanist and leader of the peace party in the Corps Legislatif.

Toward the close of the same year, during the winter session of 1866-67, M. Thiers repeated in substance the above argument, only in more violent language. "We must protest," he shouts, "against this Government (the Prussian) which extends its hand for crowns; we must protest against the whole doctrine of nationalities, for nothing is more reprehensible and pernicious than it,"—always of course with the exception of the French nationality! "And when you are taunted," he thunders forth, "that you were obliged to let events take their own course in Germany, that you may have peace on these conditions alone, is this a position worthy of France?" These words were greeted with a perfect storm of applause by the opposition. Again, during the session following the one of 1866-67, we find Thiers expressing the same sentiments when speaking on the war budget. "Germany," he says, "has been permitted to accomplish her unity; as far as I am concerned," he added, "*j'en suis inconsolable!*"

Such was the position occupied towards Germany by the envoy whom France selected in October, 1870, to conduct the peace negotiations with Bismarck, and whom she has since placed at the helm as her most neutral, discreet, and reasonable statesman.

M. Thiers appeared on the scene in

the novel character of a peace negotiator on the last day of October, 1870, about six weeks after Jules Favre had become the chief of the Provisional Government. If the former was the leader of the Orleanists, the latter was that of the moderate Republicans, and both together were perhaps the most perfect aggregate expression of the better, intellectual, tone-giving classes in France. Both were summoned to the rescue when the ship of state was drifting rudderless about on the stormy political billows. Thiers was the sheet anchor for the foreign diplomacy; Favre, that for the domestic policy. How Thiers spoke and reasoned before France went to war with Prussia, we know already. Let us now hear the Jules Favre of the same period.

We meet Favre with the same regularity as Thiers on every occasion which affords a chance to attack the Imperial Government for its foreign policy, and to oppose the unification of Germany after 1866. He nearly always succeeds Thiers on the tribune, to perform the same air, though in a different key. He also boasts of having espoused the Danish side as early as 1864. To him, the popular tribune, the minor German States also appear the seats of the highest political freedom and patriarchal government. On the 14th day of March, 1867, he paints the conduct of Prussia in the following dark colors: "Hereupon Prussia (after the conquest of the Elbe duchies) turns on Germany and overthrows with her victorious sword, not only the thrones, (a strange offence in the eyes of a Republican!) but destroys the Constitutions of States, harnesses their subjected peoples to her triumphal chariot, debauches popular sentiment, and preaches German unity, to make, in truth, the Prussian." ("Good! very good!" on the opposition benches.) "Vainly," proceeds the speaker, "protests the venerable King of Hanover, in touching terms." "No one," he continues, "can feel more cruelly the shock of the victory of Sadowa than

myself." (*Personne ne peut sentir plus cruellement l'atteinte de la victoire de Sadowa.*) Like Thiers, he also says that the Chamber would gladly have voted money if the Government had asked for it at that time. To Favre also Germany seems expressly designed by Providence to illustrate the excellencies of the federative system, from which he thinks she has derived the greatest advantages, especially that of not exciting the jealousy of her neighbor. "We have now only one means, if any at all," he concludes, "to secure a dissolution of what is falsely called German unity, but which I call Prussian ascendancy: we must become the accomplices of its enemies, and these are the peoples who have been sacrificed to it, the Kings whose dominions have been annexed by brute force!" Favre, the Republican, certainly eclipses Thiers, the historian of the Empire. During the debates on the war budget in the same year (1867), Favre exclaims, "Yes, we have humbled ourselves before the victor of Sadowa! That battle has cut all questions with the sharp edge of the sword. France is profoundly concerned by events in which she was not allowed to participate. It was certainly done in violence to her martial tastes, to her heroic nature, which is at the same time so noble, and she therefore bears this termination only with the greatest impatience. France is well aware that this peace (the Peace of Prague) is levelled against her and must jeopardize her safety; and, for this reason, I say, the Minister takes up the pen to appease the country." In almost the same breath, Favre never omits to add: "But, for heaven's sake, let us have no war; it only would unite Germany more firmly." This reservation was clearly dictated by party policy. Even while war was the object, the polemics of the Liberals had to be managed in a way to make it appear that they were averse to it upon principle. But they did wish the war, because they also were thoroughly imbued with the

national spirit, and we have their own testimony that this spirit was only curbed with the utmost difficulty from betraying itself more openly. They did desire the war, because in the blind faith in their own invincibility they saw in it the most natural and only way to repair what seemed to them a national menace and calamity. They could not help wanting the war, because their selfish patriotism proclaimed what they themselves had solemnly repeated a thousand times, from the tribune and the press, "that the work of Prussia must be undone in the interests of France." But, more than all — and this is the main reason for fixing the moral responsibility on the liberal, intelligent classes in the war — must those who spoke in the above manner, with all the arts of their admired eloquence, before assembled France, be held accountable for the effect produced by their words: unless, indeed, it be assumed that men like Thiers, Favre, and their friends, were not able to calculate the consequences of what they said.

There is no possible escape from this moral responsibility. Given, on the one hand, a Government which must have thought it the most cutting reproach to have lessened the *prestige* of France in Europe; and, on the other, a nation whom all experience shows to have restrained its sensitive, martial temper after the battle of Sadowa only with great difficulty. Given, a Government which had the laurels of two successive campaigns to stimulate it to further feats at arms, and a people who considered themselves invincible. Given, we repeat, these elements, and what else could the opposition have expected than that both Government and people would plunge, sooner or later, hand in hand, into war? Is it not an insult to our common sense to pretend that the Liberal orators, after all their passionate reproaches, lamentations, revilings, and doleful forebodings over the incalculable injury which a united Germany was certain to inflict

on France, could sincerely have desired peace? About a year after these diatribes and taunts, and only a few days before the dissolution of the Chamber (consequently on the eve of a general election), Thiers once more seized the opportunity to throw down the gauntlet to Lavalette, who had referred to the development of German unity as a natural and irresistible event. "We have supplicated you," he cried, "to arrest the march of events in Germany. You might have done so easily in 1866 with a single word; but however earnestly we implored, you would not utter it. For the sake of our honor and our responsibility to history, we dare, therefore, not suffer you to deny that it was you who have created the present state of affairs in Germany. I repeat, yes, it is you, and you alone, who have created it."

When, in so pregnant an hour, and from so distinguished a source, a reproach like this is hurled at the Government of such a people, it would seem a miracle if its whole thoughts had not thenceforth been directed to the only expedient which promised to wipe out that stigma. Neither Thiers nor any other member of the opposition can for an instant be supposed not to have been able to foresee, with almost mathematical certainty, that war must be the result of their attacks. And even if they flattered themselves that these incessant, venomous, tantalizing recriminations would overturn the Emperor (for this was, of course, the leading motive), because Germany had been allowed to work out her mission, the Government which succeeded would of necessity have been forced also to adopt a war programme. But the opposition leaders knew only too well that Napoleon would never fall without having first tried this last expedient to keep power. They could not help to comprehend that the more effective their tactics, the more surely they drove the Government to a rupture. What they therefore desired in addition, though secretly (and despite

their theoretical love of peace and affectation of public morality), was, with some, a hope that the war would destroy the empire; and, with others, a hatred of Prussia, and a deep-seated antipathy to the idea of a rival German nationality. All these different motives were gratified by discrediting the Imperial Government with the nation, for not having interfered earlier in Germany, and by parading before the public the impending loss of national *prestige*, while they at the same time took care to cry peace, so as to escape the responsibility for the war when it came. It was, no doubt, for the latter reason that the fiercest and most belligerent attacks on the Imperial policy invariably concluded with the stereotyped formula: But now it is too late to interfere.

In the eleventh hour, fully conscious of the moral responsibility which they had in the crisis, face to face with the impending struggle, dimly foreboding its fatal consequences, and at the very moment when the double-faced game, so long played, was on the eve of success, their evil conscience prompted the opposition leaders to wash their hands of the whole business. Thiers actually ascended the tribune to utter some Cassandra-like warnings against the war, but he must have been aware that no human power was then any longer able to avert it. He must have known that the war was inevitable, and that nothing he could say or do would stop the revolving wheel of destiny. No eleventh hour repentance on the part of Thiers can, therefore, wipe out, in the eyes of historical criticism, his responsibility as one of the prime instigators of the war. Even had not the entire opposition, like Jules Favre, made the political changes of 1866 the basis of their attacks on the Emperor; even had they not all, like Jules Ferry, included hostility to Prussia in their electoral programme; even then it would suffice that the whole opposition, with very few exceptions, had subscribed to the electoral manifesto

in which Sadowa was denounced as a second Waterloo. Indeed, Gambetta, Keratry, and the leading men of that Republic which rose spontaneously out of the ruins of the Second Empire, had not only welcomed the war with joy, but contributed quite as much as Thiers and Favre to force Napoleon into it.

The effect of these incendiary appeals on the French people, especially the vainglorious, thoughtless Parisians, was exactly what might have been anticipated under the circumstances. In the family circle, in the schools, in the lecture halls, in the *salons*, in the *cafés*, in the streets, in public and in private, the war fever raged with equal intensity. A few men, and among these the Emperor himself, did not fall into this belligerent mood. When some one spoke to him of a "promenade to Berlin," Napoleon intimated that it might not be so easy to get there. For years — at any rate since 1866 — a war with Germany had been a standing temptation, returning hourly, daily, under different forms; to-day in the shape of friendly advice, on the morrow in that of hostile defiance. It required the whole obstinacy of his cool, calculating nature, to resist so long the pressure brought to bear upon him. He was certainly not blind to the risk of an encounter with such a powerful antagonist, and this may be easily seen from numerous public declarations and official acts. The Italian campaign of 1859 afforded him an opportunity to state through the columns of the "Moniteur" that he favored the unity of Germany no less than that of the Apennine Peninsula — a sentiment for which the opposition reproached him often afterward. In 1864, Napoleon suffered Prussia to attack Denmark without a protest, and this the Left and the anti-imperial press also bitterly resented. In the well-known circular of Lavalette, September 16th, 1866, he defended his neutral policy on the ground that the events of the summer had rather been an advantage than an

injury to France; that Germany had now a smaller population than she had under the old Federal union; and that Napoleon I. had also approved of large political agglomerations. This state paper was, of course, a justification of that non-intervention for which the opposition so incessantly and furiously assailed him, but it shows, nevertheless, how earnest he was in resisting the pressure which tried to drive him into meddling with the domestic concerns of Germany.

What the state of the public feeling was already in 1866, may be inferred from the significant circumstance that Rouher himself deemed it necessary to counsel peace. "The country," says the Minister, "hesitates between the desire to have peace and the hope of territorial aggrandisement by war." The speech from the throne (November 18th, 1867,) declared solemnly that the true policy of France was to acquiesce in the national aspirations of Germany. The words which the Emperor employs are, "We must frankly accept (*il faut accepter franchement*) the changes which have taken place on the other side of the Rhine, declare that as long as our dignity and interests are not menaced, we will not interfere with the changes which occur in accordance with the wishes of those populations." This saving clause recurs very often; but in view of a jealous public opinion, none can find fault with a politician, a master of intrigue, for having appended such a proviso for future contingencies. And how cautiously Napoleon felt his way in the Luxembourg embroglio! Rouher, it will be remembered, condescended even to the unblushing falsehood of telling the Chamber that the initiative for the acquisition of the Grand duchy had come from Holland, that France had simply followed (*qu'ils n'ont que suivi*) — a statement which elicited an angry disclaimer on the part of the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs. Nothing could have been more tender and considerate than the man-

ner in which Napoleon then treated Prussia. The Marquis of Moustier, at that time in charge of the portfolio, eloquently implored the Chamber not to press him too closely, because the well-founded sensitiveness of Prussia about Luxembourg should be respected. For this reason Europe was appealed to, the London Conference arranged, and Prussia coaxed into a compromise. "We thought," says the principal French despatch on the subject, "that the Berlin Cabinet, by accepting in a friendly spirit the union of the Grand Duchy with France, would consent to an act of lofty courtesy, and accord us with pleasure a moral and material satisfaction, from which the peace of the world would derive new guarantees."

When this despatch was framed at the Tuileries, the ex-Emperor was still faithful to his pacific views, feared a war with Germany, and possessed an able coadjutor in Rouher. The tide turned with the Hohenzollern candidature, when the evil seeds sown by the attacks of the opposition bore their legitimate fruits, and left the Second Empire no alternative but to fight.

Herewith we rest our case, leaving the reader to decide whether the evidence adduced redeems our promise to prove that the moral responsibility for the War of 1870-71 is no more to be attributed to Louis Napoleon, than the strategical and tactical blunders committed in the field.

W. P. Morris.

SOME CALIFORNIA SAVAGES. — II.

CALIFORNIA Indians have a way of gambling with little sticks or bones rolled up in pellets of grass, which is rather interesting. I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing a great game of it among the Gualálas, and a description of the game, with certain unimportant variations, would answer for nearly all the tribes of the State, as they were before they became acquainted with that pernicious individual, Mr. High Low.

After playing at Indian tennis all the afternoon, they assembled in the evening in a large frame house of one room, made by themselves with tolerable skill, and squatted on the ground around a fire, which it was the children's task constantly to replenish with billets and shavings, for the illumination of the proceedings. There were about forty—men, women, and youngsters,—the remnant of the tribe. They first divided off in two equal parties, and then proceeded to make up the grand sweepstake. One Indian would lay down a half dollar, and another

of the opposite section would cover the same. Another would deposit a blanket or a pair of trousers, and one of the other side would match it with an article agreed to be of equal value. A squaw would contribute a dress or a chemise or a string of beads, which would be covered as above; and so on until they deemed the stake large enough to be worth their while. They were a good while in making it up, for there were several disputes as to whether or not a certain article offered was equal in value to the one against which it was to be matched. The stake consisted of eight dollars in silver coin, a large hatful of strings of beads, and an immense heap of clothing and blankets, some of them new and very good; and it was worth at least one hundred and fifty dollars.

They gamble with four cylinders of bone about two inches long, two of which are plain and two marked with rings and strings tied around the middle. The game is conducted by four old and experienced men, frequently

grayheads, two for each party, squatting on their knees on opposite sides of the fire. They have before them a quantity of fine dry grass, and they roll up each piece of bone in a little ball, with their hands in rapid and juggling motion before and behind them, and the opposite party presently guess in which hand is the marked bone. Generally only one guesses at a time, which he does with the word *we* (right hand), or *tess* (left hand). If he guesses right for both the players, they simply toss the bones over to him and his partner, and nothing is scored on either side. If he guesses right for one and wrong for the other, the one for whom he guessed right is "out," but his partner rolls up the bones for another trial, and the guesser forfeits to them one of the twelve counters. If he guesses wrong for both, they still keep on, and he forfeits two counters. There are only twelve counters, and when they have all been won over to one side or the other, the game is ended. Each Indian or squaw then takes out of the stake the article which he or she deposited, together with that matched against it; so that each one of the winning party comes out with double the amount he staked.

All this is extremely simple, but it took me a long time to penetrate into the whole mystery of it,—such a wonderful amount of juggleries, mummeries, manipulations, and incantations do the Indians encompass it with round about. As soon as they commence rolling up the bones in the hay, they fall to whipping their arms to and fro, before and behind them, swaying their bodies backward and forward, and shouting "*Ha-man, ha-man, ha-man!*" or "*Ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi!*" or something similar, each chanting an independent refrain, but keeping perfect time the while with his companion. Then presently they bring up their hands to their breasts, with elbows akimbo, twist their bodies as if in mortal agony, and reduce the chant to a mere grunt, "*Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh!*"

though they still keep perfect time with the twisting motion. Then they interpolate divers and sundry highly superfluous shouts, and roll their eyes as if the very deuce were in them, or a violent attack of colonitis.

Besides that, the old mustaches who are about to guess put on a wonderful amount of fancy flourishes. You will see one, with his eyes brightly shining, almost glaring as if he were possessed, slowly stretch out the hand he intends to guess, gradually extend his forefinger, lean far forward, and hiss out fiercely between his teeth "*we-e-e!*" or, more abruptly, "*tess!*" Sometimes he stretches one arm out, shakes it violently awhile, hissing through his teeth, or chanting in their strange, frenzied manner; then suddenly jerks it home as if pulling in a sturgeon, and shoots out the other, whereupon the open palms smite together in passing with a report almost like a pistol-shot, and out hisses "*we-e-e!*" or "*tess!*"

All these things are conducted with that fanatic frenzy, that strange, weird superfluity of unction, so characteristic of the California Indian in certain passages of his daily life. These multiplied manipulations and juggleries attract the stranger's attention so much that he forgets to notice the simple machinery of the matter for a long time. After contemplating it for a full half hour, my mind was still in about as lucid a condition as it is after reading the following quatrain:

"The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intertwined, he now doth untwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

But the Indians are so accustomed to all this blue fire, that the circle of spectators look on with that stolid and imperturbable gravity peculiar to the race; and no matter how deeply any one may be involved in the issue, one can discover no indications of it in his countenance. This singular game was protracted until midnight, when we came away, and we learned next morn-

ing that it was not concluded till two o'clock. One thing is praiseworthy in these Indian gamblers, and that is, the good nature with which they accept all their losses. They very seldom quarrel over a game, and never fight unless inflamed with the white man's *aca bishitoo* (bad water).

But for all kinds of gambling, both sexes and all ages have a positive passion. The Gualàla wife of Hopps, my *cicerone*, although mother of two little children, abandoned them utterly to her husband's care, watching the game until the "wee sma' hours" when it closed; and in consequence, Hopps had to get breakfast next morning—a task to which he seemed accustomed, and which he accepted with tranquillity.

While sitting near these Gualàlas, and looking at the circle of swarthy faces which the staggering blazes redly lighted up, I was not a little impressed with their resemblance to those calm, grand faces of old Egypt. Probably the reader will smile here, and I am well aware how inferior these poor Diggers are to the mighty race who builded Cheops and Karnak, and whose wisdom was a beacon even to Athenian philosophy; but they are not much, if any, lower than the modern Fellahs who toiled in the sand of the Suez Canal, and who are said to retain the features of their great ancestors. I saw here the same scanty beard; the same full, voluptuous lips; the same straight noses, high and strong, with thick walls and dilated nares; the same broad cheek-bones; the same large and prominent eyes, in most; the same expression of restful and placid strength, that I have seen among the Egyptian sculptures of the Berlin Museums and the British Museum of London. The differences are, that the Indians open their eyes more freely, except in extreme old age, when they are shrivelled and nearly burnt out by the smoke; and have lower foreheads and more shrunken cheeks, which give the adult face somewhat the contour of

a bow-kite, with the lower point cut away. Being Coast Indians, the Gualàlas retain their flesh longer than the interior tribes, and have not that extreme witheredness and simian aspect which make old age so unspeakably repulsive among the Sacramento River Indians.

It cannot be denied that there was a certain grave and savage strength of nature in that midnight circle of dark faces, such as one would little expect to find among men so entirely empty of mental force and originality, however imitative they may have been. Such faces joined to such intellects go hard to demolish all physiognomy theories. And yet they are elevated several degrees above the lowest *niveau* of savage capacity. They reckon their beads "by the two hundred," as one explained to me, up to a thousand, the word for which is *tushopte* (*tushuh* and *opte*, literally "five two-hundred"). Now, the word for "chief" is *atopte*, which seems to be composed of *ata*, "house," and *opte*, "two hundred," as if his jurisdiction had formerly been that number of wigwams. There seems to be here a relic of some former civilization, perhaps that of China, where, as we know, prevails the system of hundreds and hundreders. In marriage they observe strictly the Mosaic table of prohibited affinities, accounting it "poison," as they say, for a person to marry a cousin or an avuncular relative. True, according to their own confession, they occasionally practiced infanticide in former times, but they appear to have sacrificed generally only the weaker infants. And the amount of dancing which they can endure for ten or fifteen days together, day and night, is astonishing, when we remember that the manner of dance practiced by the men is terribly hard work. But, like all savages, they can stand the fatigue of amusements much better than they can the steady hard grubbing which gets bread and meat. Yet there are some of them who have the all-day American industry, especially

as herders, drivers of pack-trains, etc. It has been said that the highest test of the quality of a race is their capacity to make war, and the condition that women hold among them. Now, in the latter regard the California Indians rank higher than the African races, for polygamy was not tolerated, even in the chief, in their palmiest days. A man might *own* for slaves as many women as he could purchase, but he could have only one for his wife; and if he transgressed this law or custom he degraded himself and was despised. In the second place, they did not, and do not now, as I have abundantly seen for myself, reduce their females to absolute slavery, as did the Algonquin tribes, but divide the labor with them somewhat more justly. Indeed, as I shall show in another paper, there formerly existed among nearly all tribes of the Pomo family a secret society of men, which was the exact antipode of Sorosis, in that it had as its object the keeping of women in a proper mood of humbleness and submission by literally raising the devil. In this Pomo race, to which the Gualálas belong, the women anciently held so high a position, and went so near to overtop the men, that the fact gave rise to an old tradition among the Spaniards, that there existed a tribe in Mendocino County, wherein the women were Amazons and wielded supreme authority. As to their warlike capacity, at present, alas! they have fallen very low; but it was not so always. There is a county of California, Marin, to wit, named after a chief whose gallant and heroic resistance to the whites, in defence of his native land, cost them many and many a bloody fight. In the archives of the old Jesuit Missions, written in that neat round chirography which is almost like copperplate, occurs with very suggestive frequency a mention of *los bravos Indios*. It is true, they did not make a very long fight of it after the Americans came into the land, not so long, doubtless, as the Iroquois or the Apaches would have made. And there

was reason. Never in all history was a race so populous swept away with such swift and terrible extermination, or appalled into utter and unresisting silence forever and forever, as were the California Indians by the frightful massacres incited by the unrecking and indiscriminating rapacity of the gold-hunters. It is a wonder that any of them yet exist on earth. Let a savage even complain that they muddied the water so he could no longer see to spear the salmon on which he depended for bare subsistence, and he was shot down in his tracks. Often have I heard old pioneers relate, and that sometimes with laughter, how, even when the Indians had submitted and were in profound peace, during some of their hunting excursions they themselves had shot, and seen others shoot, down an Indian or a squaw at sight, as they would a deer or a grizzly.

But I have been run away with by these general remarks, to the abandonment of the train of particulars which I was following.

Something was said of their indolence in regard to any steadfast and useful industry. It is a curious fact that there is no word for "lazy" in their language, and they have borrowed one from the Spanish. Some qualities are known by themselves, and some only by their opposites; hence, as the Indian knew nothing of industry, he also knew nothing of laziness.

The former existence of infanticide among this and several other related tribes, according to their own admission, may probably be accepted as one evidence of a populousness which is attested by other signs, that crime having been caused by over-population, just as in China to-day. And these Indians appear to have taken better care of their health than did the Algonquin nations, which partially accounts for their populousness. Though they had all the unspeakable fooleries, the incantations, and the mummeries practiced by the Eastern Indians in case of sickness, yet they made plenti-

ful use of sanative herbs, and — which was better than all else — looked largely to prevention rather than cure. In their native state both sexes bathed the entire person every morning in cold water, besides which they had their air-tight sudatories, or sweat-houses, wherein they took periodical heats, followed by a run and a plunge-bath in the river or ocean. They used this latter proceeding even on babies that could not run, and had to be carried, dripping with perspiration, and heaved into the river — a course of treatment that would destroy civilized infants outright. Hence, you shall see them, on some of their great anniversary occasions, dance until they are in a perfect reek of perspiration, then come forth and fling themselves nearly naked on the ground and lie there until they cool off, which would insure a white man the rheumatism. But they do it with impunity. Then again, some tribes practiced what might be called a species of the Swedish movement cure, whereby, placing the invalid inside of a circle, they danced around him merrily, with glad shouts and singing, until they worked themselves into that frenzy for which their natures have such an immense capacity, the patient also feeling its influence the while, when they would suddenly swoop down upon him, bear him away around the circle, steadying and supporting him, whooping and chanting, until he yielded irresistibly to the transports of the moment, and found himself capering around the circle in spite of himself. Then they observe another thing which is probably conducive to health, at least in all the central and southern portions of the State. They sleep perfectly naked, even when they have become sufficiently civilized to dress entirely in the American garb. I was first made aware of this fact by an amusing circumstance that happened in Potter Valley. Near the farmhouse wherein I slept there was a *rancheria*, and in the night some swine conceived an alarm about something or other, and made a

lively run through the wigwam, and they and the inmates came shooting out together from the opposite hole — first an Indian, then a pig. They assert that it is healthier to lay off at evening all the clothing worn during the daytime. Husband and wife do not sleep apart, as among some tribes of the Atlantic Indians, but cosily together under one blanket. Then again, many of them burn up their wigwams in the fall, to destroy the vermin; so that, together with their summer booths — mere roofs of brushwood, which suffice during the rainless season — they have two changes a year.

The chiefship of the Gualálas is hereditary, though his authority is merely nominal and advisory, and in the present times, at least, their social system is patriarchal. But, as on Russian River, the remnant of them is so shrunk and narrowed down that it seems to sadden them, and they dwell all in one wigwam together for the comforting of their souls, though some who thus abide in common are nowise related.

In the great autumnal games, which continue a matter of two weeks, or as long as the provisions they have brought hold out, they amuse themselves with divers entertainments. One of them is the Devil Dance, which is gotten up to terrify the women and children, like the *Habersfeldtreiben* of the Bavarian peasants. In the midst of the ordinary dances there comes rushing upon the scene an ugly apparition in the shape of a man, wearing a feather mantle on his back, reaching from the armpits down to the mid-thighs, zebra-painted on his breast and legs with black stripes, a bear-skin shako on his head, and his arms stretched out at full length along a staff passing behind his neck. Accoutred in this harlequin rig, he dashes at the squaws, capering, dancing, whooping; and they and the children flee for life, keeping several hundred yards between him and themselves. If they are so unfortunate as to touch even his stick,

all their children will perish out of hand. The object of this piece of gratuitous foolery seems to be, as among most of the Pomo tribes, merely to exhibit to the squaws the power of their lords over the infernal regions and their denizens, and thereby remind them forcibly of the necessity of obedience.

Even these children of Nature had, as Dean Swift growls, "the scurvy custom of taking tobacco." A wild species of the weed is found growing in the moist alluvium near Gualala Creek, which they formerly used as the Atlantic Indians did *kinnikinnick*. I saw a specimen of the primitive pipe wherein they smoked it, and it was a curious utensil. It never occurred to the Indians to make the bowl and stem of different pieces, so the pipe was fashioned of one piece of wood, perfectly straight, the bowl being simply an enlargement of the stem. In order to use it, the smoker must either have inclined his head back at a great angle, or lain flat on his back, with the pipe sticking up perpendicular.

THE SANELS.

The Sanels (accent on the ultimate) live in Russian River Valley, near the little village called after them. They construct immense dome-shaped lodges of willow poles an inch or two thick, woven in square lattice-work, securely lashed and thatched. In each one of these live several families, sometimes twenty or thirty persons, including all who are blood relations. Each wigwam, therefore, is a *pueblo*, a law unto itself; and yet these lodges are grouped in villages, some of which formerly contained hundreds of inhabitants. The old Indian town of Sanel shows by its ruins that it was, on an average, eight blocks front on the river and twenty deep, each block being one of these huge wigwams. It must have contained fifteen hundred or more inhabitants; and even in 1847, as a pioneer informed me, it still numbered between three and four hundred souls

— another proof of the former dense population of California, for the valley here is less than a mile wide, and no American town can ever spring up here and attain that census. During the dry season they abandon these huge hot wigwams entirely, as all tribes do except the wooden-builders on the Klamath, and live in booths close by the river-side, in the cool shadows of the willows, where they can almost dip up the salmon trout and the skeggers as they lie on their leafy couches. Here, in the damp silt, on little spots allotted to them by the whites, they have now-a-days patches of maize, with a few beans, squashes, melons, etc., where they can sling water over them from the shrunk river with their hands or baskets, if need is of irrigation. Like the farmer's boy, who has a patch of melons where the straw stack was last year, they let the weeds grow to a very damaging extent, unless their white patrons lend them horses and ploughs, and frequently admonish them of their duties. When the braves neglect the crop, the squaws will go and sit down on the ground by each hill, dig up the earth deep with their fingers, and rub it all up fine as an ash-heap, so that, though the extent of ground they can thus cultivate is quite limited, they get liberal yields from it. But, like little children, they generally eat the melons prematurely, and the squashes unwholesomely green, the same being roasted whole.

According to the Sanels, the sun and moon are active, potent, and malignant spirits, the same as the innumerable other devils in whom they believe. Hence, if one has the headache or sunstroke, he thinks he is tormented by one or the other of these evil luminaries — sun-poisoned or moon-poisoned. As a means of relief he sometimes thumps his head unmercifully, causing his nose to bleed. They torture their bodies, too, not only for themselves, but also for their friends, when afflicted with disease. They believe that, by lacerating themselves,

they help to placate the wrath of the evil one, and thereby alleviate the distress of their relatives.

The dead are always burned, even to this day, though many other tribes have been persuaded by the whites to abandon the custom for the most part. Mr. Willard described to me a scene of incremation that he once witnessed, which was frightful for its exhibitions of fanatic frenzy and infatuation. The corpse was that of a wealthy chieftain, and as he lay upon the funeral pyre, they placed in his mouth two gold twenties (*sic*), and other smaller coins in his ears and hands, and on his breast, etc., besides all his finery, his feather mantles, plumes, clothing, bows and arrows, etc., to the value of five hundred dollars, as estimated by American eye-witnesses. When the torch was applied, they commenced a mournful ululation, chanting and dancing about him, gradually working themselves into a wild and ecstatic raving, which seemed almost a demoniacal possession, leaping, howling, lacerating their flesh. These Indians, usually so quiet, so timid, and so lymphatic, became like the wildest maniacs. Their religious devotion prevailed over all other considerations. One young Indian stripped off a broadcloth coat, quite new and fine, and ran, frantically yelling, and cast it upon the blazing pile. Another rushed up and was about to throw upon it a valuable pair of California blankets, when an American spectator snatched him back, and offered him the full value of the blankets, jingling the glittering gold before his eyes, which shone almost like the fire to which he was running; but the frenzied savage, else so tame in his soul and so overweeningly avaricious, dashed the tempter aside with a yell of contempt and execration, and hurled his offering into the flames. Squaws, even more frenzied, wildly flung upon the pyre their dearest ornaments, their gaudiest colored dresses, their strings of many-colored shells, gathered and polished through years. Screaming,

wailing, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, in their mad and insensate infatuation, some of them would have cast themselves bodily into the flaming ruins, and perished with the chief, had they not been restrained by their companions. Then the swift, bright flames, with their hot tongues, licked this "cold obstruction" into chemic change; and the once "delighted spirit" of the savage was borne up—

"To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world."

It seems almost as if the savage shared in Shakespeare's shudder at the thought of rotting in the dismal grave, for it is the one dearest passion of his superstition to think of the soul of his departed friend set free and purified by the swift purging test of the flames; not dragged down to be clogged and bound in the mouldering body, but borne up in the soft, warm chariots of the smoke toward the beautiful sun, to bask in his warmth and light, and then fly away to the Happy Western Land. What wonder if the Indian shrinks with unspeakable horror from the thought of *burying his friend's soul*? of pressing and ramming down with pitiless clods that inner something which once took such delight in the sweet light of the sun? What wonder if it takes years to persuade him to do otherwise, and follow our custom? What wonder if, even then, he does it with sad fears and misgivings? Why not let him keep his custom? In the gorgeous landscapes and balmy climate of California and India, incremation is as natural to the savage as it is to him to love the beauty of the sun. Let the vile Esquimaux and the frozen Siberian bury their dead if they will; it matters little; the earth is the same above as below; or to them the bosom of the earth may seem even the better; but in California, do not blame the savage if he recoils at the thought of going underground! This soft, pale halo of the lilac hills, and this peerless

color-glory of the rising and the setting sun, is felt by the savage, even if he cannot analyze it; oh, let him console himself if he will, with the belief that his lost friend enjoys it still! He believes the fire necessary for the liberation of the soul, that it may hover ever just above this beautiful world, now flitting and dipping like the swallow, in the cool, green billow-tops of the sea; now sailing with that sun which the California Indian loves so

well; and now skimming the green world in spring, still beholding and enjoying the occupations of its friends who remain yet behind. But if the body is buried—hideous thought!—the soul will rot in the ground, or, as others believe, will take up its dismal abode in a grizzly bear. Incarnation is, therefore, a supreme act of religion, of purification, of salvation, which it were a heinous impiety to the dead to pretermitt.

Stephen Powers.

IDIOT SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

I HAD intended to visit La Force during the summer, but the war and unlooked-for circumstances compelled me to delay doing so till December. Rural France is not attractive after harvest is gathered, and winter is an especially bad season for visiting charities. Not only are the days short between dawn and dusk, but the gardens are withered, the fields covered with snow, and the establishments look dull and dreary in the midst of the desolation. You are told how the inmates exercise themselves in summer turning the soil or reaping the corn, and how the children enjoy themselves in garden and orchard,—but you see nothing of this, for young and old betake themselves to workshops and schools, longing for the day when the cuckoo will again be heard in the wood, and the cattle rove through the meadows.

It was about four P.M. of the 2d of December that our stage-coach jolted over the large stones that pave the main street of Bergerac, the nearest town to La Force. I was advised to take that route, as most likely to furnish me easy means of getting to M. Bost's Establishments. This town, which numbers a population of 8,000, is more famous for its white wine than for its pleasantness. In the principal inn the landlord told me that M. Bost was ab-

sent in Paris, and that there was no way of getting to La Force till five the next morning. "Moreover," he said, "there is no inn there. I will give you a good dinner and first-rate bed, and to-morrow morning you can go on comfortably in the post-chaise."

"Is it a covered coach?" I asked, not without reason.

"Well," was his answer, "I think it is. I do n't know, I am sure; but—yes—of course it is covered. It is winter, you see. *Sans doute, Monsieur, sans doute, la voiture est couverte.*"

The bed was really first-rate, and in it I forgot my disappointment. The next morning the voice of a stout broad-shouldered ostler aroused me. "Get up, Sir, it is four o'clock."

"Very well," I answered; "put down the candle and fetch my boots."

"Here are your boots. I have n't got a candlestick; but dress and I will light you."

He was very patient, and as soon as I was ready, he led me down stairs, opened a door, blew out the candle, and I found myself in the street.

"Where is the coach?" I asked, trying in vain to discover anything of the kind in the darkness.

"I am the driver," he answered. "My chaise is ten minutes' walk from this."

His calculation was not overstated; we walked through the whole of the town till we reached a narrow lane. It was blocked up by an open two-wheeled post gig, beside which an old man was standing, lantern in hand.

"Is this the conveyance?" I asked, shivering with cold.

"Of course it is," was the reply, and I climbed to my seat. The road in many spots was all but impassable, and conversation difficult. I managed, however, to ask a question now and then, to which I invariably received the answer, "*Ah, c'est un bon homme, Monsieur Bost — un très bon homme.*"

We finally reached a spot where the road became on a sudden so steep that I thought we were at the bottom of a high wall.

"We must get out here," the driver said, jumping down. "This is a very bad place."

Of course I alighted, and while he led the horse by the bridle, I took my stand behind and pushed to the utmost of my power. At the top of the hill we resumed our seats, and covered with mud I soon found myself set down at the entrance to La Force.

Without further introduction, let me say that there are five Establishments at La Force, as follows:

1. *La Famille Evangélique.*

- A. Orphan girls of every age.
- B. Young girls rescued from temptation.

2. *Bethesda.*

- A. Girls incurable of disease.
- B. Girls blind.
- C. Girls who are idiots.
- D. Girls who are lunatics.

3. *Ebenezer.*

- A. Girls who are epileptic.

4. *Siloah.*

- A. Boys incurable of disease.
- B. Boys blind.
- C. Boys idiots.

5. *Bethel.*

- A. Boys who are epileptic.

I began with the inspection of the three girls' houses. What struck me at the outset was the cheerful and bright appearance of the buildings, whose white-plastered walls, reflecting the rays of a bright winter sun, picturesque-

ly contrasted with the verdure of the pastures round about. In point of architecture, they presented nothing that attracted attention; neither were the gardens which separated them from the public road in any way remarkable. But the inside of the houses showed that the builder had spared nothing to promote the health and cheerfulness of the denizens, by an abundant supply of air and light, both in the sitting-rooms and bed-rooms.

Two ladies conduct the *Famille Evangélique*; the one, the household, the other, the school. There were no servants, all the work being done by the girls themselves. There were one hundred and fourteen, part engaged in the sewing-room, part in the school. In both places the girls receive such instruction as will make them good servants and seamstresses. From nine to twelve and one to five are the hours devoted to teaching; from twelve to one and six to seven to playing.

The family rises at six and has worship half an hour after. The hour from seven to eight is given to sewing or knitting for the household. Breakfast, which is at eight, consists of bread and broth, or bread and milk; lunch, at twelve, of a piece of bread; and dinner, at five, of potatoes and vegetables, and, three times a week, of meat. The girls are taught to make purchases for the Establishment at the market and the shops. They go out, two and two, under the direction of an adult able to teach them. Connected with the premises are the barns, with their live stock, the poultry yards, dairy, bakery, butchery, and cheese presses, that such girls as are destined to be farm servants may be thoroughly familiar with their work. The house itself is a proof that the girls learn to do their work well. From cellar and basement up to the bedchambers, everything was in perfect order. I never witnessed more untidiness in human dwellings than in the country places of Southern France; but the houses of La Force were as clean and neat as

Dutch cottages. The three large dormitories, as well as the infirmary, left nothing to be desired in this respect.

The dress of the girls is clean and becoming, and simple as possible—a white cap, a black pelerine, and a cotton gown; if there is anything reminding one of a uniform, it is merely accidental.

The *Famille Evangélique* is not a penitentiary nor a magdaline. It is true the inmates have been rescued from poverty and probable shame, but neither their coming nor their stay is compulsory. To those who show capacity, a higher training is given, preparing them to be teachers and governesses.

It was not the *Famille Evangélique*, interesting as it is, that I came to La Force to see, but *Bethesda* rather, with its incurables. I found this house crowded with girls whose aspect excited feelings of the deepest compassion. There were ninety-eight of various ages, from five years to twenty. Fifty-two were idiots, the rest suffering from incurable complaints. The directress was engaged in the affecting task of trying to keep a sort of school among these imbeciles. The hours from nine till twelve and two till five are set apart in winter for this work; in summer, garden work takes its place. In another room, a teacher was instructing half a dozen idiot girls in sewing; and in a third, a dozen girls, incurables, were grouped around a harmonium, trying to catch the tune that was being played. In each of the rooms was the same touching sight, of a continuous and apparently hopeless struggle of charity, to untwist the strings of imbecility with which the minds of these poor creatures are tied down. I do not believe that there is a place in the world where the patience and perseverance of love is put to a stronger test than in a school of idiots. It requires a considerable amount of patience to teach an ordinary child the letters of the alphabet in a fortnight; but what must that be which is needed

to teach a child who can hardly master a letter in two months? Fancy sitting beside a child of ten years with no other object during a whole hour than to make it pronounce and write the letter *O*. and when through the hour to find the figure the child scribbles at last resembling an *O* no more than a pair of tongs resembles an egg! Or imagine yourself engaged for another hour in trying to teach a girl of twelve to shift a little piece of wood from the left to the right side of another piece, and at the close of the hour, during which you have corrected her a couple of hundred times, find that she fancies she is doing exactly what you want her to do by laying one piece across the other! Indeed, such work would, in the long run, make you an idiot also, if duty did not continually refresh your consciousness of being engaged in a most useful labor.

In the instruction of these idiots, M. Bost has his own theory, the practical working of which can be satisfactorily tested only after a considerable period of years. He endeavors to revive the intellect through the heart, and the heart through the love of God. The heart, he argues, has its reasonings, which reason itself cannot always understand. "I will not gainsay," he writes in one of his reports, "that some idiots seem to be completely destitute of intellect. But does man's mental life consist solely in his intellect? Has not the heart its intellect also? We have obtained certainty that the idiot is conscious of his existence as a being and that he perceives himself in relation to the world which surrounds him. We allow that he stands on the lowest step of the social ladder—that he often appears to be less intelligent than the brute. But has God given us the explanation of the mystery that hangs over a being whom He created after His image? Who can tell whether the idiot is not conscious of his inferior condition, and whether he does not feel that he is misunderstood? The idiot and the brute have for a long time

been regarded as the same. He is banished from the home circle; the food prepared for the beasts supplies his cravings; he is the pariah of the streets; beset by the thoughtless, scarcely clothed, hooted at in the market-place, and covered with mud and wounds, he is ill-treated as no beast is. 'He is only an idiot,' people say; 'he feels nothing.' Eternity will bring to light the martyrs made by cruelty."

The result shows one thing at least: the utter idiot can be taught something. Children at *Bethesda*, whose faces bear evidence of thought, and who, in an imperfect way, are able to understand and reply to a question, entered the place apparently hopelessly brutish. They remember kindnesses; long before they caught the idea of standing erect, of making a bow, or of washing their hands, they gave evidence of being grateful for a benefit. When all entrances to the mind are locked, the heart opens first; it may be that it develops faster as the mind lags behind.

One day, for example, a girl, deaf, dumb, and blind, paralytic and epileptic, was brought to *Bethesda*. It required nerve to look upon the contracted limbs, repulsive face, and contorted features of the poor creature. She was committed to the charge of an idiot girl of fifteen. The latter guarded the wretched creature, fed it, nursed it, and stood by its deathbed to administer the last solace of love. Such was the indefatigable care, and even intelligent thoughtfulness, with which she tended her helpless charge, that the Matron said, "When I lie on my deathbed, I shall count it a blessing to have such a friend."

"The same children," said the Matron, "who do not know whether one and one make two or three, whether a shoe is for the foot or head, and who, if permitted, would walk on all fours, may yet be heard ejaculating, '*Mon Dieu! Prends pitié de moi! J'en ai bien besoin!*'"

L'benazer, the third building, con-

tained twelve girls, seven of whom were epileptic and five insane. They were engaged in sewing. Of course there could be no such thing as a school. They were kept constantly busy sewing, walking, playing—the teacher having, of course, to be constantly on the alert. So also of *Silvé* and *Bethel*. There is not room here to enter into a detailed account of the way in which M. Bost treats incurable diseases. So far as one could judge, the principles which underlie his treatment are recommended by common sense. "The best physician," he writes, "is nature. Everything that *art* can contrive in cities—medical advice, order, cleanliness, and wholesome food—does not answer. It is the country that is wanting—the pure air, fragrance of flowers, morning dew, song of birds, bubbling of brooks, rays of sunshine, harmony of nature—to cheer hearts broken by suffering. The sight of rows of beds, and the sighs and groans of their occupants, defeat every effort to heal diseases that are called incurable. The true place for an hospital for the scrofulous, consumptive, epileptic, idiotic and insane is in the country, where there is work in the garden, amusement in the stables, employment in the field, leisure in the woods, and where no hour to the patient is without its cheerful duty."

La Force is a Protestant institution. It cares for French Protestants only. It owes its origin and prosperity to English philanthropy. Bickersteth, Miss Murray, Mackenzie and Guinness were among its founders. At the present moment, there is scarcely in the three kingdoms a friend of Christian missions to whom La Force is not as well known as are George Müller's orphan asylums at Bristol. The place is in the Department of Dordogne. In 1845, the Protestants residing there, who form by far the minority of the population, seceded from the Protestant *National Church of France*. The people were fortunate enough to engage

M. John Bost to be their pastor. Being a man animated by a large hearted spirit and unflagging energy, notwithstanding the narrow form of his religious faith, he has succeeded without pecuniary means or extraordinary talents, among an ignorant peasantry, in building up one of the most remarkable eleemosynary institutions in the world. After *La Famille Évangélique* was in successful progress as an asylum for poor, healthy, Protestant children, M. Bost was struck with the number of idiots and incurables who came asking admission. What could he do? Take them into the house? That would be injurious to the other children. Send them away? There was no Establishment in all France to receive them. It was a very serious question.

An event shortly happened, however, which settled the matter. It was in 1854. A girl, who was a perfect idiot, stood one day in M. Bost's lobby; the aspect of the creature was so sickening that he could not permit her to be seen by the children, so he resolved to keep her in his own house. The doctors declared it perfect folly; he had better try to train a monkey or a dog. He suggested the establishment of an asylum for such creatures, but his proposal was met with ridicule; so he was left alone with the miserable girl. With that pertinacious decisiveness which is perhaps the most marked feature in his character, he set about trying to strike a few sparks of intellect out of this hard flint. During three months he felt as if dealing with a brute of the lowest species; all his efforts, varied and unwearied as they were, proved a total failure. Still he continued, praying and laboring, hoping against hope. One evening at worship, while a hymn was being sung, he heard an articulate and harmonious tone proceed from the girl's mouth; she had evidently tried to put her voice in accord with the sounds. This was a gladdening ray of light. Being himself an accomplished musician, he at once applied his talent for the benefit of his unhap-

py pupil. Under the influence of sounds from the piano, it was most affecting to see how gradually, first with painful struggles, then with growing ease, the mind of the child emerged from the dark deep in which it had been confined. By little and little the idiot succeeded in uttering articulate sounds, then in uniting them into syllables, and finally into words. At the same time her health improved visibly, her nervous system became less irritable, and her face assumed more and more a rational expression. She began to show joy and surprise when receiving anything she liked; tokens of gratitude followed; then ties of affection drew her towards those she began to love. In short, after the lapse of two years, the idiot had disappeared to make room for a child only a few months behind her age in knowledge. At the present moment, that young person who is teaching a class of idiot girls to knit, and who speaks, sings, and acts without calling attention from any stranger, is the identical idiot child whose very looks eighteen years ago made one's gorge rise.

This marvellous result was a perfect victory over the obstinacy of the doctors; it was at the same time an answer to the question as to whether an asylum should be built. One hundred thousand francs were needed. M. Bost took his staff and travelled through France and Great Britain, knocking at the doors of Christian friends for aid. He was responded to most liberally, and returned home with the money.

No sooner was it known that there was an establishment for idiot girls at La Force, than idiot boys began to clamor for admission. The answer was a positive negative. "What," asked an incurable cripple, "is M. Bost of opinion that a boy does not deserve as much compassion as a girl?" "But could you not appropriate one room in *Bethesda* to boys?" "No, I cannot." The numerous applications bewildered him, and shortly he would give no

answer at all. His only way was to barricade himself behind a profound silence. But the matter weighed heavily on his heart, and a voice asking, "As in Christ there is neither male nor female, is it not so in misery?" disturbed his sleep. One day he was at market. A miserable boy attracted his attention; his aspect was pitiable — lame in arms and legs, blind, and his head shaking in convulsive jerks.

"This is a Protestant boy," said a friend; "he has no home, and will be used for begging."

M. Bost could resist no longer; he took him to his own house. Soon others came; there were three—five—eight. The good man's table had realized Christ's feast, where the maimed, lame, and blind were guests. He determined to establish *Silœ*; there was no other way. So, having counted the cost, staff in hand he made another journey, and through France and England asked alms. He was again successful, and an establishment was provided for idiot and incurable boys, now containing eighty-five pupils.

It happened one day that a carriage stopped at *Silœ*. A gentleman had brought his epileptic son. "It is only three days," he said to M. Bost, "since I heard of your place. Take my boy. Money is no object."

"But I cannot. He is epileptic, you say; I have no place for epileptic boys."

The conversation which ensued was very touching. The poor father took both the pastor's hands and besought him to have mercy on his boy. For a

moment feeling got the better, but common sense came to the rescue and told the good man he was about to commit a folly. Father and son both left; but the carriage suddenly stopped, and the former, jumping out, entreated again, in a manner of deepest feeling, that M. Bost would yield; he continued inexorable, however, and they parted. No sooner had the carriage disappeared than the good man found himself repeating the gospel narrative: "I have brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him." And I, he thought, have not tried. This instance, together with similar requests from all over France, at last snapped the cords of M. Bost's resistance. His *non possumus* was less stubborn than when it comes from the Vatican.

So M. Bost resolved to build a home for epileptic boys. The *Bethel*, now containing seventy-three epileptic boys, was founded. He was already in debt. His books showed a deficit of 38,000 francs; the new asylum would require 75,000 more. Again he took the pilgrim's garb, resumed his travels, and within four months wrote, "The money is obtained; our debt is cancelled; both rich and poor have helped; thanks be to God."

La Force is worth even a winter's journey; but if the American traveller would see how a good man, whose only fault is that his faith is greater than his means, has succeeded in a charity that has no rival, let him take the Paris train for Bergerac any summer day, and spend a few hours with the idiots, insane, and paralytics of La Force.

N. S. Dodge.

THE ROMANCE OF CAÑON CITY.

CAÑON City lies in a deep chasm in the Blue Mountains of Oregon, walled in on every side, accessible only by a steeply - slanting road, the gravel and dust of which are rarely stirred, save when, every Wednesday, the weekly mail - wagon scrapes down it with locked wheels. The town is very small now, but it clings steadfastly to its pretentious name. To the oldest inhabitant, the man who has been here since the palmy days of 'Sixty - two, it recalls the time when buildings swarmed up every hillside, when sunrise was the signal for the turning on of innumerable sluices, and the rocking of countless cradles, not of the domestic kind. Society in Cañon City has never been remarkable for its decorum. There are few women here, and fewer wives. In those old days, the town might well be called a city. It was the richest mining camp in Oregon. When the first prospectors reached its site, the stream on which it now stands wound through a mere rift in the trap - rock and gravel. Now, the rift is a valley. Thousands of tons of earth have been washed out of it and down the creek. Ditches, which count their length by miles instead of by feet, wind around the mountain - sides and bring their intercepted streams to this one spot. Yet all this is a memento of the past. The thousands of men who flocked here have long since gone. The city has been burned to the ground three times. Each fire has resulted in a narrowing of limits, until now it consists of a very few score of buildings, huddled together at the bottom of the cañon. Why it consists of anything, it would be hard to say. Its stores are apparently patronized only by the few Indians who occasionally descend into the town and skulk through its streets with a sublime indifference to the curious comments of the motley crowds

that always surround the bar - rooms. There are evidently too many saloons for the population, and to support them all entails a heavy tax on the honest miner who has a laudable resolve to protect home institutions. There is but one faro bank, and its "lay - out" is of the most ancient and faded description. Its bets (and there can be no surer sign of the decadence of a mining camp than this) are but "four bits." Half - dollars have taken the places of the double - eagles that once shone on the green cloth. The mines from which the gold came are long since deserted. In the gulch above the town a few score of Chinamen are gathering from abandoned diggings refuse riches; and a few white men, bound to the place by hope, or more often necessity, still dig and delve for buried treasure in the wilderness of piled gravel and rotting wheels and sluiceways and rusting shovels and picks, which makes the desolation more desolate by speaking mutely of the crowds of men who in bygone times worked here and here won success.

Frank Hewlett was one of the few men left stranded here by the great tide of busy humanity which had flowed into this cleft in the rock, washed out its golden treasure, and then ebbed quickly away. He was a resolute man. The square, clean - cut jaw and compressed lips showed that; and yet the face was not without a certain wistful tenderness. The yearning look in the eyes well - nigh flatly contradicted the expression of the stern, almost cruel mouth. Evidently a man with a settled aim; something worth striving for; something that would make or mar his life. Whatever the aim was, it had kept him here when his comrades left. To be sure, he had come late; the cream of the deposit had been gathered before he reached Cañon City;

but his claim was a paying one, and he had stayed. To the average inhabitant he was a hopeless puzzle. Here was a man who, generous to a fault, lived on the merest pittance himself, and in that city of license, never drank or gambled, and scarcely ever swore. Never swore, the average inhabitant would have said, had he not remembered the day when Hewlett, coming down the hill, met "Uncle Johnny" amusing himself by dragging by his pigtail a luckless Chinaman yclept Hap-hee. Used as it was to profanity, Cañon City shrank from the terrible volley of curses under which Uncle Johnny fairly wilted. The effect upon that aged reprobate was so great, in fact, that for a moment he released his victim. Hap-hee fled *instantly*. His oppressor's pursuit was stopped by a collision with Hewlett's fist, which sent him tumbling heels over head down the hillside. Cañon City told the story with glee, and with inherent justice never failed to add that since that day not a Chinaman had been killed, and scarcely one molested. But who Hewlett was, where he came from, what he did with his money,—these were unanswerable questions. He never received a letter; but every two weeks he wrote one, a light one, to "Miss Nelly Hewlett, No. — Rush street, Chicago." It was the general belief that he was supporting his sister there; but when an acquaintance, acting on this idea, tried to get more information from Hewlett himself, he failed ignominiously; while the gossiping postmaster, after a few minutes conversation with the irate letter-writer, eagerly promised never again to exhibit to popular wonder the inscription on his envelopes. Despite his seclusion, however, the man was liked. When he chose, he was the best of company; he was generous — generous even for the West. Then, too, he was independent. His defence of the oppressed Mongolian has been chronicled; and it was he who, pure himself above suspicion in his dealings with women, stood with

cocked revolver in the doorway of the wretched hut where "Dutch Mary" grovelled in sin, and swore to shoot the first man in the drunken crowd before him who lifted a finger in execution of their nobly virtuous resolve to burn the hovel and turn out the woman to die in the snow.

The man sat now in his roughly-built cabin, writing. It was a Wednesday evening in October, 1871. At nine o'clock the weekly mail closed. He wrote steadily on, page after page; he had never written such a long letter before; he had never begun one as he began this—"Darling Nellie." He loved her "more than life, more than life," he murmured to himself; and then, in lower tones, "more than my soul." And she, she loved him. Seven long years ago he had learned that; but he had vowed not to bind her life to his, until he could claim her as his own, entirely his. To be able to claim her he had striven manfully; this was his aim; something worth striving for; something that would make or mar his life. Hard as it had been for both, he had made her promise not even to write him as long as everything went well. She was an orphan, and without money; but kind friends had given her a home, and for seven long years everything had gone well. He wrote; he could not help it; his life was so terrible in its loneliness that without this he would have gone mad. He said to himself, "It is necessary that I should write; she must know where I am, so as to be able to let me know if anything goes wrong." And he longed to have something go wrong. Meanwhile, every other week the mail-bag carried away from Cañon City a letter, a light one, directed to "Miss Nellie Hewlett, No. — Rush street, Chicago." But to-morrow the letter would be a heavy one. For weeks his hoarded gold had been steadily nearing the limit he had set himself; two days ago the sum was complete. Twenty thousand dollars. For two days he had been mentally writing, and now he

copied upon paper from the tablets of his mind. The old temptation came upon him to go to Chicago himself and see her. But no; not even now. He was no coward; but he shrank from the terrible possibilities of her answer. Suppose she had forgotten him; — the stern lips were compressed again. Suppose she cared nothing whether he lived or died; what then? If life meant nothing, could he live? And so hope and fear played upon him, thrilling him by turns. He finished the letter: read it, re-read it. "Dear Nellie: I love you" — that was really all; the rest was mere amplification of that great truth. Then, fearing lest he should be too late, he sealed it, blew out the flickering candle, locked the rough door, and hastened with steady steps to the store, in one corner of which lurked the post-office. "Is the mail in?" he asked. No; the mail had not come to time; twelve hours late; expected it every minute; would n't he sit down and wait? there might be some great news; pretty hard, not getting any news for a week; and so on. No, he would not wait; the news would keep; and as for a letter, nobody wrote to him. He spoke rather bitterly. He was very anxious. He would know all soon; but not for three weeks yet; it would take so long, if she answered at once; and she would; he knew that; she was too true a woman to keep him in doubt. No (again declining); he would not wait; he could see the news in the morning. So he mailed his letter, and went to his cabin.

Dreams troubled him, and he woke early. He did not feel like working; his task was complete; still, when he came out of the hut and caught sight of half-a-dozen gentle heathen, headed by his whilom *protégé*, Hap-hee, busily engaged in stealing "pay-dirt" from his diggings, he felt strongly inclined to visit summary punishment upon them and then go to work. Just like those almond-eyed devils, he thought. No heart, no gratitude; save

their life, and they will use it to rob you. His sense of justice began to assert itself. It was small wonder that they did so; everybody robbed them; he would let it go; he was through with it; let them get what they could. He strolled down to the large saloon, the proprietor of which combined the offices of judge of liquor and of law. It was the best place in town to read; he sat down, lit his pipe, and took up a paper. There seemed to be the usual round of news — France, Tammany, Grant; Grant, Tammany, France — that was about all. But when he turned to the first page, to see the "very latest," he started. What was this? "Chicago in flames! The whole city burned!!" It was too bad; there must be a great deal of money lost; it had really scared him at first — that heading about the burning of the whole city; but of course it meant the business part; they always exaggerated now-a-days. Thus idly musing, he began to read the particulars. This was worse than he had thought; it was really terrible; he supposed that it was selfish, but of course he was glad that the destruction was on the West and South Sides; Rush street was in the North Division; it would have been too bad if Nellie had been driven from her home. He read on, read how the fire leaped across the river, how it spread with lightning-like speed, how the whole North Division was a mass of smoking ruins. And so Nellie had really been driven from her home; she must have had a great deal of worry and anxiety. After this they could share all care together. The thought made his face glow with delight. "Why, Frank," said the Judge, "you look as if you were glad that Chicago had been burned. Good God, man, what is the matter?" He was almost staggering to the door; his face was deathlike in its pallor. He went without a word. This was what was the matter: At the end of the three columns of despatches were a few lines of print, which said: "A number of persons are missing.

Many are burned to death. The names of these latter, as far as they can be ascertained, are as follows." Then came a dozen or more names. Third in the list was "Miss Nellie Hewlett, No. — Rush street."

It was not long before keen eyes spied out the terrible truth. Cañon City was moved to its depths. It pitied Hewlett, and swore horribly—relieving itself in that way. By the end of the week, when the object of its sympathy had made no appearance whatever, it decided that it was necessary to go and see whether he were alive or not. The procession formed; it marched up the gulch. A few of the bolder spirits ventured to knock at the cabin door. No answer. He must be dead; starved himself very likely; they had better break down the door. Now no doubt the deceased had money; perhaps he had a great deal; since his sister and he were both dead, finders were owners. Cañon City rallied. It attacked the door; the bar broke, the door flew open, Cañon City rushed in. There was a sudden, painful silence—then an oath and a pistol shot—and Cañon City retired at full speed to its respective homes. They were brave men, but they "did n't mean to be shot at by a mad, crazy lunatic," as the Judge remarked. Small wonder that they had taken him for a lunatic! As the door flew open, the vanguard saw Hewlett, wan and wrinkled, crouching before his fireless hearth. As the crowd pressed in, he had turned with a fierce oath, there had been the report of a pistol, and they had seen no more, except the open bag of gold dust by his side. By night the bag had grown into a score; its estimated weight had quadrupled; there was no limit to the madman's wealth. Public spirited citizens were of opinion that the man should be locked up, to keep him out of harm's way, and his money distributed among the poor. The idea, unpopular at first, speedily gained ground when it was discovered that the pistol shot was accidentally

fired by one of the sympathizing crowd instead of by the object of sympathy. Every man in Cañon City became poor. The place was more poverty-stricken than ever before. They were all objects of charity in their own eyes, and therefore fit recipients of the golden gains of the madman. In fact, the amount coming to each individual would be so small that Uncle Johnny decided to collect the portions of several friends of his by force, and then decamp for Portland. To carry out this design, he armed himself and started. The cold up the gulch was so intense that he was obliged to return for a drink. When this operation had been repeated several times, he became communicative and confided his plan to a friend. Said friend, having a fine hair lariat about him, skilfully entangled Uncle Johnny therewith and picketed him a few hundred yards from the town. He spent the night there somewhat uncomfortably, and decamped for Portland the next morning, without even his own share of the funds in question.

While Cañon City was convulsed with laughter at being thus rid of its chief incumbrance, Hewlett still lay unseen in his hut. It was decreed by the powers that were, that unless he appeared by Wednesday afternoon, forcible possession should be taken of himself and his effects. He was suffering the agonies of hell. His whole life had rested on this one hope; this gone, he had no point of support. The blow had stupefied him; day and night were alike; whatever he ate tasted like ashes. Could he not die? It was all he was waiting for, but the release did not come. Well, then he would kill himself; there was nothing left in this life, and as for the next, if there were any God, would he have permitted such things to be? He would soon know, at any rate. But how should his life end? It had been so utterly wretched that the man actually longed for some pleasant death. He had heard that drowning was pleasant, but that was a

mooted point. He wished to be certain. Then something whispered in his ear a mode, painless, delightful, sure. *Opium*. It was the very thing; he could get it in any quantity in the Chinese quarter, and he would try it at once. As for his gold, he would carry with him as much as he could; the rest he would hide; when they found his body, the gold on it would pay the expenses of his burial, liberally; let them do what they would with the remainder; it would make no difference to him. So he filled his pockets with as many little nuggets as he could carry conveniently, and then in the favoring darkness buried the rest of his treasure. In the gray dawn of the morning he went down the gulch to the town; it was too early, in such a sleepy city, for any stores to be open, or for any people to be about, except in the saloon which held the solitary faro bank. As he approached the place, a vague curiosity seized him to know on what day he was to die. He half-stopped at the door, just in time to hear the dealer say, "Seven o' clock, Wednesday morning, gentlemen; game is up." No one had seen him, and he went on. Yes, the game was up, he thought, and laughed—a very disagreeable laugh it was. It was Wednesday morning, six days since—. The sweat stood in great drops on his brow. Six days—six years—six centuries. To think was torture. He hurried through the town, down to the little cluster of hovels that held the Celestials. It was late for them; their day had begun an hour before. As he strode through the narrow alley-way the Chinese courtesans came to their doors with the shameless cry, "Want wife? want wife?" The word stabbed him. His muttered curse drove them, scared, to their hovels. On past the "joss-house," where the "joss-man" sells good luck in gambling and prospecting, by propitiating the evil spirits, and tells you: "Buddha too far off, way up, no use." He knew their belief; it was his now. Even if there

was a God, he was way up, too far off, of no use. On by the gambling house, open and crowded; the jabbering and shrieking ceased for an instant at the unwonted spectacle of a white visitor at such an hour, then burst forth with renewed fury, as he turned sharply to the right, flung open a door, and went into the low-roofed hovel where the deadly drug he sought was sold and smoked. There were two compartments in it, the back one a mere closet. In this was the broad shelf on which the smoker lies, and on which are the always-lighted lamp, the pipe, with its pottery bowl and bamboo stem, and the little bottle that holds the extreme amount it is safe for a practised smoker to use. Two semi-stupefied heathen squatted there, inhaling the fumes. They stared at him, stupidly and stolidly, betraying neither surprise nor anger at the sudden intrusion. He lifted one of them to his feet, curled upon the shelf, and said:

"Opium; quick."

"You smokee?"

"Yes," and he pulled from his pocket a handful of mingled quartz and gold. The almond eyes gleamed. That was intelligible speech. From some hidden nook the large opium pot was produced, and one of his hosts was about to fill the little measure, when he grasped the larger one.

"How much? Get this."

"No smokee that. Too much. Kill-lee you."

"Yes, get this. *Want* to killee."

"You want to killee self?"

The stranger was a curiosity; their apathy was gone.

"Yes, yes. Here, take this," and he flung them two or three nuggets. "Fill!"

He was ready now. Mad as he was, though, he could not but note how one of them quietly slid the bolt of the rotten door, and the alertness with which the other hastened to prepare the pipe. Clearly, they had no objection to the success of his plan. They were prepared to forward it by all means in their

power; would perhaps hasten it. No matter how soon death came, however, as long as it was sure to come. With nervous haste he inhaled pipe after pipe. The drug began to affect him; first his head, then his whole body, seemed to lose weight. He floated on air; bewildered visions danced before his dreamy eyes; his muscles relaxed; the pipe would have fallen to the floor, had not ministering hands kept it in its place. The jargon of the two attendant death-spirits seemed soft and musical; then died away altogether. He heard angelic harmonies; then something warm pressed around his throat. Was it *her* arms? Was he in paradise? The pressure suddenly ceased; something crashed; the sharp sound smote on his dulled ear unpleasantly. He felt himself buffeted, seized; were fiends carrying him from *her*? He struggled, half rose; his dimmed eyes saw what seemed to be countless faces around him. And she—yes, she was there; he was with her in heaven. With that blissful thought, perception and sensation left him.

* * * * *

At eight o'clock that morning the mail wagon slid slowly down the hill, and then dashed over the hundred yards or so of level ground that lay between the slope and the post-office. As usual, its approach was the signal for a town meeting on the store steps, which meeting was wild with wonder at the apparition of a woman on the seat, beside the driver. It was rarely that a woman came to Cañon City. Various uncomplimentary surmises were made as the wagon stopped, and instantly retracted when the newcomer, throwing aside her veil, revealed a face such as only a pure woman can have. She was, in Cañon City phrase, "a twenty-five year old," not beautiful perhaps, save with the beauty of true womanhood. By a common impulse, the sitting multitude removed its collective stock of hats; it was their tribute to the past and present combined.

The driver thrilled them by asking, "Where 's Frank Hewlett? This young lady's come to see him." Then in explanation: "She's a relative."

The circle was mute. After a moment's pause, the relative of Hewlett said, addressing the Judge, who happened to be nearest her:

"I wrote him six days ago, sir, that I was coming, and so I thought he would be here to meet me."

Evidently the relative did not understand the Oregonian system of mails. The circle of mutes broke into uproarious laughter; then, suddenly realizing its impoliteness, ceased with lightning-like rapidity. The Judge explained to the stranger that her letter and herself had arrived at the same time. She laughed an arch little laugh at her blunder, and went on:

"My name is Nellie Hewlett. [The circle gave a great start of surprise.] I came out here, sir, to marry him."

The accompanying blush completed her victory. Cañon City was not used to women who could blush. The circle asked no questions, but sprang to its feet. Hewlett must be told, and the swiftest runner departed *instantly*. Scarce twenty yards off he came into violent contact with Hap-hee, almost pale with excitement, yelling, shrieking, jabbering. Both went to the ground; but ere the offended Caucasian could rise, Hap-hee was before the group, gesticulating like mad, and shouting: "Come! Come! They killee him! Hewlett! Opium shop!"

They came. Hap was nowhere in the race. The door was barred. The door went down. Within was a striking tableau. On the broad shelf lay a white man—very white now; white even in the blinding, suffocating opium smoke. Chinaman No. One was busy rifling his pockets; the shelf was strewn with gold. Chinaman No. Two was scientifically drawing tighter about the doomed man's neck the folds of a scarlet scarf. There was a crash. Chinaman No. One went through the window. Cañon City knows him no

more. Chinaman No. Two left the next morning for his native land—in a neat wooden box, five feet by two. Their victim writhed, started up. His hapless would-be bride fell upon him in a dead faint. Strong hands carried both out. The entire medical force of the town was summoned. The doctor, the barber, and an old Indian "medicine-man," combined their efforts. Such skill could not be exerted in vain. After many anxious minutes, the patients were both restored to consciousness—the woman to go into violent hysterics which necessitated the attendance of all the decent women in the place; the man to struggle slowly back to reason and understanding through hours of torment. When at last he was fully restored, and she was reported out of danger but fast asleep and not to be disturbed, he asked for his

letter. Reading it brought back to his face the happy glow that had caused the Judge to think that the burning of Chicago made him glad. It ended with these words: "When the house was destroyed, we were separated so long that there was a horrible report that I was burned to death. One newspaper actually printed it. Do n't blame me for coming to you, please. I cannot help it, darling; I love you so."

His unreceived letter was answered. Three days afterwards they were married by the united efforts of the Judge and the Catholic priest. The next day they made a vigorous, but unsuccessful, attempt to shake off from their feet the fast-clinging dust of the town, and left Cañon City alone in its decay.

The opium shop was presented by its captors to Hap-hee. He keeps it still.

Carl Swift.

THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH AS A SCIENCE.

POLITICAL ECONOMY is the science of wealth, and treats of its production, distribution, and consumption. It teaches that there are two things necessary to the production of wealth—labor and materials; one furnished by nature, and the other by man. Increase of wealth depends upon the skill and energy with which labor is employed in subduing and controlling the materials and forces found in nature, and also upon the mode in which the product, after having been fitted for use, is distributed and consumed. The efficiency of labor may be increased in two ways: one, by saving and accumulating it, and the other, by dividing and multiplying its employment. Labor can be saved and devoted to reproduction, and when thus used becomes capital, and a most important element to increase of wealth. Labor can also be separated into various kinds of employment, and by this

means largely increased in skill and efficiency. Out of the division of labor comes exchange, which in its ever-growing extent and complication is a leading feature of modern society. With the increase of production, labor comes to depend on capital for employment, or, in the language of political economy, capital limits labor; and as there can be neither production nor increase of wealth without labor, the relations of capital to labor, and their right adjustment, are found to be of the first importance. The other element essential to the increase of production and wealth is division of labor; and as the existence and form of this division depends upon exchange, the principles that govern exchange are of no less importance. The mode in which capital is employed and exchanges made, determines the increase of wealth.

Political economy teaches further

that, as capital and labor unite in production, each is entitled to a share in the product of their joint labors, which must be distributed between them. Capital takes its share in the form of profits, labor its portion in the shape of wages, and land claims the remainder under the name of rent. The portion that each takes in this distribution is determined by the value of the service that each has rendered toward the production; and this value is determined by the law of supply and demand. The prices and values of all commodities, capital and labor the same as others, vary according to production and consumption, or their abundance or scarcity in the market. Wages and profits rise and fall like other things, and vary with supply and demand. The law of supply and demand is a natural and universal law, that can neither be changed nor resisted; and any effort to increase or reduce values, to raise wages or lower profits, save by increasing demand or decreasing supply, or the reverse, is utterly in vain. To the complaint that the division of the product of their joint efforts, between labor and capital, is not just, that capital takes more than its fair share and labor gets less, the reply is, that this is the result of supply and demand; that it is a natural law which cannot be changed, and from which there is no appeal; and that all attempts to control or change its natural working by human interference, can only end in more and worse evil and wrong. Now it cannot be denied that all natural laws are just and beneficent in their action, and that there is a law of supply and demand which determines how the product of their joint labor shall be divided between those who united to make it; and if it be true that as between capital and labor this division is not just, and wrong is done to either, then we shall find on investigation, either that the law of supply and demand has been violated, or that something has come in to suspend or defeat its true action. For nothing can

be more sure than that a law of nature never works injury or injustice, save through its violation.

Whatever may be found to be the chief end of man, there can be no doubt that growth and development are a part of his nature, that he is capable of higher life and growing perfection, and that the attainment of them is made to depend on his own will or choice. It is the dignity of man's nature that his being and destiny are thus placed in his own hands. He is endowed with certain faculties and powers, and feels certain necessities and wants, and it is clear that he is to use the one to satisfy the other. In nature, the means are always in exact proportion to the end, and there is just force enough employed to do the work for which it is given. As man is made to provide for his own wants, he is endowed with ability precisely equal to the task he has laid upon him. And as he has just the power requisite to provide for all he wants, so, on the other hand, he has wants for all he can provide. The design of nature is that the supply shall be equal to the demand, and the demand to the supply; and that this may always be accomplished, she relies wholly on man, his will and power. Here, as everywhere else in nature, the arrangement is perfect and the exactness of adjustment beyond human conception; and the precision of action will be equally perfect, if man does not fail to do well his part of the work. To do this, to so labor and live that he may produce all he needs, and may need all he produces — may produce all he can consume, and consume all he can produce — is the task of his life. And as progress and development are part of his nature, he is to so produce and so consume what he produces to-day, that his life of to-day shall be all it can be made, and ever be growing into the fuller and ampler life that is to be, with its higher powers to furnish a greater supply for a larger demand. There are two things that make the task diffi-

cult: one, that as growth and progress are a part of man's nature, both as an individual and as a race, supply and demand are ever increasing and varying. The other is, that supply and demand depend upon the action of many and separate persons, and with the advance of civilization are thrown more and more apart — supply being oftener furnished by one, and demand coming from another; and the right relation of the two has to be adjusted through the conflict and confusion of exchange. Yet it may be shown, we think, that the adjustment depends upon a few plain and simple principles, and that the difficulty is not so much in finding what is required, as in making human conduct conform to the law after it is known.

The first thing is to secure production, to furnish the needed supply; and as this is to be done by labor, to set labor at work. The stimulus or means that nature has provided for this purpose is, the satisfying of want, that labor shall obtain what it wants, and for which it puts forth effort; and also that the satisfaction shall be in proportion to the effort. The experience of man, both as an individual and a community, proves that the arrangement is perfect for the purpose; that so long as it is observed there is no failure of production, and all that is needed to secure an ever-increasing supply for an ever-increasing demand is, to insure to industry the fruits of its exertions, and that the return to labor shall be in proportion to the work done, which is the same thing. The principle that the return to labor shall be in exact proportion to the effort made, seems a thing of course, and quite right, when men are at work subduing and controlling the materials and forces of nature. Man expects nothing else; he knows that in his dealings with nature he will receive exactly according to his efforts, the vigor and skill with which he works; and not to take all she will give, and the most he can get, is what no man thinks of. Nor when

man satisfies his wants, not by the direct employment of his powers on nature, but by exchange of efforts with his fellows, is it to be thought strange or wrong that the same law holds, and that here also he should seek to get for his work the most and all he can. It would be most strange and unnatural if he should act in any other way. Effort means trying to keep or gain all one can; it is want seeking satisfaction, and the effort is always the measure of the want, and just equal to it. That there may be neither waste nor want of force for the work to be done, man's powers are in exact proportion to his wants, and to get all he needs he must do all he can. He can get all he needs, but he needs all he can get. So far from there being anything to blame in competition, or the struggle to get in exchange all one can, all the evil and wrong charged upon it come from the neglect so to do.

That man and society may live and grow, it is essential that labor shall be sure of the return that nature gives. Nature herself always observes this rule when she exchanges with man; and for man not to keep it when he exchanges with his fellow, is to violate the law on which all production depends. It is thought an easy thing to follow this rule, and get all you can in an exchange, as all it seems to ask is that a man should fall in with the bent of his nature, and only yield to his strong, selfish, and greedy impulses. But this is a mistake; for, so far from being easy, it is a most difficult thing — so hard that few if any are found able to do it; and out of this failure grow most of the evils and dangers with which society is now struggling. For, to get the most in exchange requires that one shall give the most, or else the best effort does not get the most return; and to accomplish this it is necessary that man should have made his best effort. So also when one has done his best and is ready to exchange for the best, he has still to choose the best, and to do that demands

more knowledge and training than most men have. To learn to know and choose the best is the great task of life, a lesson that few learn well, and which in its lowest and simplest form, the choice of material commodities and values, few are able to master. To give and take in exchange the most and the best, is to always do the best and always choose the best. And it is certain that to give the least and the worst in exchange for the best and the most, which is too much the prevailing custom or effort in our present mode of dealing, is not the same, but quite another thing.

It will be found that in the exchange of capital for labor, this law of exchange is not always observed. Whenever labor is employed because it works for the lowest wages, and not because it does the best work, the rule is violated; and this is often the case. The dearest laborer is not the man who takes most for his labor, but the man who does least for his money.

So a fixed and uniform rate of wages is not consistent with an observance of the rule. Men have all great diversity of gifts, and endless inequality of powers and disposition; and there can be no fixed and uniform rate of wages where the recompense of each man is just according to the work he has done, and the best labor receives the best pay.

The division of labor, an essential element to the increase of wealth, is founded on the variety of faculty and talent with which nature has endowed different men, and it is necessary that this division should be made and maintained if there is to be either growth or progress; and the only way in which this can be done is by seeking and finding the most and best effort and skill, and giving it the most compensation. The division of labor will not be carried so far as it should be, nor will production gain from it all the help it can give, until the law is faithfully kept and the best pay goes to the best effort.

Besides division of labor, capital is essential to increase of production.

Now capital is what can be saved after immediate want is satisfied. Labor gets in return, not only enough to support it, but something more, which can be devoted to reproduction, become capital, and furnish the means of growth and exchange. A rate of wages so low as to give only bare support and leave nothing over, takes away all possibility of capital; for there is nothing to save, and without capital production must fail. Hence it would seem that where the compensation of labor is only enough for subsistence, increase of wealth cannot take place as it should. For the natural return to labor is support and something more to save; and to take this away is to remove the very foundation on which alone wealth can be built up.

In the constitution of nature, the return is sure to follow the effort, and is so measured by her that the compensation is always exactly equal to the work done. But how much this return or compensation will be, it is impossible for man to know before the work is done; and however large his experience, or sound his judgment, the attempt to adjust the recompense to the exertion by calculation in advance, must always prove more or less imperfect. Nature seems to have retained the adjustment of this relation in her own keeping, as a matter of too much nicety and difficulty to be within the reach of human skill or faculty. Yet, that this accuracy of adjustment be perfectly preserved, and the wages of labor be always the exact equivalent of the work done, is indispensable to the increase of wealth; and this can be accomplished if, instead of seeking to determine for himself what this compensation should be, man leaves it in the hands of nature, by giving labor a share of the product. By the coöperation of labor with capital, the law requiring that the recompense of labor shall be just equal to the work done, will be faithfully observed; and there seems to be no other way in which it can be.

The principle, then, on which production depends, is, that effort and satisfaction shall always go together, and the greatest effort receive the largest return. So long as man keeps this law, labors himself, and exchanges labor with his fellow man, in such way that the law is never violated, and the most return is given to the most effort, there will be no failure of supply.

When production is finished, distribution takes place, and is to be so made that the supply shall go to meet the demand for which it was prepared, the product be consumed for the end for which it was given. This end is to satisfy natural wants and support further production, to sustain life and growth. This is effected by the action of the same natural law that makes the return to labor equal the effort made. If this result is not brought about, and the product is not so distributed that so much of it as is necessary goes to supply natural wants, and the rest to the hands who will produce most with it, the failure will be due to the neglect of man to obey the provisions of the law. If the largest return goes to the most effort, then the most of the product will go into the hands of the best and most efficient workers, who are also the persons to put it to the best use; because the same qualities that made them superior in acquiring, also make them most fit to manage and direct in its further employment. At the same time, the poorest and lowest labor is sure of its needed supply. For, under the movement of the law of supply and demand, the compensation of labor must always be large enough to insure its existence and support, and fit it to do the work demanded. Whatever may be the labor in demand, cheap or dear, its compensation will rise until the demand is supplied. This is the significance of the phrase in political economy that the value of an article can never be less than the cost of production. The natural want of each, the need which it is the interest of all to supply, is enough to

give labor support and fit it for the work it can do best; and the law that the most return shall go to the most effort, if faithfully observed, is sure to work out just this result. It will give each all he needs to support life and fit him for the work he can do best. Not only will it do this, but it can be shown it will find the place in life for each worker that he is most fitted to fill, place him in it, and keep him there so long as he can fill it better than any one else. Nature's law of distribution will not only give man support and all he needs, but will also find him the work he can do best, and the station in life where he can do most for himself and his kind.

Wealth is so distributed by this law as to accomplish two purposes—support natural want, and sustain growth and progress. For these two ends wealth is given to man, and for these he must use it, as he will find it impossible to use it for any other. Men accumulate fortunes, make money, and lay it up, thinking that, as they have earned it and it is theirs, they can do what they please with their own. And yet they will see, if they look, that they can keep it for but these two uses, and the instant they try to put it to any other, it is taken from them. Men may be blind to the working of this law, for it seems often to move slowly and imperceptibly; but it is uniform and certain, and always at work. By the plan of nature, wealth goes first to reward those whose exertions have made it, and they are allowed to keep and use it just so long as they use it for the purpose for which it was given, to support life, and help on a higher life, and can be kept by them no longer. All of wealth that is expended in satisfying natural want is saved and kept in the health and strength, the nobler activity and higher life it gives, while all that is spent in excess and indulgence is gone forever, lost in illusion, weakness, and decay. So all wealth devoted to better and higher effort in farther production, comes back

bringing with it profit and gain ; while all spent on visionary schemes and in useless ventures, passes at once into other and better hands. There may be no haste in the action of this law, but there is also no rest. Wealth is given for these two purposes only, and man can keep and use it for no other ; and if he will not use it at all, then nature herself destroys it. It is so distributed that supply shall always meet demand, that all wants shall be satisfied, and each receive all he needs ; it being understood that all a man needs is enough to supply his own wants, and so much more as he can use better than any one else in supplying the wants of others.

As the natural return to or recompense of labor is in proportion to its efficiency, it is not possible to say how great it may be ; but there are considerations that may enable us to determine the limits below which it cannot fall and either the individual or society live and prosper. Growth being a part of man's nature, there is an ever-increasing demand, to meet which there must be an ever-increasing supply. Nature secures this by providing that labor may be accumulated, become capital, and also be divided and exchanged. The return to labor, besides being enough for man's immediate wants, furnishes a surplus to be saved and used in sustaining higher life and growth. And as this surplus is necessary to growth and progress, it may be asserted that the natural return to labor must be enough not only to satisfy immediate want, to give support, but something more ; and that where labor does not get this surplus in its wages, the natural law is violated. Moreover, the division of labor must be of the lowest kind, when men only earn a bare living, and exchange can hardly exist at all ; for with only enough to live on, man has neither means nor motive to exchange. When in the distribution of the product, none of this surplus in the return to labor, on which the advance and growth of man and

society are made to rest, goes to labor, but the whole is taken by capital, progress must come to a stand-still, or go forward slowly and painfully, until the evil and hindrance are removed, by restoring to labor the full compensation which is its natural due.

It is asserted sometimes that production and distribution should take place in such manner that each man should be made to labor according to his abilities, and receive according to his needs. And as it is clearly seen that this is not the case in the present arrangement of society — those often having most who labor least, and those getting least who need most — it has been maintained that this great evil and wrong arises from defects and blunders in the present social organization, and that the true and only remedy is to remodel and arrange anew the whole framework of society, on better principles and after a more perfect fashion. But we contend that this desire and purpose of the socialists, which they hope to attain by such vast and hazardous change, will be surely accomplished, if the law of labor and exchange, established by nature, is regarded and enforced by man. If the law that each man shall receive according to his work has full play, the sure consequences will be that each will labor all he can, and the ablest do the most. And every one will also receive just what he needs, for what a man needs is enough to fit him perfectly for the work he can do best, and nature's law of exchange is sure to give him this. If, discarding all desires and devices for taking society to pieces and putting it together anew after their own notions, men would seek to find and learn the laws which were made when its foundations were laid, and which will not change, and endeavor humbly and reverently to obey them, all these reformers ask would be gained, and even more. For a strict and close adherence to the law of labor will not only do what the socialists wish and work for, but also bring about a further result, so remote

and ideal indeed that it has not been thought to be within the reach of human endeavor. It will be found when the natural law of labor has full sway in human affairs, not only that each will do the best and most he can, and that each will have what and all he needs, but further, that each will do the work he can do best, and fill the place in society where he can do most and best for himself and for others.*

As the end of supply is to satisfy man's wants, so soon as received he must put it to the use for which it was given, which is consumption, and is the meeting of supply and demand. When thus consumed, there springs up in the order of nature a higher demand and larger powers to create for the new demand a larger supply, insuring growth and higher life. As the supply is just enough to meet the demand, and is all to be taken up by it, and as there is never overdoing nor shortcoming in nature, there can, therefore, be nothing left over, and there is no treasure to be laid up. In the economy of nature there is no such thing as hoarding known. All things have their use, and must be put to the use for which they were given so soon as received, and can neither be stored up nor laid away. The only way to save anything is to devote it to the purpose for which it was given, that is, to consume it. The instant man ceases to make this use of the things he holds from her, that instant nature sets about removing them from his hands, and either transfers them to others who will use them better, or takes them to herself again and puts them to her own uses. There is no pause in this process, no rest nor repose anywhere in nature—not in sleep, and not in death. Man sleeps, but nature wakes to work and watch with ever-sleepless

* What shap'st thou at the world? 'Tis shapen long ago ;

The Maker shaped it, and thought it best even so ;
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest ;

Thy journey's begun, thou must labor, not rest ;
Nor wishing, nor weeping, will alter thy case,
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.

Goethe.

care. Man dies, but only to live again. Death is but a phase of life, a change to a higher and better mode of being. Life passes behind the veil, only to be transformed, to lay off weakness and want, and to put on beauty and power.*

We have been looking at the plan or arrangement which nature has devised and established for satisfying the wants of man, her method to furnish supply for all his nature can demand. We find the machinery to be perfect, and sure to accomplish the end for which it was made, if man, in whose hands it is placed, learns and obeys the laws on which its true and right action is made to depend.

To secure production, the law has been established that labor shall be sure of its reward, and the reward be equal to the labor. So long as man keeps this, her great commandment, works himself and rewards those who work for him, production and supply will not fail.

For distribution, she makes use of the same law, adding to it the law of self-control. So long as the law that the return shall be equal to the effort, which is always kept by nature when she exchanges with man, is faithfully observed by man when he exchanges with his fellow, each will have all he needs to support him and fit him for his work, and the rest will go to those who will use it best for their own and the general good. The distribution is perfect, if man takes of the supply he has received just what he needs to be consumed in his own support, and consumes the rest in so employing labor that the largest recompense shall go to the greatest exertion. It is all done by the one law of labor, save that

* Oh, there is not lost

One of earth's charms ; upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy, Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

Bryan.

in determining how much man needs for his own natural wants, reliance is placed on self-knowledge and control.

It is an error to assert, as has been done, that political economy, or the science of wealth, is founded on the natural aversion of man to labor. It is based, not on aversion to labor, but on labor itself, or on the power which is given to man to supply the demand of his nature. Growth and development are a part of his nature; and that he may attain to fulness of life and all perfection of being, demands the unceasing exercise of all the faculties and forces with which he is endowed, raised to their highest power.

The science of wealth is sometimes regarded with a kind of contempt, and is said to have something sordid and mean about it, because it is thought to have to do only with the lowest impulses and instincts of human nature, its selfishness and greed. But it appears that the right pursuit of wealth employs man's noblest impulses and exercises his highest powers. To produce wealth three things are essential: labor, capital, and exchange,—or simple labor, labor saved and accumulated, and labor divided and exchanged. Labor that is saved, and has taken the form of capital, finds the return to its new form of effort in profits. Profits have been called the compensation for abstinence, or for refraining from using wealth in self-gratification, and devoting it to further production. The phrase is not strictly right, as nature gives no return for abstaining from doing, but only for doing. To labor is life and gain, and not to labor always decay and loss. Though self-control be a necessary condition, it is not the real earner of the recompense, which is always earned by effort, and must go to reward it. Profits are strictly the compensation for putting wealth to its right use, instead of neglecting to use it, or putting it to a wrong use. They are the larger recompense for a higher effort, demanding the exercise of higher qualities and faculties, intelligence and self-control.

So the law of labor, that recompense shall equal exertion, the largest compensation go to the greatest effort, and that in exchange men shall always give and take the best and most, depends for its observance on the exercise of the best and highest powers and impulses. Whatever may be the law for those who cannot or for those who will not make an effort, for those who can and do it is not easy to see how there could be any other law than the one given. There is no way known to secure exertion save to make it sure of its return, and that the best and largest return shall go to the best and largest effort. In the social state, where the life of man is bound up with that of his fellow man, and it has to be brought about through the conflict and confusion of exchange, it may be allowed that it is not an easy thing to do; but it will be found in the end the true way of doing best and most for ourselves and others, and of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

The right pursuit of wealth, then, so far from being low and sordid, demands the exercise of man's highest powers and best affections. It requires effort, self-control, and living and doing for others, which answer to labor, capital, and exchange. For men are all members of one body, parts of one whole, and they who do most for others do most for themselves.

We have been considering the law on which wealth depends, or the efforts of man to supply the demand or wants of his lower nature, by producing, distributing, and consuming material commodities; but there is no reason to doubt that the same law governs his efforts to supply the wants or demand of his higher nature. And whenever that supply may meet demand, it is appointed that the wants and efforts of his fellow men shall take part with his own in exchange; or wherever society exists, the life and growth, both of the individual and of the society, depend upon the same law of exertion and exchange. *W. Wright.*

OLD FAN.

SHE was not old, but we called her so, by way of endearment. "Poor old Fan" meant a beautiful white creature, full of vim, and a fast pacer—the first of horse-kind I ever loved. Her eyes blazed with pent-up fire, yet she was gentle and affectionate, and, like many a harnessed spirit of another kind, the loving hand of a little child might control her; but within her there was no voice that would answer to a horse-whip. How well I remember the fruitless attempts of some cruel men, who undertook, by beating, to make her pull a load of hay. Not one step would she move, though every stroke of the whip laid open the flesh. How glad I was when they were obliged to take her out of the harness, and wash the bloody gashes in cool water. I grieved for her bruises, but I gloried in her "grit." I was so fearful she would give up. I knew how to feel for her, for I knew what it was to be forced to do distasteful things. I understood her defiant look, seeming to say: "That load is for a dray horse, born a dray horse; I was made for other work." She was a true blood animal—a pure aristocrat. She knew her place and always kept it. Her instinct had in it more of sense than much of that called reason. Yes, it was real horse-sense of the best quality. I learned more at her manger than at my teacher's desk,—begging my teacher's pardon. The atmosphere of the stable was better for my lungs than the air of the seminary. There was always a peculiar charm about the place. I never could feel sorry there was no room at the inn for the infant Jesus. I did not know it then, but I have since learned brutes are often kinder to us than our own flesh and blood. The manger-cradle is full of meaning. I have always been glad I received so much of my early education in a stable. If all had gone

through such a school, we should not need a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." There I learned the language of dumb things: how to read the "sermons in stones," the "books in the running brooks," and to understand that even

"The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies;"

to know what justice and mercy mean in terms of brute as well as human. By such influences was my mind disciplined to comprehend Agassiz's vertebrate man, looking heavenward, but deeply rooted in the animal kingdom; and that if he will he may abjure his better nature, and be vertebrate more than man. So Fan and I, beast and child, lived and learned. I know not why—whether she was so high in her scale, or I so low in mine—but certain it was we were far more to each other than many a brother and sister, even more congenial companions than many a husband and wife. Since I have grown older, and found so little of the "milk of human kindness" and so much of "man's inhumanity to man," I love to go back to the days when my being was taking root in the animal kingdom, with the calves and colts for brothers, and almost wish I could have lived and died as they,—the "looking heavenward" has come so nigh a failure. To love a dumb animal is good. There is nothing in it to regret. The brute's affection is constant and honest. You may forget him, turn him out to die, but he is faithful to the last. "Grief cannot drive him away." His love is without deceit. If he ever turns against you, he will show some sign. No brute of any kind ever betrayed his master with a kiss. I felt perfectly safe with my dear old Fan. She never struck me when I was not looking, and never told me a lie. I gave her oats and a good bed, and stroked her pretty face,

that often came so close to mine. She licked the salt from my hand, carried me on her back, and taught me very, very much. I cannot tell when I learned to ride. I am sure I learned without a saddle. To ride, I have read, was one-third of all the knowledge taught the youth of ancient Persia. To draw the bow, and speak the truth, completed the course. By some means I learned to shoot an arrow, and if I know how to speak the truth, I almost award the credit to my horse and bow, rather than to my own kind—for it seems that even Solomon spoke the truth in haste. My first rides were after the manner of John Gilpin—not so fast, but quite as comical. The quickest time we ever made was when we had been out to spend the day, and left the colt at home. I am sure, had I worn a wig, I should have lost it. Nothing but the strings saved my hat.

As soon as school was dismissed I went directly to her stable, with several of my playmates, to whom I gave the honor of riding behind me, as many as could hold on. Off Fan would go, as proud as could be of her load of mischief. She would always pull *such* loads. Often one or two of the hindmost would fall off—sometimes all of us; then would she prove her gentle blood by standing perfectly still, afraid to lift her foot lest she should tread upon us. It was in her power to run away and break our necks, but she thought, with Shakespeare:

"O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

So she would be led, as meek as a lamb, to the next fence or stump, and take us all on again. The old saw-mill stood beside the creek, a mile or so through the grove. In the spring, when the water was high, the men could not come home to dinner, so mother used to send it by Fan and myself, or rather Fan carried me and the dinner. When we came in sight of the rushing waters, and heard them

pour down the flume and against the great wheel, she would prick up her ears and strike a sort of run-away attitude, but would always regain her self-possession when she thought of poor me and the basket. So completely did she learn to control her nerves, she would take me right up the log-way into the mill. Once, on our way home, I noticed the young grass was springing up along the roadside. I thought I would give my dear old pet a chance at the fresh, green patches, so I threw the rein over her neck, and how I did rejoice to see her crop the tender tufts, always choosing the cleanest and brightest, for she had a dainty appetite. A delicious forgetfulness came over me. The soft spring air, full of fresh odors, went whispering through the awakening woods. The bird choirs had just sent on a few songsters to herald the full chorus that was soon to come. The out-door world was very lovely and full of cheer to me, as it is to all healthy childhood. After all, it is more of the angel than the Satan in children that makes them act the angle-worm in the schoolroom. It is nature trying to assert herself. Well, Fan and I were in the open air, and it was hard to tell which enjoyed it the more. Both were happy, and happily for both, neither knew why. Knowledge spoils the forms it analyzes. While Fan fed on the tender grass and the bright anemones, I fed on the sunshine and the bird songs. I began to wonder if Fan had a soul, and where she would go to when she died. I wanted her to go to heaven, for there the pastures were always green—no dry hay or winter time—and the streets were never muddy but always golden, though I did not then discover the want of harmony in my picture—green pastures and golden streets, country and city all in one. I had just concluded, with a sigh, that I did not care to go to the better land if my horse could not go with me, when suddenly I became oppressed with a sense of darkness and bewilderment. The

black trunks of the trees seemed to crowd close around me; above, the scraggy branches, like so many giants' arms, were outstretched to grasp me. The birds had closed their song-books and gone to sleep. The silence was awful, broken only by the sound of Fan's teeth cropping the grass, and the crackling of the last year's leaves beneath her feet. No road to be seen, not even a path. I was lost, and darkness was gathering around me. The thought of a long, long night in the woods alone, filled me with terror. Crying was useless, but my lip would quiver and the tears would come. In story books I had read, and I had heard father say, a horse could find its way home the darkest night; so I began to take courage. I knew not which direction to take, nor could I reach the bridle; so I decided to let Fan eat as long as she would, and find her own way out of the woods. I threw my arms about her neck, called her pet names, and wiped my tears on her mane. I had learned, too, God is everywhere; so I talked to him, and more genuine prayers were never offered. Yet I hardly knew which to trust the more—my horse or my heavenly father. Fan was there; I saw and heard her. But where was God? Everywhere, so my catechism said; and I believed it.

Fan grazed on, perfectly unconscious of my fears or prayers; never before did she so perfectly ignore my presence. It seemed a month since I left the mill. Suddenly she threw up her head, and looking around to see that I was still on her back, walked straight on through the bushes and across a small ravine. The trees began to stand apart, and a bit of blue sky appeared. We were coming out at the oak opening. Fan must have known where she was all the time. There was the road, and, just beyond, the old bridge. Not very much lost after all; but what signified that, after I had experienced all the horrors of being altogether lost? Why didn't Fan tell me? A brisk pace soon

brought us to the gate, where mother stood watching for me down the road. The boys laughed that I should get lost in sight of home, but mother told me not to mind them. Another tie bound Fan and I together. That night before I slept, I promised, if ever I became rich, my pet should have gold shoes, and a beautiful saddle and bridle all mounted with gold. I also promised never again to let her pick grass very far from the roadside; this promise I kept, but the other—

September came, and one day Charley went with Fan to an adjoining town on business for father. The sun shone brightly, but the heating rays had lost their summer strength, and there was a sprinkle of frost in the air. Towards evening we drew our chairs close to the fire-place. The table was spread, and the tea-kettle sung on the hearth. Mother said: "We will wait the tea a little while for Charley." Just then he opened the door, and without saying a word, walked to the fire and leaned his head on the mantel-piece, looking very pale. We all thought him sick. "Oh, no," said he; "I'm not sick, but *Fan is dead*,"—and then he cried as though his heart would break, and we all cried with him. As soon as he could talk and we could listen, he told us how it happened. Without knowing her habits, the people with whom he had stopped that day had changed her feed. On the way home she fell dead in the harness, away on the prairie, not a house in sight. That was my first long night of sorrow. Alone I sat by the window, watching the dancing shadows of the fire out on the ground. In fancy I followed the beckoning flames till they reached the spot where my poor white pet lay dead in the dusty road. The next morning father and the boys went out to bury her. I could not bear to go with them, and it was all I could do to nerve myself to enter her vacant stable. Death can make even a stable desolate. Fan was gone; but ere long, suggestive of the way in which our vacant places are

filled, a quaint old hen built her nest in the empty manger.

Such was my first but not my last bereavement. Since that September day, death has robbed me over and over again. Mother never more stands at the gate looking for me, or waits the supper for Charley. Fan's is no longer the only vacant place. One and another have gone, till none but strangers

meet around the fire upon the old hearth-stone. But these sorrows that have laid their burden upon my later years, have been scarcely harder to bear, for with them God has given the greater strength of soul. The measure of my child-heart was very full when I wept by the empty manger of "Poor Old Fan."

Hackett Stevenson.

A CHAPTER ON SURNAMES.

"WHAT'S in a name?" we have good authority to suppose was asked many years ago by one of the greatest of poets, and to this day we have not ceased repeating the significant inquiry. The answer is not easy. The pride of those wearing so good a name as the writer's, might be flattered somewhat by the suggestion that the name is an index of the personal character of the wearer; but to this Mr. Savage might object — and very properly, too.

We are assured that, especially among the Orientals, in ancient days, and to a great extent perhaps now, the practice obtains of giving the child some name indicating a real or fancied trait of character, or expressing some peculiarity in the condition or surroundings of one or more of the parties to the naming. Now - a - days, however, children do not receive names that apply with any special fitness to any quality of character or circumstance of life, either of the child or of anybody else; but rather in satisfaction of a whim or caprice of the parents. This "new departure" was long ago taken, and there is little, if any, hope that a return to the old practice will soon, if ever, be made.

Surnames are an invention of our later civilization. In Athens, there were but two or three families honored by surnames. Later, the Roman no-

bility had names for family distinction, while the plebeians, like the American slaves, had no system of nomenclature by which family could be distinguished from family.

When our ancestors invented surnames is not recorded in history with any great degree of precision. Certain it is that the day was long after the Norman invasion, if not many years subsequent to the time of the Crusades. "The Conqueror" and "Cœur de Lion" were added to the names of William and Richard in token of their achievements and character. These were personal testimonials which their heirs did not inherit.

The surname proper seems to have been given, primarily, in order to distinguish the many insignificant Williams and Richards from the many other equally insignificant Williams and Richards. This is, in effect, a title — a title that all of a family bear in common, but a title, nevertheless, — a sort of family title. The system of surnames was not, in all probability, one of sudden adoption and arbitrary in its terms, but was undoubtedly generations in development to its present perfection. There seems to be reasonable grounds for the belief that no surname was arbitrarily bestowed, but that all were given for cause — however obscure and hidden it may be to us at this distant day. Relationship,

proximity to natural or artificial objects, occupations, professions, offices, trades, names of beasts, domestic animals, fishes, birds, insects, implements of labor, husbandry, and war, and various other circumstances, conditions, and things, qualities and characteristics, have given names to families. We will illustrate by various and familiar examples.

One of the earliest, and perhaps the first, expedients to distinguish families was that of relationship. In the English language this was accomplished by adding the word *son* to the name of the father. Thus, the son of John became Johnson, a name borne ever after by his descendants. In this way came into use Davidson, Jameson, Peterson, Richardson, Williamson, Willson, Robertson, and the many other surnames ending in *son*. (I don't wish to even suggest that Benson, Edson, Jackson, Rickettson, and some others that might be mentioned, were formed in the manner under consideration.) In Irish nomenclature, the letter *O*, followed by the apostrophe, signifies *son*, and was prefixed to the father's name to form the surname of the children. Thus, we have O'Brien (son of Brien), O'Connell, O'Donnell, O'Keefe, O'Neill, O'Reilly, O'Leary, O'Flanagan, and the like. *Fitz*, a word from the Norman, was applied to illegitimate children; as, Fitzhugh, son of Hugh, Fitzroy, Fitzherbert, Fitzgerald, Fitzpatrick, Fitzwilliam, and others. The Gaelic *Mac*, *Mc*, or *M'*, with the same significance as *son*, is found in very extensive use, especially among the Scotch and Irish. The examples are so numerous that none need be given here. These four illustrations of a system of bestowing surnames embrace a very large number of names, and the names are borne by a very large number of individuals.

Names of the natural divisions of land are common with those borne by a large class of persons as surnames. Here are a few of them: Banks, Barrow, Beach, Bergh, Bray, Cliff, Clough,

Comb (also often spelled Combe, Coomb, and Coombe), Dale, Downs, Fenn, Gill, Glenn, Hill, Holmes, Inches, Kay, Lea, Low (perhaps more frequently with a terminal *e*, as Lowe), Marsh, Moor, Ridge, Slack, Slade. Fenn and Glenn, given above, are examples of the frequent duplication of the terminal letter; this duplication is especially noticeable in the letters *t* and *l*, and may have resulted from early attempts to Latinize the names by addition of letters — the residue of the addition having been lost in the return to Anglo-Saxon pronunciation and spelling. In some cases it may have been, and probably was, purely arbitrary. It may also be noted here that the letter *s*' is very frequently, perhaps more frequently than otherwise, added to names, probably for euphony. I give the names as I find them, regardless of the terminal duplication or addition, and when names are found both with and without the terminal *s*, the names are given with the letter added. The philological student, even though his studies have not been very extended, will remember that very many of our common English words, ending in a single consonant, were spelled frequently in the original language with a double terminal letter. Of this fact, *fen* and *glen* are examples.

The names of natural bodies of water do not contribute so freely as do those of the land to swell the list of surnames. Here is a short list: Beck, Bourn (also spelled Bourne, Burns, Brun, and Bran, all from the same root; Bran and Brun are more frequently, if not always, used only in compound names), Brooks, Ford, Harbour, Haven, Pond, Rivers, Seabrook, Shower, Spring, Straight, and Waters. Wells belongs to the artificial list. Frost is a natural formation, though not often with much body.

The instances of surnames pointing to the nationality, near or remote, of the persons bearing them, are numerous enough for remark. In this class

are: Britain, Cornish, Franks, French, Holland, Hunn, Ireland, Irish, Lombard, Norman, Rhodes, Turk, Wales, Welch (and Welsh), and perhaps Scott.

The village, the farm, the manor-house, and the various interesting objects in connection with them, have added a rich list to the terminology of surnames. *Barth*, a provincial English word, is yet a sheltering place for lambs, calves, and other young farm stock, in England. This word is frequently found alone. Whether it enters into the construction of Bartholomew, Bartholomy, etc., is questionable. *Barton*, the demesne lands of the manor, also the manor-house and outbuildings themselves, is not an uncommon name. *Field* is not only found alone, but enters into many compound names. *Mead* and *Meadow* are common, and practically synonymous. *Muse*, a word of infrequent use as a surname, was, in early English times, an opening in a hedge or thicket through which hares and other beasts of the sport were accustomed to pass. *Parks*, often with an *e*, as *Parke*s, has not changed its early meaning very radically, if at all. *Croft*, an Anglo-Saxon word, was the name of a small garden tract adjoining a dwelling house. Though sometimes found alone, its greatest frequency of use is in compound names, like *Bancroft*, *Crofton*, *Flitcroft*, *Foxcroft*, *Morecroft*, *Halcroft*, and *Horcroft*. *Bury*, a manor habitation, or castle, is an Anglo-Saxon word, and is from the same root as *Borough*, *Burg*, and *Burrow*. *Burrow* and *Burgh* are not infrequently found alone, while the others generally form parts of compound names, such as *Banbury*, *Bradbury*, *Brackenburg*, *Goldsbury*, *Kingsbury*, *Pillsbury*, *Seabury*, *Woodbury*, etc. *Ham*, Anglo-Saxon, from the earlier Gothic, is synonymous with the Scotch *Hame* and the English *Home*. As an initial and terminal syllable, it is of frequent occurrence, more so than when alone. Thus, we have *Hām*, *Hame*, *Homes*, *Bonham*, *Burnham*, *Coldham*, *Dilling-*

ham, *Dunham*, *Fordham*, *Frothingham*, *Gorham*, *Hammond*, *Hambrook*, *Hamley*, and *Upham*. *Haw*, an Anglo-Saxon word, strained through the Scotch, was a meadow or pasture land near a house. As *Hawes* we sometimes see it; but generally in composition, as, *Hawley*, *Hawthorn*, *Hawlett*, and possibly *Hawkins*. *Hurst*, also an Anglo-Saxon word, was a knoll covered with trees, and sometimes signified a cluster or grove of trees near a house. Besides being found alone, this word enters into combination to form such names as *Hayhurst*, *Hazelhurst*, *Luckhurst*, *Parkhurst*, *Thornhurst*, etc. *Shaw*, from several old languages, was a thicket or small wood, and is a surname often seen. We find it in composition, as *Blackshaw*, *Bradshaw*, *Crenshaw*, *Henshaw*, *Hernshaw*, *Renshaw*, and others. *Thorpe* (and *Thorpe*), Anglo-Saxon for village or hamlet, is often found alone, and occasionally in combination, as *Apthorp*, *Nelthorp*, and *Thilthorp*. *Wick*, in the old dialects, signified a station, dwelling, castle, or village, and sometimes a bay. *Wick*, *Wicke*, and *Wicks* are often met alone, and in combination in such names as *Berwick*, *Bostwick*, *Burwick*, *Chadwick*, *Fenwick*, *Hardwick*, *Lodwick*, *Renwick*, *Southwick*, *Warwick*, and *Wickham*. *Warren*, a name given to an inclosure for hares and certain other beasts of the chase, retains its early significance. Its root is in a German word, meaning to protect or defend. From *Low* (or *Lowe*), a hill or barrow, come such compound names as *Barlow*, *Biglow* (and *Bigelow*), *Lowry*, etc. *Clee*, *Cliff*, *Clift*, *Clough*, all from the same Anglo-Saxon word for a rock, crag, or cliff, help form such words as *Cleveland*, *Clifton*, *Clifford*, *Radcliff*, besides being used independently. *Barn* (*Barnes*), *Booth*, *Hall*, *House*, *Mills*, and *Spence*, meet us on every hand. *Bawn*, an Irish word from the Gaelic and earlier Gothic, was properly an enclosure on the farm for cattle.

Bridge, *Ford*, *Land*, *Man*, *More*,

Way, Well, Wood, and Worth are everywhere met with in combination with other words to form surnames. Their meanings must be clear to all.

Just why man should receive as surnames the names of beasts and birds, fishes and insects, trees and plants, vegetables and minerals, is a very interesting question, and perhaps incapable of full explanation, even if one understands much about it. Certain it is, however, that men bear names identical with those of many of the beings and things named above. Here are a few of the names borne simultaneously by men and four-footed animals: Badger, Bayard, Bear, Beaver, Buck, Brock, Bull, Bullock, Colt, Doe, Fitch, Fox, Gibbon, Griffin, Hare, Hart, Hobby, Hogg, Hind, Lamb, Morse, Paca, Palfrey, Pigg, Spridger, Stirk, Talbot, Wolf. Perhaps Bacon, Ham, Hide, Hogsflesh, Pell, and Pelt should be classified here, albeit these articles do not bear these names when animate.

Of fishy names, we have Bass, Burt, Blower, Bream, Dart, Fish, Hakes, Huse, Morris, Pike, Piper, Puffer, Ray, Roach, Sabine, Salmon, Scates, Sleeper, Sturgeon.

Of birds and other winged creatures which have contributed to family nomenclature, there are Bird, Breese, Crane, Croker, Crow, Culver, Dawes, Dorr, Dove, Drake, Drone, Eagle, Finch, Gannett, Hawks, Kite, Martin, Otis, Pigeon, Phoenix (?), Partridge, Pecker, Pye, Reeves, Robin, Ruck (?), Ruddock, Swan, Swift, Sparhawk, and Wren. Nyes, Hatches, and Wings are adjuncts of birdhood.

The vegetable kingdom has a better (at least a more extensive) representation among human surnames than the animal kingdom. For instance, Alder, Ash, Balsam, Bean, Bennett, Bent, Berry, Bertram, Biggs, Birch, Birdseye, Bracken, Burnett, Burrage, Bush, Campion, Cane, Capers, Chard, Cherry, Clary, Cole, Cotton, Cress, Darnell, Dill, Fitch, Flowers, Gage, Gale, Garland, Gill, Goss, Greenleaf, Greenwood,

Grout, Hartshorn, Hastings, Hay, Haywood, Hazel, Heath, Hedges, Holden, Hirst, Hurd, Lemon, Mace, Moss, Oaks, Peach, Pease, Perry, Phoenix, Pomeroy, Reed, Rice, Roberts, Root, Ross, Rust, Sabine, Sage, Sanders (and Saunders), Shaw, Thrift, and Weld. Lemmon, Lilly, Matthers, and Matthes have each appropriated an extra letter in an unlawful manner, and I punish them by a refusal to classify them in the above-list.

The mineral list is small, including specific as well as generic names. Brick, Carns, Clay, Copper, Diamond, Emery, Flint, Garnett, Gold, Irons, Jasper, Jewell, Logan, Mitchell, Pearl, Rockwood, Sands, Silver, Steel (sometimes Steele), and Stone.

The class of surnames that has not only the longest list of names in the class, but that has names borne by more individuals than any other class, is that which comes from the employment, occupation, calling, trade, profession, or office, probably, of the person named. This list, though very full, is no more exhaustive than very many other lists above given. Archer, Arrowsmith, Banker, Barber, Barger, Baker, Barker, Bathman, Beadle, Bender, Brewer, Brazier, Boardman, Bowman, Butler, Butcher, Cady, Carpenter, Capper, Carter, Cartwright, Chamberlain, Champion, Chandler, Chapman, Clark, Clothier, Collier, Cook, Cooper, Cordner, Constable, Currier, Cutler, Cutter, Dresser, Driver, Draper, Dryer, Dykeman, Ensign, Falconer, Farmer, Filer, Fisher, Flitcher, Foster (also Forster and Forester), Fowler, Fuller, Furbisher, Gates, Glazier, Glover, Goldsmith, Harper, Hayward (and Heyward), Henschman, Holden, Hooper, Hunter, Keeler, Kidder, Knight, Lander, Mariner, Marshall, Mason, Mercer, Merchant (and Marchant), Miller, Miner, Mower, Nourse, Page, Packer, Palmer, Parker, Player, Porter, Potter, Proctor, Reeve, Rider, Rutter, Saddler, Salter, Sargent, Sawyer, Scrivener (and Scribner), Shriver, Slater, Seaman, Smith, Spen-

cer, Springer, Squier, Steward, Stoner, Storer, Sumner, Tanner, Taverner, Thatcher, Tindall, Towar, Turner, Tyerman, Tyler, Tucker, Usher, Wainwright, Wait, Waggoner, Walker, Waller, Ward, Warner, Waterman, Weaver (Webber and Webster), Wheeler, Wheelwright, Woodman, Woodward, probably Work, and undoubtedly Workman.

It is traditional that the gentry were furnished with surnames long before the common people, and history offers its corroborative testimony. The gentry-names, however, such as smack of high birth and gentle blood, are not plentiful. Burgess, Duke, Hild, King, Lord, Peers, and Prince, make a too short list. It may be extended a trifle by the unobtrusive name, Royal.

While there is a religious nature to man, the same may be looked for in names. The Christian is very scarce; Pray is a little more plentiful, yet less so than Fay. Devotion is antagonized by a Doubt. A Kirkman is stumbled upon only occasionally. Of organizations to gather in the sporadic Christian and Kirkman, there are: Chapel, Church, Kirke, and Parish. The church officials embrace Albe, Abbot (sometimes with two *t*'s), Bishop, Chaplin, Dean, Elder, Minor, Monk, Parsons, Pope, and Priest. A very respectable list, truly. The Cross, Crozier, and Rodes, though somewhat important in Christian life, are seldom encountered; but Rood, another spelling of Rodes, is a common enough name. The Trinity is represented in Gott, Mors, and Odin; all heathen divinities. The papers say that John Christ lately died in New York, in very destitute circumstances.

We box the compass with East, North, Sothern, South, Southey, Sterling, West, and Western.

There are some we meet who are always New, Young, Old, or Older; in size they range from Little, Pettit, Small, to Bigger; in disposition and other characteristics, they are found Blunt or Keen, Bright, Good, Hard,

Clement, Free, Noble, and True, Learned or Wise, Short or Long, Low or Loud, Rich, Poor, and Strong. The ancestors of some must have had a decided preference for certain articles of food, such as, Cake, Cate, Coffee, Bunn, Rusk, and Perkins.

On the waters there Cruise, Dow, Coble, Galley, Hooker, and other Crafts, either singly or in Fleets, all suitably provided of course with Helm and Hull. The Day, Morrow, and Weeks, March and May, Spring and Summer, Fall and Winter, mark the progress of the seasons across the dial plate of Time.

A Friend we all appreciate, especially if it is one in deed. Cleverly is in many respects unexceptionable. Bunker, immortalized in American history, is a Scotch word for a chest used as a window seat. Grew ought to be increscent. It belies its name, for it does not grow to any appreciable extent. What but caprice or whim could have induced the bestowal of such an interrogative name as How? It is not remarkable to find a few Wild young men, or even a Wildman, but it is surprising that any can unblushingly write themselves Wilder; while some (they are scarce, we are glad to know,) are always Gambling or Muzzy. Hoods, the ladies and monks know how to utilize. Berlin, Carr, Dearborn, and Hacks are faithful and valuable servants. Bellows, Bell, Couch, Ewer, Fife, Ropes, Porringer, Pitcher, are articles of household and kitchen use with which most are familiar (at least by name). If these names were conferred for qualities it must have been for those which the names themselves but faintly, if at all, disclose. Bunting and Flagg are suggestive, of course, of war, celebrations, and Fourth of Julys. Beal, Biles, Blain, Camery, Carney, and Curl, are among the "diseases flesh is heir to." Coats, Cope, Dickey, Durant, Hood, Tweed, Spencer, and Vandyke, may be worn by the proud and humble. Bachelor, Benedict, Cousin, Eames, and Kinsman have a fam-

ily affinity. It is not known that Ruffin and Savage make less respectable citizens than those of smoother titles. The Moon shows its light but seldom, and never attracts attention. Stars have glimmered for years, but few have attained a discernible altitude. The colors, Black, Brown, Gray (or Grey), Green, Hoar, Motley, Murray, and White, may not have had reference, when applied, to either the moral or cuticular characteristics of the persons receiving them, and thus Blackman and Redman may be misnomers. The

most enigmatical name yet found is Riddle. Bliss, Friend, Gay, Joy, Love, Lovejoy, Peace, and Smiles form a "happy family," an octave of delightful companionship. 'Tis a pity that any Blight should hover over it. Bailey, Bates, Bateman, Buckler, Camp, Cannon, Castle, Fort, Garrison, Gore, Hague, Kempe, Keep, Knight, Lunt, Shields, Spear, Springall, and Tuck are naturally suggestive of war and Battles, often bringing us face to face with Coffins and Graves, and even of the monster D'Eath himself.

M. B. C. True.

HAD WE A CELESTIAL VISITANT?

ONE hundred unimpeachable witnesses swear that we had—for they saw him. The remaining three hundred fifty thousand and odd Chicagoans affirm that we had not—for they did not see him.

It is now about seven months since the time of the alleged appearance of this supernatural being. The testimony in the case has been thoroughly, though secretly, sifted by the well-known and responsible parties whose names are published in this narrative, and the authenticated facts have been found to be as follows:

On the morning of Wednesday, October 4th, 1871, Professor H. D. Crawford, of the Kinzie Observatory, received the following note:

"CHICAGO, Oct. 3d, 1871.

"PROF. H. D. CRAWFORD: *Dear Sir*:—In a balloon ascension made privately and solely by myself this past week, I met with an unprecedented experience, and am in a position to communicate facts which will inevitably exercise an overwhelming influence upon all departments of the world's learning. For the hearing and discussion of this subject, you are invited to meet with some of the scientific

men of Chicago, at my residence, No. 54 Lincoln Row, Thursday, Oct. 5th, at two P. M.

"I have the honor to remain,

"Very respectfully yours,

"EUGÈNE CRÉVOTTIÉR."

M. Crévottiér was well known to Professor Crawford as a most successful and enthusiastic aeronaut. He therefore accepted the invitation. Arriving at the place of meeting at the hour designated, he was shown into a large room, where he found assembled twenty-five gentlemen, including himself and his host. M. Crévottiér was receiving his guests without rising from his chair. He was a diminutive man, hardly more than four feet eleven in height, and with childishly small hands and feet. Professor Crawford, having never met him before, and having heard glowing accounts of his bravery and intrepidity, was disappointed in him because of his inferior personal appearance. He had, however, a remarkably well shaped head, whose beauty of outline was unimpaired by his glossy, close-cut hair. His visage was much disfigured by the sufferings undergone in his last aerial trip. His features were swollen and his eyes

bloodshot, while underneath his eyes, and about his temples and lips, were black discolorations, caused by engorgement of the veins.

"If the company will permit me the privilege of an invalid, I will retain my seat," began M. Crévotier. "The hardships endured in the course of my last ascension have completely unfitted me for even the slightest physical exertion for some time to come.

"The facts I am about to lay before you, gentlemen, are so marvellous, and the account of my recent aerial voyage will seem so incredible, that I must preface my remarks by an appeal that you will all remain and hear me to the close, even should you feel convinced my narrative was 'such stuff as dreams are made of.'

"I made my ascent from Lincoln Park, Chicago, at twenty minutes past ten, Monday morning, September 25th. I carried with me a very extensive apparatus for noting all meteorological and astronomical facts, and the result of my observations will be a most valuable addition to science. I have been invited to prepare a paper containing a report of my voyage, to be read before the Chicago Academy of Science, on their next meeting, October 30th. I will not anticipate in this informal meeting what I shall then have the honor to present to your consideration. It will be sufficient to state that whereas in previous ascents the highest point I had ever reached was nineteen thousand feet, in this last voyage I attained an altitude of twenty-three thousand feet. This, you will remember, was two thousand feet higher than Mount Chimborazo. At the surface of the ground the thermometer was eighty degrees Fahrenheit, while at that elevation of twenty-three thousand feet it was eighteen degrees below the freezing point. The barometer was only thirteen inches high. In the year 1804 an ascent was made from Paris, France, in which the two voyagers attained the same height, and met with almost the same atmospheric and other, natural

phenomena. With these exceptions, I know of no human being who has ever removed himself to such a distance from this planet. I took with me a pigeon and a dog. At a height of eight and even nine thousand feet they did not appear to suffer any inconvenience from the cold, or from the rarefaction of the air. When I had ascended eleven thousand feet, I liberated the pigeon. It dropped, whirling down heavily as a stone, and with indescribable velocity. The air was too rarified to admit of flight. When I had ascended twenty-three thousand feet, my pulse, whose natural beat is seventy-nine pulsations a minute, increased to one hundred and eleven. The want of air for respiration, the intense cold, and, above all, the absence of the customary atmospheric pressure upon my body, caused my head and neck to swell enormously; my eyes seemed bursting from my head; the blood gushed from my eyes, ears, nose and lungs. The dog, also, was similarly attacked with hemorrhage, and he expired when the balloon was between nineteen and twenty thousand feet above the earth.

"It is impossible to convey by words any idea of the appearance of the planetary system as seen from the point of view I had attained. I was separated from the earth by a distance of four and one-sixth miles. At that point the atmospheric medium by which this planet is enveloped had lost so much of its density that it ceased almost entirely to refract the rays of the sun. Instead, therefore, of the dark blue vault and the azure space filled with twinkling stars, as the heavens appear from the earth, I was floating in an illimitable darkness, in whose vast solitude and profound silence swung slowly and majestically in their isolated orbits, the great silver stars.

"In this desert of blackness, in the midst of a silence whose intensity no language can express, in a solitude of which words can convey no description, I drifted—a tiny, helpless atom

of humanity. Suddenly there appeared, far, far away in the rayless distance, a tiny spark or point. Its very diminutiveness impressed me with a sense of its extreme distance. It was simply a spark, no more. It gave no more hint of its own shape than a glittering dew-drop does when yards away. It grew more and more distinct; but whether I was drifting toward it, or it was approaching me, I could not decide. The intensity of feeling and increased quickness of mental operations, caused moments to appear hours, and it seemed as if the luminous body and the balloon moved directly toward each other very slowly. On the contrary, later developments have taught me that they approached each other with frightful velocity. The want of any intervening obstacles to my range of vision, and the luminosity of the advancing body as seen on a background of darkness, combined to enable me to make observations upon it while it was still at a considerable distance from me. At first I conceived it to be a small body of incandescent gas. I soon perceived that it was a fiery nucleus encased in a gaseous covering. Alarmed at the probable effect upon my frail bark should it come in contact with this burning mass, I hastily pulled the cord. I descended rapidly, but to my surprise and consternation the luminous object altered its course, descended to my new level, and began again to move toward me in a direct line. My alarm was increased. I could now perceive that it was a small, brilliant, flame-like body, encased in an oblong-shaped atmospheric bubble. A nearer approach gave me the reassuring discovery that the flame-like nucleus bore in its outlines a resemblance to a human figure. Determined, however, to avoid, if possible, a collision with this burning body, I again pulled the cord and descended. The figure, however, sank to my level, and continued to approach me. I continued to descend, the luminous object gaining upon me, until it was within a few yards of my balloon. As near as

I can compare this brilliant, dazzling figure with any earthly element, it seemed composed of flame, but a flame differing in color from that produced by the combustion of any known substance. It was a hue magnificent beyond description, but totally different from any of our seven colors, and one for which human language furnishes no name. This flame-like figure was filled with myriads of tiny sparks, or globules of fire, of all hues, much in the same way as a sunbeam is sometimes seen to be filled with motes of dust. These sparks were constantly in rapid motion. The visage of this wonderful being was so blinding in its effulgence that, beyond a faint idea of its resemblance to humanity, I was not able to gain any idea of its lineaments. The motion of this aerial traveller was a floating, sailing motion, like that of a distant balloon, or clouds before a gentle wind. The atmospheric bubble in which he was enclosed, continued to sink equally with my balloon, and appeared to accelerate its own downward motion in exact accordance with the effect of the earth's attraction on the balloon. Whether this strange traveller of space was influenced by the law of gravity, and irresistibly drawn to the earth, or whether he accompanied me from choice, I could not determine.

"I landed about half-past five in the afternoon, in that level, treeless tract adjoining Milwaukee, known as Juneau's Field. I met with no mishap or delay, but in my enfeebled condition I found some difficulty in securing the balloon. In the trouble and engrossment of the moment, I lost all thought of my strange companion. He had been with me just as the balloon touched the earth. When I turned to look for him he was gone. One moment he was beside me, and the next instant no trace of him was to be seen in all that open, treeless plain, which for yards and yards offered no chance of concealment. I looked up in the air. Far, far up I could discern the tiny

dark figure of a bird. A luminous figure would have been much more easily perceived; but not in all the blue dome was a sign of the mysterious figure. He had died out of sight as utterly and as suddenly as an extinguished flame. His disappearance was simple annihilation.

"This instantaneous and inexplicable disappearance inspired in me such horror that I fled from the spot. I made haste to put myself in contact with humanity, and to claim hospitality. A feeling of blissful security which I cannot express, took possession of me at finding myself once more on *terra firma*, and in the society of creatures of my own race."

Crévottier paused. For a moment his hearers continued silent, spell-bound, with their eyes rivetted upon him. They waited to hear more, and waited in vain. At last one old man, who had sat leaning forward, with his hands on his knees and his mouth open, recovered consciousness, and throwing himself back, blew a perfect gale of a sigh, by way of relief from over-strained faculties.

"Lord bless me! and is that the end of it all?"

"No, my friend," rejoined Crévottier, "it is not the end. Wait. You will see."

But the charm was broken. The *savants* looked in one another's eyes, and quickly averted their gaze. Each felt that he had played the credulous fool. Some of them began to finger their hats ominously, others fidgetted upon their chairs and looked at the door.

"Gentlemen," continued Crévottier, looking round upon the disaffecteds with a sharp glance, but speaking in his most suave tone; "I beg to remind you that before commencing my narrative, I entreated you to be patient enough to hear me to the end. I have but a few more words to add. I will then bring a witness to corroborate my story, and afterwards give you the evidence of your own senses.

"I returned from Milwaukee to Chicago on the morning of the 26th inst. The suffering I endured as a result of the severe shock inflicted upon my system by this aerial voyage, confined me to my bed for three days. On the morning of the 30th, I for the first time was able to sit up in an easy chair, and my mind, before entirely occupied with my bodily agony, now reverted to my voyage, my recent scientific discoveries and conclusions, and, lastly, to my mysterious travelling companion. I speculated vainly about this supernatural being. I regretted that I had not taken measures to retain him at my side, without in the least imagining what means I could have used. I felt a most intense longing to see him again. Then it was that he almost instantaneously appeared before me: I simply desired to see him, and he became visible. I remembered that when he disappeared from my sight so suddenly at Juneau's Field, it was at a moment when I had banished him from my mind. From these facts I concluded that to recall this supernatural being, it was only necessary to desire his presence, and that he remained visible only while he was the subject of my thoughts.

"The first person, and, until now, the only person taken into my confidence in this matter, is Arthur Halliday, the well-known author of 'Language of Flames.' That distinguished gentleman I have now the honor to present to you."

At these last words Crévottier turned slowly and painfully in his chair, and made a graceful gesture with his hand. A plain, middle-aged man, dressed in light gray clothes, and having an abstracted air, rose slowly and awkwardly to his feet. His grave face wore an expression of dreamy astonishment, as if this presentation to the company had been the most totally unexpected event of his life. He remained silent a few moments, looking down at the toes of his boots, and meditatively rubbing his hand to and fro on the

table beside him, much as if he were rolling his thoughts into pill shape.

"I don't think," he began, "that I have much to say on this subject. Most of you here know me, and I know you, and you are all aware that I never do have much to say on any subject. Nobody expects it of me. I had something to say about flames, because I had studied them twelve years. So I wrote a book. It came easiest in the end. M. Crévottier thought I might be able to discover something in regard to this supernatural being—for such I believe it to be. I saw the appearance, and I found confirmation of my theories in regard to flames, and am led to believe that a mode of communication between us and this creature could be established. That is all I have to say," summarily concluded Mr. Halliday, seating himself with great abruptness.

The company appeared astounded at this sudden termination of so promising a speech. Nothing, however, ever appeared to surprise M. Crévottier.

"Gentlemen," he said, in his bland manner, "would you like to see this supernatural being?"

"We would," dryly responded Dr. Iller, President of the American Surgical College, speaking with true professional disbelief in purely spiritual existence.

"Be pleased, then, to all fix your gaze on that corner of the room," returned M. Crévottier.

They did as requested, while M. Crévottier leaned his elbow on the light stand beside him, and shaded his eyes with his hand. Almost instantly that portion of the room upon which the attention of the company was concentrated, became filled with waves of rarefied air, such as can always be seen above a heated surface. Simultaneously with its appearance it became illumined at the centre with a luminous vapor, which brightened and condensed until, in less time than I can write it, the supernatural being was present to them,

floating about two feet from the floor, and appearing exactly as described by their host.

Crévottier uncovered his eyes. His face had grown some shades paler, as if the mental effort of recalling the figure had been exhaustive. The *savants* shielded their eyes from the dazzling brightness of this vision. That horror of the unknown and spiritual which dwells in every human breast was upon them, and a brief but awful silence filled the room.

"Professor Halliday," said Crévottier, at last, "will you demonstrate some of the theories of which you spoke?"

Halliday rose to his feet.

"Probably you are all aware," he began, abruptly, "that flames are affected by sounds, and are very responsive to them. Certain flames are affected by certain sounds. One flame will leap to the vowel sound, another flutters when the sibilants are pronounced, another will crouch at a sigh. Starting upon the presumption that the brilliant body before us was composed of an element analogous to our flame, and governed by the same general principles, I proceeded to try the effect of various sounds in its presence. I found this flame far more sensitive to sound than any earthly flame. You will perceive that all the time I am speaking the fiery nucleus never ceases to quiver and shift its outlines. That is the response it gives to the different vocal elements used in my speech."

He ceased, and instantly the body of flame remained comparatively quiet. In the silence, the minute globules of colored light with which the human shaped figure was filled, began to arrange themselves in geometrical figures, somewhat like the way in which the forms arrange themselves in a kaleidoscope.

"It is proven," continued Halliday, "that our language produces an effect on the luminous body of that celestial creature analogous to that it produces on the human ear. In what way an

answer could be returned, or whether, indeed, any idea held by human mind could be imparted to creatures of another race and planet, are points upon which there can now be no conclusion. Future experiments with this stranger will probably decide the matter."

"In what manner does the figure move?" queried one of the company.

Crévottier rose, passed into another room, and returned, the appearance floating after him, but without diminishing the relative distance between them.

"Is it possible to apply the sense of touch to this phenomenon?" queried Doctor Iller.

"It is possible, I presume: whether it is prudent is another question," grimly answered Crévottier.

The Doctor rose, and boldly advanced toward the luminous figure. He fancied an increased warmth was perceptible as he approached it. The atmospheric covering extended from the figure about a yard in all directions. The Doctor's intention was to stretch his arm through this gaseous envelope, and touch the brilliant nucleus. To his surprise he found it impossible to approach near enough for the execution of this design. The figure gently receded from him, keeping always about two yards distant.

"That is no proof of a spiritual intelligence," exclaimed one of the company; "it is simply an electrical effect."

Doctor Iller turned, took his cane from the corner, and wrapped his handkerchief about the ferule.

"Let us see if the linen will be scorched," he said, again essaying to touch the figure.

This time it recoiled with violence. The burning nucleus became greatly agitated, and changed from one unknown color to another as rapidly as a soap bubble on the point of dissolution. A cry of warning broke from the company.

"Gentlemen," expostulated Crévottier, "we are dealing either with insensate matter whose laws we do not

know, or else with an intelligent being of whose power and passions we are ignorant. Let us not be rash."

Doctor Iller desisted from his attempt. It was now just after sunset, and the company began to make a movement of dispersion.

"Wait, gentlemen," said Crévottier. "You shall see this apparition extinguish itself. It will occur as soon as I can completely put the idea of it out of my mind. Pray keep your eyes fixed upon it."

He turned to Halliday.

"Do you help me to forget it," he said. "Look at me; don't look at it," and he then proceeded immediately to speak in a low voice upon some indifferent topic. The luminous figure lingered, showing that the idea of it still remained in Crévottier's mind. Suddenly, while the gaze of all the company was upon it, it went out like a quenched spark.

At the cry of astonishment that broke simultaneously from all lips, Crévottier, who had become interested in his conversation, started, and looked around.

"Ah, it is gone, then!" he said, with a sigh of relief. "It requires great and wearisome mental concentration to will it present so many consecutive hours."

On the afternoon of Friday, October 6th, there was held at the residence of M. Crévottier a spiritual circle. About seventy-five persons were present. I deeply regret that the limits assigned this article do not admit of a detailed record of the incidents of the meeting. A full and most interesting account of it will be found in the "Spiritual Bulletin" for the week ending November 4th.

On Saturday, the 7th inst., M. Crévottier had announced his willingness to receive all members of the photographic profession, and to assist them all in his power in the obtaining of pictures of this phenomenon. The well-known firms of Rand, Lozier, Cassett, Kepland and Molendar, availed themselves of this invitation. To the intense disappointment of all, it was

found that no plates could be prepared which would image the hitherto unknown colors found in the luminous body. There were other difficulties in the way, but this one superseded all the rest. An exhaustive account of the experiments made by the different operators was prepared by Mr. Rand, and published in the December number of the "Photographer's Record."

The morning of October 9th had been appointed as the time for a second assembling of the *savants* to discuss the case; but in the fire of the preceding night, Crévottier lost everything but his life. The excitement and exposure, acting on a constitution already greatly enfeebled, brought on a second and fatal attack of hemorrhage from the lungs. M. Crévottier expired October 15th. His secret—if, indeed, he knew more than he professed in regard to the phenomenon—died with him. His papers were all burned, and he uttered no word of confession.

Two views are entertained by scientific men in relation to this luminous appearance which Crévottier held in abeyance. We append a synopsis of both, referring those who are interested in this most remarkable case to the different periodicals, from whose pages the following opinions are condensed.

Professor H. D. Crawford, in an article published in "The Nebulæ," for January, 1872, states his conviction that this celestial visitant was originally an inhabitant of some meteor. In support of this, he quotes Guillemin in his work entitled "The Heavens":

"In the immense number of meteors which invade the regions of the air in a year, there are some, perhaps, that only pass through its domain, and continue their path in space, after having presented us with the spectacle of a transient illumination. A great num-

ber, on the other hand, not only do not leave our atmosphere, being vaporised therein, but, when of large size, attain the very surface of the earth. Falls of stones, ferruginous masses, and dust, from the upper regions of the air, are proof of this assertion."

The gaseous envelope surrounding the luminous figure, Crawford compares to that atmospheric bubble in which the water spider encases himself when he descends and remains under the surface of the water. The mode in which this supernatural creature attached himself to Crévottier, and the insight which he appeared to have into the mind of the latter while his own mental operations were inconceivable, Crawford holds to be indicative of a higher than human intelligence.

"I am glad to have arrived at that age of wisdom," sums up this great light of science, "when nothing appears incredible to me. To beings like ourselves such journeys are impossible; but the laws of transit and local limitation governing the inhabitants of other heavenly bodies, are above even our speculation."

In "The Crucible" for February, 1872, Professor Laney, of this city, makes a very plausible argument to prove that this dazzling apparition was simply the result of some hitherto unknown laws of light and electricity discovered by Crévottier, and used by him in this manner with the ulterior purpose of publicly exhibiting the phenomena and reaping a fortune.

Both of these theories are ably stated and warmly advocated. Probably the question will never be settled. The celestial visitor, if such it was, has irrevocably disappeared from our vision, and with Crévottier is buried all knowledge of those secret natural laws to which he was said to have attained.

Amelia Shackelford.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

PRE-HISTORIC TIMES, as Illustrated by the Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Jan- sen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

We are glad that the Messrs. Appleton have given us an American reprint of this work, on good paper, clear type, and with all the original illustrations. Sir John Lubbock has for years worked diligently in the field of Pre-historic Archæology which is yielding such rich harvests, and in this work we have the best compendium in our language of the results attained by the most eminent observers, such as Boucher de Perthes, Christy, and Lartet, in the investigations of the gravel pits of the Somme and the bone-caves of Dordogne, in France; Schmerling and Dupont, of the caves of Belgium; Morlot, Keller, Troyon, Rüttmeyer, and Desor, as to those singular structures, the Swiss lake-dwellings; of Steenstrup, Worsaae, and Forchhammer, as to the shell-heaps (*Kjökkenmøddings*) of Denmark; and of Lyell, Prestwich, Evans, Pengelly, and a host of observers, as to the antiquities of the British Isles. The least satisfactory chapter in the work is that on American Archæology, which is compiled mainly from the work of Squier and Davis on the Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, and from that of Lapham on the Antiquities of Wisconsin. These are highly meritorious works, but since their publication there has accumulated a large store of information, to be found in the transactions of many of our scientific societies and in our periodicals, which has been entirely overlooked by Sir John. We have, it is true, occasional references to the voluminous but not luminous work of Schoolcraft, whose real value could be compressed into an almost infinitesimal space; and to the somewhat apocryphal statements in the work of Nott and Gliddon—statements, for the most

part, which later observers have failed to verify.

The author divides Pre-historic Archæology into four great epochs:

"I. That of the Drift; when man shared the possession of Europe with the Mammoth, the Cave-bear, the Woolly-haired Rhinoceros, and other extinct animals. This we may call the 'Palæolithic' Period.

"II. The later or Polished Stone Age; a period characterized by beautiful weapons and instruments made of flint and other kinds of stone, in which, however, we find no trace of the knowledge of any metal excepting gold, which seems to have been sometimes used for ornaments. This we may call the 'Neolithic' Period.

"III. The Bronze Age, in which bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds.

"IV. The Iron Age, in which that metal has superseded bronze for arms, axes, knives, etc.; bronze, however, still being in common use for ornaments, and frequently, also, for the handles of swords and other arms, though never for the blades."

This classification, we think, is open to serious objections. The Drift Period was one of long continuance, and was characterized by several well-marked epochs, such as the glaciation of large areas in the northern hemisphere; the planing down of the rocky surfaces; the deposit of the Boulder clay; the dispersion of the Erratic blocks, etc.; but it was not until near the close of that period, when the glaciers began permanently to withdraw, under the influences of a more genial climate, and whose liberated waters filled the valleys and increased the erosive action of the streams, assorting and stratifying the materials of the older drift, that man, according to our existing knowledge, became an inhabitant of the earth. This was during the Terrace Epoch. He was the contemporary of the great animals which have

ceased to exist. After their disappearance, which must have been due to some great climatic change, he continued to share the dominion of the land with a class of animals who, while yet living, have retreated to the borders of the Arctic Circle. These two well determined epochs are merged in Sir John's "Palæolithic" Period.

It may be said, too, that the "Polished Stone Age" is not characteristic of any particular epoch in the career of man, for at this day in both hemispheres there are races who have not emerged from that state. In our own Archæology we find that there existed a people who attained probably to the civilization of the Bronze Age, but who were thrust out by a race who, when first known to the European, were not deserving of being enrolled in the *Polished* Stone Age. The Bronze Age was so rapidly succeeded by the Iron Age that it is not worth the while to distinguish between the two events.

M. Lartet, perhaps the most brilliant discoverer in this field, has made a classification of Pre-historic Archæology which, we think, is far more discriminating, and which is based on the natural order of events. He recognizes two ages :

I. The Stone Age.

II. The Metal Age.

He divides the Stone Age into three epochs :

1. That of the Extinct animals, such as the Mammoth and Cave-bear.

2. That of the Migrated existing animals (Reindeer Epoch).

3. That of the Domesticated existing animals (Polished Stone Epoch).

The Metal Age he divides into two epochs :

1. Of Bronze.

2. Of Iron.

We have been educated to believe that our remote ancestors were like Adam, who under the vivifying breath of the Almighty "became a living soul." The ancient poets sang of a Golden Age, far back in the past, when there was an eternal spring, when the earth yielded her fruits spontaneously, and man

But science, in tracing up the history of our race to its earliest dawn, finds no evidences of a people who lived in such artless simplicity and cultivated such shining virtues; no evidences of a land occupied by them as a dwelling place, which possessed such a perpetual serenity of sky. On the contrary, the record, so far as it can be deciphered, is a stern and sad one — a record little flattering to the dignity or the intellectuality of our race.

Disregarding the very problematical traces of man's existence which have been observed in the Miocene tertiary, it may be said that, in Europe, we detect the first unmistakable signs of his existence in the water-washed gravels which line very many of the streams, and in many caves which appear to have been invaded by a flood, whose retiring waters left behind a deposit of mud which now forms a well-marked division between two distinct faunæ. These deposits were made near the close of the Drift epoch, and there is undoubted evidence that at that time an Arctic climate prevailed, not only throughout the British Isles, but extended nearly to the borders of the Mediterranean. In the gravel beds of the Somme Valley, France, and of Hoxne, in Suffolk, and in many other of the southeastern counties of England, flint implements of undoubted human workmanship have been found in connection with the bones of the Mammoth and other extinct mammalia, under circumstances which show that they must have been contemporaneously deposited. In the numerous caves of Southern France, Belgium, and England, flint implements and sometimes human bones have been found in the same association. The mammalia, as indicated by the remains found in the river-gravel, differed very widely for the most part from those which now inhabit those regions, or have been known within the Historic Epoch. There were two species of elephant, one with a combined covering of hair and wool; three species of rhinoceros, one at least similarly protected; a great hippopotamus; a cave-lion, a cave-bear, and a cave-hyena; the great Irish stag; the musk-ox and reindeer, now withdrawn almost within the Arctic Circle; the

"Vindice nullo,
Sponte suâ, sine lege, fidem rectumque colebat."

urus and aurochs, not domesticated; and two species of wild horses. Such was the strange assemblage of animals which surrounded the primeval man, none of which were pressed into his domestic service. His instruments were of a rude character, chipped from flint nodules or made from the horns of the reindeer. These weapons would indicate that he relied upon the chase and the fisheries as the means for support; in fact, the conditions of climate were unfitted for agriculture.

The bone caves of Savigné and Dordogne, France, have yielded to M. Lartet the oldest specimens of pictorial representation thus far discovered, compared with which the figures on the obelisks of Egypt, or on the slabs of Nineveh, are as of yesterday. Upon fragments of the reindeer's horn, we have a pretty correct outline of a fish with a homocercal tail; the head of an ibex; and a group, consisting of a human figure, two horses' heads, and an eel. There is also on a fragment of slate a profile of a cave-bear; on another, a spirited group of reindeer; but what is most wonderful, on a piece of ivory found at La Madelaine there is a delineation of the great fossil elephant, with his recurved tusks, his shaggy mane, and his short tufted tail. These peculiarities, which we know belonged to the Siberian elephant, so different from the elephant of the present day, could not possibly have been stumbled upon; so this unknown artist *must have seen the elephant*.

The Reindeer Epoch was signalized by important physical changes. There had been a relaxation in the rigor of the climate, when the land again became refrigerated, and the glaciers again advanced; but this period was not of long continuance. To this succeeded a period of warmth, and as the glaciers dissolved there ensued a flood which covered the low lands and forced itself into the caves. The waters in Belgium, according to Dupont, rose to the height of four hundred and fifty feet, and the calcareous mud known as *Loess* was then deposited in the Rhine Valley. It was during this epoch that the great mammals, like the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the Irish stag, disappeared, and

the reindeer, the musk-ox, and the elk migrated to the north to accommodate themselves to the changed conditions of climate.

The condition of man during the Polished Stone Epoch must have essentially changed for the better. The climate had become more genial, and he could in some degree make use of the spontaneous fruits of the earth. Denmark is dotted all over with tumuli which are replete with the evidences of ancient workmanship. Every column of peat a yard square, is estimated by Steenstrup to contain some human relic. The shell-heaps on the coast, which were formerly regarded as raised beaches, are found to be but the refuse heaps which accumulated around the huts of an ancient people who here gathered from the sea their most available food. These heaps (*Kjökkenmødding* — Kitchen-middling) are often ten feet high and more than three hundred yards in length, and are so replete with the evidence of man's occupancy that we can form pretty correct ideas of his modes of living and his business pursuits. The food which he drew from the ocean consisted of shell-fish, such as the oyster, the cockle, the mussel, and periwinkle; and of vertebrate fishes, such as the herring, the dorse, the dab, and the eel. Of the feathered tribe, he captured almost exclusively the aquatic birds, such as the swan, the goose, and several species of duck, and also the great auk, now supposed to be extinct, and also a land bird, the *Tetrao urogallus*, which feeds principally on the buds of pine, a tree which has now disappeared from the region. Of the land animals, the stag, the roedeer, and the wild boar were the great sources of food, constituting ninety-seven per cent. of the bones; while those of the urus, dog, fox, wolf, marten, beaver, otter, wild-cat, hedgehog, lynx, and bear, are occasionally met with. This list is instructive, for we find that the dog at this period first became the companion of man; that faithful ally who has attended him in all his subsequent migrations the world over. There is no evidence of the existence of the other domestic animals, such as the sheep, ox, horse, or hog; while the migrated existing animals characteristic of a former epoch, such as the reindeer, the musk-ox, and the elk

(the equivalent of the American moose), appear to have passed to a more northern latitude. The skulls would indicate that this people resembled the Lapps, and that their front teeth did not overlap as ours do, but met together like a vise; a peculiarity seen at this day in the Esquimaux. In the shell-heaps, the implements are almost exclusively of flint, dexterously flaked into knives, lance-heads, hammers, etc.; but there is no attempt at polishing. The large tumuli, however, are characterized by beautifully worked stone implements.

Since the disappearance of this people from Denmark, there have been marked physical changes. The Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), then a common tree, as indicated by the buried trunks in the peat swamps, has entirely disappeared, and when introduced at this day does not thrive. It was succeeded by the sessile variety of the common oak, which in turn was supplanted by the common beech. Denmark is noted for its magnificent forests of this class of trees. The oyster occurring in the shell heaps is full-sized, but the same oyster cannot at present live in the brackish waters of the Baltic, except near its entrance. The associated shells of the cockle, mussel, and periwinkle are of ordinary dimensions, whereas those which now inhabit the adjacent coast only attain a third of their natural size. Thus at the time of the first occupancy of this region it is evident the ocean poured a great body of salt water into the Baltic through entrances from which it is now excluded.

The discovery within the last twenty years, in the shallow parts of many Swiss lakes, of ancient wooden piles which served as the foundations of houses, whose occupants employed implements resembling those of the Danish shell-mounds, has led to a series of interesting results, which throw additional light on the habits and pursuits of man during the Stone Epoch. More than two hundred of those lake habitations have been discovered, part of which belong to the Bronze Epoch. The trees selected for the piles, often over nine inches in diameter, were felled with stone axes, and the part to be driven into the ground was sharpened by the aid of fire. The

piles were driven into the mud from one to five feet, and projected above the surface of the water probably from four to six feet. Upon these piles was constructed a platform, and on this the hut, supposed to have been circular, with a narrow causeway connecting with the shore. It is supposed that often as many as three hundred huts were comprised in a single settlement, and that they may have sheltered nearly a thousand people. The offal and ashes were allowed to drop into the lake, and therefore the human relics became at once embedded in a medium which arrested decay, so that to-day, when dredged from the water, they appear fresh and uninjured. The arrow-heads were made of flint, but sometimes of rock crystal. In their axes, jade or nephrite was used, a mineral which, strange to say, mineralogists have not found in place on the continent of Europe. Deer's horn was used for hammers and as handles for hatchets. Their pottery, of which no entire vessels have been found, was rude and coarse; while they probably clothed themselves, to a large extent, in skins. Fragments of cloth, regularly spun and woven, and of a flax fibre, have been found. This is the earliest instance we have of weaving, unless it be by the Mound-builders of this country. The remains of contemporary animals, however, afford the highest interest, and these have been ably studied by Prof. Rüttimeyer. All the wild animals still survive, except the wild bull (*Bos primigenius*), whose descendants, it is thought, are to be found in our larger domestic cattle. Among the domesticated animals, we meet with the dog, also found, as before shown, in Denmark; but here for the first time occur the pig, horse, goat, sheep, and at least two kinds of oxen. We need hardly pause to describe to what an extent these domestic animals contribute to the support and conveniences of man; some in supplying him with food and clothing, and some in lightening his daily toil, and enabling him with ease to remove many an obstacle which would require the combined strength of many men.

Here, too, in the refuse heaps of these Swiss lake-dwellers, we meet with the first evidences of the use of the cereals as an

article of human food. Three varieties of wheat, two of barley, and two of millet, have been found, and also peas; but rye and oats were unknown. The cultivated plants, according to Heer, differ from the existing varieties, and invariably have smaller seeds or fruits. Carbonized apples have also been met with, cut in two or more parts, as though dried and put aside for winter's use. The seeds of the raspberry, blackberry, and strawberry, the shells of the hazel-nut and beech-nut, and the stones of the wild plum, have been met with. This, then, was the era of the domesticated animals and plants,—an important stride in human progress.

The Bronze Age was signalized by an advance still more important. The art of hardening copper, by mixing with it eight or ten per cent. of tin, gave to man far more efficient implements to fell the forests or cultivate the soil than he had hitherto possessed. While copper is widely distributed over Europe, tin is restricted to two or three known localities, and the fact that widely-separated peoples should be able to supply themselves with this rare metal implies that there must have been close commercial relations.

The implements manufactured from this compound were not merely adapted to mechanical uses, but in many instances were richly ornamented. They consist of axes, swords (invariably leaf-shaped, as though used for thrusting), javelins, daggers, knives, etc., together with personal ornaments, such as bracelets, torques, brooches, hair-pins, etc.

The Iron Age approaches so nearly the Historic Period, that it may be dismissed with a single remark. It is emphatically to the art of reducing and tempering iron that man is indebted for the mastery which he has been able to attain over the forces of nature. This art once acquired, he was enabled to replace his rude implements by others far more efficient, and consequently to add greatly to his comforts. To iron we owe the magnet, the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, and a thousand forms of labor-saving machinery, and each year new applications are devised and brought into use. Possessed of these tremendous

resources, there is no danger that the educated nations will ever relapse into barbarism.

We have thus attempted to describe some of the great physical changes which have taken place since man became a denizen of the earth. From the rude memorials of the past, we have a right to infer that his career has been one of progress, and that there is an ultimate goal of perfection, which he may never reach, but towards which he is steadily tending. Those who are the most hopeful would fain believe that, with a due development of his moral, intellectual, and physical powers, he may ultimately reach that stage where individual freedom and self-government shall render restraining statutes unnecessary. To those, however, who are thus sanguine of the future, we would commend the concluding chapter of Mr. Alfred Wallace's work on the Malay Archipelago. Look at the mountain-load of legislation each year required, and the vast machinery of courts to interpret that legislation, and the vast array of officers to execute it, together with the innumerable horde, whether known as lawyers, solicitors, or barristers,—for what? Simply to carry out the golden rule, "To do by our neighbor as we would be done by." Take, for instance, the social condition of England, "a country which," according to Mr. Wallace, "boasts of its rapid increase in wealth, of its enormous commerce and gigantic manufactures, of its mechanical skill and scientific knowledge, of its high civilization and pure Christianity," and yet one-twentieth of the population are parish paupers, and one-thirtieth known criminals. Over one hundred thousand persons known to have no means of subsistence but by crime, are allowed to remain at large and prey upon the community, and many thousand children grow up in ignorance and vice to supply trained criminals for the next generation. We continue this train of thought, clothed with a strength of expression which we cannot hope to rival.

"I have lived," says Mr. Wallace, "with communities of savages in South America and the East, who have no laws or law courts, but the public opinion of the village freely expressed. Each man scrupulously

respects the rights of his fellow, and any infraction of those rights rarely or never takes place. In such a community all are nearly equal. There are none of those wide distinctions of education and ignorance, wealth and poverty, master and servant, which are the product of our civilization; there is none of that wide-spread division of labor which, while it increases wealth, produces also conflicting interests; there is none of that severe competition and struggle for existence or for wealth, which all the dense population of civilized countries inevitably creates. All incitements to great crimes are thus wanting, and petty ones are repressed, partly by the influence of public opinion, but chiefly by that natural sense of justice and of his neighbor's right, which seems to be, in some degree, inherent in every race of man.

"Now, although we have progressed vastly beyond the savage state in intellectual achievements, we have not advanced equally in morals. It is true that among those classes who have no wants that cannot be easily supplied, and among whom public opinion has great influence, the rights of others are fully respected. It is true, also, that we have vastly extended the sphere of those rights, and include within them all the brotherhood of man. But is it not too much to say, that the mass of our populations have not at all advanced beyond the savage code of morals, and have in many cases sunk below it? A deficient morality is the great blot of modern civilization, and the greatest hindrance to true progress.

"During the last century, and especially in the last thirty years, our intellectual and material advancement has been too quickly achieved for us to reap the full benefit of it. Our mastery over the forces of nature has led to a rapid growth of population and a vast accumulation of wealth, but these have brought with them such an amount of poverty and crime, and have fostered the growth of so much sordid feeling and so many fierce passions, that it may well be questioned whether the mental and moral status of our population has not, on the average, been lowered, and whether the evil has not overbalanced the good. Com-

pared with our wondrous progress in physical science and its practical applications, our system of government, of administering justice, of national education, and our whole social and moral organization, remain in a state of barbarism. And if we continue to devote our chief energies to the utilizing of our own knowledge of the laws of nature, with a view of still further extending our commerce and our wealth, the evils which necessarily accompany these when too eagerly pursued may increase to such gigantic dimensions as to be beyond our power to alleviate.

"We should now clearly recognize the fact that the wealth and knowledge and culture of *the few* do not constitute civilization, and do not of themselves advance us toward the 'perfect social state.' Our vast manufacturing system, our gigantic commerce, our crowded towns and cities, support and continually renew a mass of human misery and crime *absolutely* greater than has ever existed before. They create and maintain in life-long labor an ever-increasing army, whose lot is the more hard to bear, by contrast with the pleasures, the comforts, and the luxury which they see around them, but which they can never hope to enjoy; and who, in this regard, are worse off than the savage in the midst of his tribe.

"This is not a result to boast of, or to be satisfied with; and, until there is a more general recognition of this failure of our civilization—resulting mainly from our neglect to train and develop thoroughly the sympathetic feelings and moral faculties of our nature, and to allow them a larger share of influence in our legislation, our commerce, and our whole social organization—we shall never, as regards the whole community, attain to any real or important superiority over the better class of savages."

J. W. F.

HOW TO LIVE ON A DIME AND A HALF A DAY. By T. L. Nichols, M.D. New York: J. S. Redfield.

This little work was first produced in England, its author being an American physician who has resided a long time in London. Mr. Redfield has changed the

